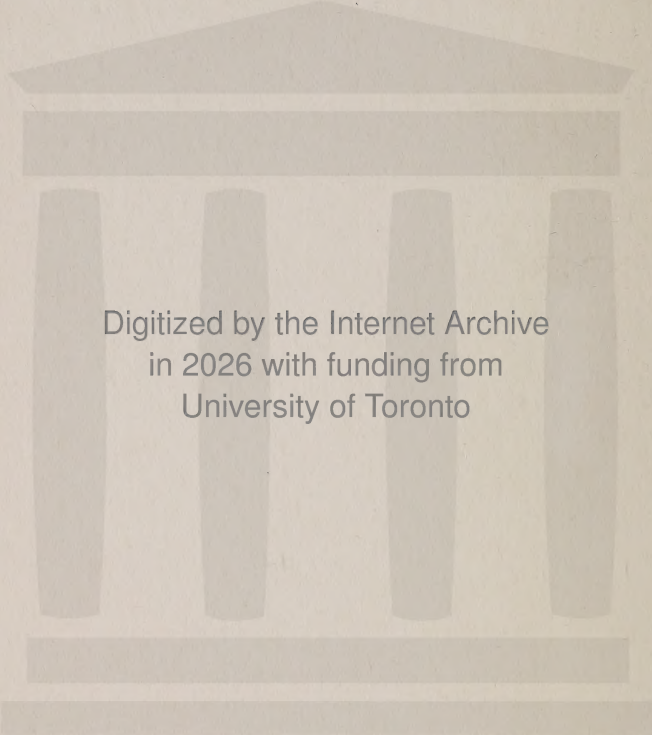




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MEMORIES OF MANY YEARS

HEcl.
S.

Seton, Robert, Archbp.

MEMORIES OF MANY YEARS (1839-1922)

BY
ARCHBISHOP SETON

I thought upon the days of old : and
I had in my mind the eternal years.
(PS. LXXVI)



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29.2.26

LONDON
JOHN LONG, LIMITED
12, 13 & 14 NORRIS STREET, HAYMARKET
MCMXXIII



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1804

TO THE
MEMORY OF MY
MOTHER

1854

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THOSE who lived in Rome during the early years of the twentieth century and have survived the intervening chaos to tell the tale, were familiar by sight at least with a venerable figure often to be met on the Pincian Hill, slashed with the sacred purple, and sometimes accompanied by children who knew him as the children's Monsignor. Ancient of name as well as in years, distinguished in countenance as well as by garb, he lived a rare and exquisite life apart from men and even from his fellow clergy, pontificating from time to time in Rome's churches or moving in the more reserved circles of international society.

A sense of gentle secret seemed to overhang the ways of Robert Archbishop Seton. It was whispered that he was a voluntary exile from his own country, or that he was of the friendship and company of dead Popes; that he had forgotten, or been forgotten in, his own land. His whole life appeared mysterious and distinguished to foreigners, few of whom would have ever learnt, as he had, how to live as a citizen of Papal Rome. A survival from another age, he made no

attempt to popularize or Italianate himself under the disastrous changes which reduced the picturesque capital of Christendom and civilization to the seat of a second-class bureaucracy.

An ancient Scotch name and escutcheon hardly indicated Archbishop Seton as the first in time of all American Monsignori, as he points out, a far too common title among American clergy to-day, ranking numerically with the Colonels in the South. Though Europeanized to his fingertips, Archbishop Seton was an American pioneer. He was the first student to enter the American College in Rome in the 'sixties, as well as the first Transatlantean to qualify from the Academia of Noble Ecclesiastics and to live in Rome as a Prelate of that "Black" and jealous society which lingers from the days of the Temporal Theocracy. All curiosity in his person or story may be pleasantly resolved in reading his Memoirs, which are written from the simplicity of his heart. Sometimes they are naïve, as all good confessions should be, and often they are extremely interesting, for Archbishop Seton is the last link with places and periods which now lie outside the ken of the multiplying and inter-encroaching race of modern memorists. For instance, the United States before the Civil War, Rome before the fall of the Papal Government—how many can describe either to-day? How many can remember both?

Archbishop Seton comes of the famous family who gave Mary Queen of Scots one of her four Maries and, before losing all in the cause of Stuart, introduced "the Royal and Popish game" of golf into the land, where it has since made many a Presbyterian fortune. The Setons are mentioned in Froissart, but not in the *Almanach de Gotha*. A branch eventually strayed to America, for we find one of the Archbishop's grandfathers resident at a New York resort called Hellgate, while one of his grandmothers, "Mother Seton," cannot now be far from the Gates of Paradise, being one of the first citizens of the United States to approach formal canonization in the Roman Courts. Of Puritan mother but Jacobite father, he mingled romance and religion in his blood. With becoming sentiment the Archbishop used his mother's bridal veil fifty years after her death to trim his episcopal rochet.

The United States he remembers belongs almost to the Colonial period before electricity and Jews had galvanized life in New York, before sparrows and shacks had overspread the rural scene, when coal still came from Liverpool, when a "shilling" was still a term of speech, and Indians survived in Long Island. Catholic gentry lived near New York in some of the seclusion that Cardinal Newman describes as true of their English brethren. It was a period that the original Mrs. Bloomer (whom the Archbishop actually remembers) and the enterprising Mr. Barnum

were striving to bridge with the new. Mr. William Seton, his father, knew old Mr. Astor and old Mr. Belmont, first of their opulent dynasties, and Archbishop Seton waited in the buggy (the primeval Ford) while his father paid visits to Edgar Allan Poe, first and last of American poets. He knew Fenimore Cooper on Broadway, and dined with Commodore Perry who, about that time, discovered some remote islands called Japan.

Robert Seton went south for his schooling to Emmitsburg, where he was shown his grandmother's tomb, which is likely to become, with Bishop Neumann's grave in Philadelphia, one of America's future shrines, for the leisure to grow saints was not lacking to America in that period. Among the great Catholics of the time he remembers Archbishop Hughes, of New York; Orestes Brownson, the Transcendalist convert, and Father de Smet, one of the almost legendary missionaries amongst the Indians. Seton was himself confirmed by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, who died worn out on the day of Gettysburg half a century ago.

He was fortunate in reaching a Europe which had touched her prime, the Europe of the 'fifties. It was the year after the Great Exhibition which was believed to open an era of golden peace and plenty. It lay really on the brink of the slow and irremediable disruption which Archbishop Seton lived through and saw befall the Continent,

while of America's coming predominance there was no hint except the victorious racing yacht of that name, which lay off Southampton at the time of his first visit to Europe. It was the year that Napoleon the Third chose to inaugurate the formula of "Empire and Peace," and Archbishop Seton actually heard the Empire proclaimed at Pau, where the proclaiming Colonel "stood up in his stirrups, shouted in a loud voice '*Vive l'empereur!*' and fell off his horse in a fit." Whether he was a Royalist or a Republican at heart we are left to surmise. France was the old France still, and to give an idea of distance in time Archbishop Seton visited the widow of Marshal Grouchy, who figured in the Waterloo campaign, and went to Lourdes before apparitions or pilgrimages had made it a great religious centre. From time to time he sketches a scene with a vividness years have not dimmed, for instance, when the French cook took him to witness a public execution, which he describes as "one of the most edifying scenes I have ever witnessed." A religious procession conducted the prisoner to the marge of eternity. As the axe fell, the whole crowd (except a few Anglo-Saxon savages) made the Sign of the Cross, and prayed for the departing soul, a salutary contrast to the horrors of Pentonville or the electric chair. Paris was veritably renewing her strength as an Eagle. Archbishop Seton saw Napoleon's brother, King Jerome, "like a big tortoise pushing an

expressionless head out of his shell." He also met Father Huc, the first missionary to reach Lhasa.

Equally remote appears the London he visited in the Crimean years, when he heard Palmerston and Russell debating the War, and Bulwer Lytton exercising his gift for repartee in the Commons. The Seton family seem to have made the social mistake of asking to be shown John Bright (the only Englishman Americans would have ever elected to their Presidency), for their aristocratic cicerone immediately walked away. But an affable stranger pointed out Brougham and Argyll to them in the Lords. The stranger was Mr. Disraeli. Anti-Popery was at that time epidemic, and besides a brush with the verger at Durham the Setons were displaced from their prayers at the Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, which a race of de-Christianized Deans had reduced to the level of a peepshow. Two sights left an impression on his mind—the armorial hatchments, which were then displayed on the houses of the recently deceased almost as thickly as the modern signs, "To Let," and the giant East Indiamen waiting in the Thames for winds to waft them round the Cape.

Robert Seton's bent was religious, and when he first saw a ship flying the French tricolour he cried out, "O father, that is a Catholic ship!" which it is curious to compare with Newman's outraged feelings as an Anglican the first time

he came across the same symbol. "A French vessel was at Algiers," Newman wrote in his *Apologia*; "I would not even look at the tricolour." A vocation to the priesthood developed, and Robert Seton found his way to a Rome which was still under the picturesque and patriarchal sway of the Popes, autocracy tempered by carnivals. The inhabitants scarcely knew what it was to be taxed, and found themselves swept in the course of their civic duties upon the heavenward road. The Keystone which the revived Roman Empire had placed in the European arch still held good. Peter was still a recognized European sovereign, and the Pope could move in benevolent splendour through his temporal dominions. The young Robert Seton describes a very delightful and unexpected meeting with the Ninth Pius at the Basilica of St. Paul outside the Walls, which could not occur in our days. It is going back to other days indeed to find among his Roman acquaintances Cardinal Macchi, who had been Cardinal Consalvi's secretary at the Council of Vienna, and Cardinal Roberti, who as a boy had been kidnapped to be Napoleon's page in Paris. Father Hecker, the founder of the American Paulists, could be seen in the Café Greco characteristically trying to make converts. Cardinal Bedini, who had been nearly murdered as Apostolical Delegate in America, adopted the neophyte and drove him to the new American College, of which the Pope himself attended the inauguration,

and was pleased to pay a pontifical compliment to George Washington. Incidentally Robert Seton caught sight of the last King of Naples "bestriding a sorry donkey in the main street of Albano," and heard Dr. Manning's patriotic outburst when threatened by a French invasion of England, to the effect that "English beggars would wear red trousers for the next twenty years!"

Robert Seton passed into the Academia, the nursing hot-house of so many Cardinals, where his company included the future Cardinal Howard, and Archbishop Stonor, and the Ruffo Scilla, who represented Rome at the first Victorian Jubilee. At the Academia he was instructed in the preciousities of ecclesiastical diplomacy, whereby well-born and well-groomed sons of the Church are trained in the dove-like and serpentine arts necessary to outwit the children of this world. He continued to enjoy the sights and sounds of Rome. There was the Abbé Liszt playing on the organ in his soutane! There was the insane King of Prussia and his apostate Queen, an ill-starred conjunction! Equally sinister was his strange glimpse of Hume the Medium in St. Peter's, a prey to agony and regret, like some modern Simon Magus drawing near to the Apostles. He saw the great and good Cardinal Altieri drive off to perish in his diocese of the cholera, which he could not fend from his flock. He came to know the captain of the Pope's steam-yacht, the *Immaculate Conception*, last in descent

from the Papal galleys which fought at Lepanto. He saw the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress pass through Rome on their fatal journey to Mexico. How he upheld the Monroe Doctrine against the reactionaries of the Academia is a tale to be told later. In a true but cryptic epigram Robert Seton declared that Maximilian was shot at Gettysburg. He never omitted to ply Odo Russell, the British Agent in Rome, with the propaganda of the Northern cause. He was ordained a priest by Cardinal Patrizi on the day after Lincoln's assassination.

Though a career in ecclesiastical service awaited him, leading into one of the Basilican canonries and possibly to Cardinalcy, which is easier earned in Rome than in *partibus-infidelium*, he elected to return to a dreary New Jersey parish, where he laboured for a quarter of a century. A certain distinction and gentleness unfitted him for the hurly-burly of the American episcopate. It was not to his advantage perhaps that the Setons were connected with the Bayleys, for Archbishop Roosevelt Bayley was too scrupulous to promote his relative. There was a far-away day when all the old families of New York, like the Roman Patriciate, were connected—the Setons, the Roosevelts, the Bayleys, and many who have since disappeared under the plutocratic horde. It is the same even in Rome, for where are the Contis, the Savellis, the Frangipanis?

Life in America was retired enough for Robert

Seton, but he must be the last survivor to have witnessed such scenes as the conferring of the Pallium on Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, and the conferring of the Red Cap on Archbishop McCloskey, America's first Cardinal. He had seen the old Southern fire-eaters in the Senate of the 'fifties, under President Pierce, men like Sam Houston of Texas, Toombs of Georgia, and he saw Grant's funeral in the 'eighties, when the once-opposing Generals Sherman and Johnston sat together in an open carriage. When the wind blew open the old Confederate's cloak he marked that it was the Federal General who fastened it tenderly. But Rome not America was his atmosphere, and if he exchanged the care of the poor for the social grandeurs of Rome, he had done his full share of service. If he was quite ready to apostolize the "Genteels," he could write in reference to the poor Irish in the States: "I was to see later the most entertaining society in the world, which is that of Rome; for the present I found it fascinatingly interesting to go of an evening to some family and hear them tell of their lives in the Old Country and of evictions and emigration. Thank God! I used to say to myself, they can prosper in America!" Let no one blame him if he went as freely as he describes amongst the Roman aristocracy. When our Lord dined with the Pharisees he was called a wine-bibber, and no doubt Archbishop Seton might be termed a

great tea-drinker. All need salvation, and consequently some acquaintance with Catholic clergy. The Catholic Church has been called the Church of the Poor. It has also been called the religion of the Gentlemen of Europe. In his long and varied life Archbishop Seton found it both. Though passed over sedulously for the mitre in America, he had his reward when he was suddenly made an Archbishop out of the blue by the Thirteenth Leo, or, as we may say, "not by the desires of men, but by the will of God!" And surely Leo appreciated the quotation from Horace with which the tactful Archbishop knew how to greet him! Henceforth, until his final return to America, Archbishop Seton lived in Rome, unofficially filling the social position which would have accrued if there had been an American representative in the Roman Curia. He was the only person who ever brought the ghost of a laugh into the unhappy face of the Tenth Pius—and we are allowed to picture the curious scene, as the most unworldly of Popes chooses some ecclesiastical jewellery for this last Bishop of the beau-monde. When the actual choice came, Archbishop Seton preferred to be a simple member of the Papal Household in Rome to accepting the Archbishopric of Chicago, a see which has been described as Babel *in partibus*! The Leonine Cardinals pass through his life, the great-souled creations of Leo, of whom we would hear more—Rampolla, Ledochowski, and Satolli,

who visited America and left his mark on the American episcopate indeed. Slowly and surely Archbishop Seton outlived all his fellows at the Academia, all his contemporaries, lay or cleric, all who had been preferred to him, until he became a legend, of whom men spoke mysteriously and kindly as though uncertain where or whether he lived. While filling many religious duties in the daily Roman programme, he had become perfect, almost exquisite, in Roman etiquette as well as in pontifical ceremonies. The old Rome had passed away with its Apostolic pomps, and Archbishop Seton was known as the only prelate left in Rome who still knew how to salute a Cardinal properly! Incidentally he gives credit to Cardinal Logue on knowing another lost art—"how to take snuff daintily!" But the Rome of violet and ilex had given way to one of hideous advertisements. Tram-cars had taken the place of the Cardinals' gilded carosses, and electric light and Socialist meetings afforded a less picturesque substitute for the occasionally illumined Dome and street processions of old times. The Church had retreated into a corner of the Leonine city, and the Papal aristocracy withdrawn into the crannies of their palaces. Archbishop Seton was one of the few who still found his way among them. He witnessed and described many a private tradition that never fell under the notice of a ribald Zola or of a devout Marion Crawford, fascinating as were their very dif-

ferent accounts of Rome. And so the years passed.

With the intermarrying of the Roman aristocracy with American blood, Archbishop Seton became less and less an alien in Rome. Symbolic of that refreshment which the proudest Roman lineage has received from transatlantic veins is the scene which Archbishop Seton describes of the proud lying-in-state of the Princess Brancaccio, *née* Field, of New York. Early in life he discovered the secret that it is not impossible to frequent and enjoy the best circles in both worlds. Nor need it be incongruous to pour innocent cups of tea to the last upholders of the old aristocracy, and pray between-whiles in archiepiscopal vesture amongst the shrines of the incorruptible saints. Courteous, sweet-souled, and venerable Archbishop Seton, farewell!

SHANE LESLIE

INTRODUCTION

MY first American ancestor on my father's side was William Seton, a Scotchman of Fifeshire, born in 1740 of an impoverished family, Lairds of Parbroath and cadets of the old Earls of Winton. He came to New York, where he had relatives, in 1758, prospered, and married there Rebecca Curzon, of the Baronets of that name in Oxfordshire, England. Their eldest son was William, who married Elizabeth Bayley of an old Colonial family. He died in 1803 at Pisa in Italy, where he had gone for his health. His wife, on returning to the United States, entered with her young children the Catholic Church, and founded in 1809 a religious community of women, whence she is widely known in America as "Mother Seton." The eldest son of William and Elizabeth was my father, William, who was born in New York in 1796.

The earliest American forefather on my mother's side was Mark Prime, of a family of small gentlefolk from Suffolk in England. He followed the course of adventurers to the New World, and in 1639 got land at Rowley, in Massachusetts, on which he settled, put up a house, and took a wife, by

whom he left a numerous progeny that married into different families of the country.

One of Mark's descendants, in the fourth generation, was my grandfather, Nathaniel, born in 1768, who came to New York young and prospered, founding there the "historic banking-house of Prime, Ward and King." He married Cornelia, daughter of Comfort Sands, whose people had emigrated to America in 1642 from Berkshire, England.

Mr. Prime grew wealthy, and, as Walter Barrett says in his *Old Merchants*, "lived to see his sons and daughters intermarry with the best families of the city." They were all Episcopalians, and all wedded money except his favourite child Emily, my mother, who in looks and accomplishments surpassed her sisters. She was born in 1804, and her father brought her with him in 1826 for a year's travel in Europe. To have made the *Grand Tour* conferred, in those days, a certain social prestige in the United States. She was a good musician, and spoke French and Italian; yet, however sought after, she would not marry until she met a husband worthy of her.

My father was brought up poor because the family fortune, once large, was now by various mischances almost completely lost; but he had been well educated, spoke French, and learned Italian in Italy, where he spent a year of clerical work in the banking-house of the Filicchis at Leghorn. On his return to America he was

offered a commission in the army, but preferred to enter the navy, where he made a smart and handsome officer. He met my mother and was married, with a dispensation, in 1832. My mother persuaded him soon after marriage to give up his profession and live a happy country life on a property which she brought him as part of her dower. In the spring of 1839 my parents, with three of their children, were travelling in Europe and remained some time, for the waters, at the Bagni di Lucca, by which it came about, to my lifelong regret, that I was born abroad—and now long past eighty I am binding this sheaf of Recollections.

CHILDHOOD

I CAME into this world at four o'clock in the morning, on the twenty-eighth of August, 1839, in Pisa. My parents had stopped there while on their way to Ardenza, outside of Leghorn, for sea-bathing, and my mother was suddenly taken in pangs of childbirth. I heard in after-years that she suffered so severely it was thought "her soul was departing"; but, keeping her senses, she called on God, to Whom all Christians pray.

Perhaps for this reason I was ever her favourite child, and often, when on her knees at private devotion, would she draw me gently to her side and, putting an arm about me, ask our Lord to bless one whom she called her Benjamin, her Benoni—that is, the son of her pain, as in the Bible, a portion of which she read devoutly every day of her life.

My mother, having recovered, moved down to a villa by the water, and I was christened in the Cathedral of Leghorn, my godfather being "Nobile Cavaliere Patrizio Filicchi, patrician of Gubbio." In November I was taken to Liverpool and, in the steamer *British Queen*, to New York, where,

after a few days at my grandfather Prime's house at Hell Gate, our family settled once more in their own home.

This was a beautiful estate called Cragdon, in Westchester county, twelve miles on the old Boston post road from New York City. It was situated on high ground that fell away on three sides, and overlooked the little village of Eastchester.

My father, with taste and some engineering skill, had cut down the cedar-trees for firewood, dug foundations, graded and made roads, opened paths, planted ornamental trees and an apple orchard, laid out a terraced fruit and vegetable garden, put along the wall a row of beehives, raised a dovecot with holes for thirty pairs of pigeons, built a roomy and gabled farm-house with stable, barns, cattleyard, and all accessories, and a small gardener's cottage, and stocked the brook with trout and the ponds with sunfish. He also improved the landscape, and, by an opening cleared between the trees, obtained a view of the Sound and Fort Schuyler, some five miles away. Our mansion was a large, square, and commodious mahogany-furnished dwelling, around two sides of which ran a wide outer porch, covered, colonnaded, and protected by trellis-work, on which were trained *en espalier* honeysuckles and trumpet creepers that attracted ruby-throated humming-birds every summer, and was then, in the United States, rather absurdly called a

“piazza.” At one end it connected with a somewhat lower two-storied wing, or “L” extension. There was a wide lawn in front of the house, elm-trees around it, and across the carriage-road an ivy-covered cairn supporting a flagstaff for the National colours.

Here, then, I passed the first and happiest ten years of my long span of life, with all the pleasures, few of the troubles, and none of the miseries, that are sometimes so bitterly mingled in the childhood of others.

It was then a period of anti-Catholic movements sustained by the Know Nothing party; and although we were respected, indeed, by our own class, yet on account of our religion we were not generally liked, and enjoyed few visitors and hardly any society. This isolation caused us to live in aristocratic seclusion, while our Scotch descent, and English connexions, became familiar to us from earliest years, and old heirlooms, miniatures, and faded letters with armorial seals upon them, from beyond the ocean, became so many witnesses of being in touch with other people, other lands, and other ages, instilling that pride of ancestry which is a blending of all emotions almost impossible to eradicate. The villagers came to have in time a certain regard for us: my father was so just and generous, so neighbourly, letting them skate on our pond in winter and invade our lawn in summer when we had our fireworks. He sold nothing, but gave freely

much ice and wood and fish and game to the poor.

Since I was only a few months old when brought to Cragdon, I can remember nothing ; but I have found much in family letters, was told much through word of mouth by my parents, and by old—some very old—people who knew me as a child, a growing boy, a young man. I have taken notes on my doings for many years, and wrote a Diary regularly for half a century. I have some dim recollection of being carried in a woman's arms in a garden full of raspberry-bushes. Next I remember perfectly being raised to the top of a stone wall at Cragdon, and held by the hand while my nurse on the road below followed my tottering steps.

My distinct recollection of the first unkindness experienced is when I was between two and three years old. My brother Henry, much older than I—rough, a fighter to be, and my father's favourite—got angry, and called me “a black Italian,” because, as he told me, I “was not born in America as the rest of us were.” I was delicate, the weakling of the flock, accustomed to the fondness of every one around me. I had lived in dream-land, and this was a surprise and a shock that woke me suddenly to the realities of the world. I imagined it was something awful. We were alone in the garden. I sat down on a rustic bench and, covering my face with my hands, cried pitifully. He left me without a word. I began

to feel as if in some manner I was different from my brothers and sisters, or as if, in the words of the Psalmist, I had "become a stranger to my brethren, and an alien to the sons of my mother." My brother and I grew up with very opposite dispositions. In a letter from my mother, written when I was seven and he ten, she says to her husband that "Harry is always running about and making a noise, but if Robbie is put in a corner with a book in his hand he is as quiet as a mouse from morning to night."

I was three years old when punished for the first time—and put in a dark room. At first I leaned against the bed watching a multitude of motes moving in the ray of light that fell from a chink in the shutters, and surely believed they must be little fairies dancing on a sunbeam. Who can fathom a child's mind? After a while I stood at the door listening to footsteps, and hoping that some one would stop and let me out.

Every afternoon in fair weather I went out to walk with my mother, generally in Momokatin Hollow—an old Indian locality of this name supposed to have been once a meeting-place of the tribe—that had been levelled, swept, and made by my father into a wildly beautiful stretch of ground which was then called Mother's Walk. I remember that she always took me by the hand, and we made a loving company, together with the wild flowers, song birds, and little red squirrels

that ran about familiarly. There were moss-covered rocks and leafy trees on one side of it and a wooded declivity protected by a wall on the other. We would sometimes, in the inexpressible calmness of summer evenings, rest on one of the seats and listen to the music of the Falls below us or watch through a gap in the woods the clouds of approaching sunset.

At four years old I was dressed in trousers. The gardener's wife measured and cut them out, but my mother insisted on sewing them and putting them on me herself. Then she kissed me, and a tear trickled down her cheek. They all told me I was a pretty boy, as, later, people said I was a handsome man—which I never believed, although once I dreamt it.

My mother taught me my letters, the multiplication table, writing, and French, and the Catholic catechism on Sunday afternoons.

The governess from Paris arrived when I was five years old, and at my mother's bidding I recited without a mistake Lafontaine's fable of *La Cigale et la Fourmi*. My two brothers were at college; my sisters and I were under the governess. I hated the schoolroom, and was chidden once for saying that I preferred *Robinson Crusoe* to *Télémaque*, and learnt things more to my taste from my mother's talk telling me of the animals in my Noah's Ark, and of her own early life and travels. I loved at this age story-books and fairy-tales to distraction, but one day

my mother caught me crying over the cruel stepmother, who sent a son to the bin to fetch apples, and while he was leaning over let the lid fall and cut his head off. The book was put aside, and I was given to read about birds and trees and country life.

My mind developed slowly, and I was full of singular ideas that made me put many ridiculous questions to people—as whether trees suffered when their leaves fell, because cold weather was taking their clothes away? My sorrow was great when the migrating birds left us, and I would ask where they went; and my joy was intense when they returned in the spring; but what affected me with a feeling of sadness and dread was the sight, as winter approached, of squadrons of wild geese, in lance-head formation, flying south with their repeated cry of honk! honk! and I asked if it was because they were chased by a ghost. My wonder was big at the first snowstorm that I remember. I was very young, and stood for a long time immovable at an upper window, from which I saw a wide sweep of country with its familiar aspect entirely changed, and watched, as if fascinated, the large flakes continuously and silently falling. Where did it come from? When would it stop? What was going to happen? “The eye admireth the beauty of the whiteness thereof; and the heart is astonished at the shower thereof” (Ecclesiasticus). My mother knew my nervousness, and was gentle and

soothing, never calling me names ; but my father was intolerant of stupidity, and I feared him at that time more than I loved him. He came near whipping me once after a gentleman who wore spectacles had left the house and I said, " Father, when is that poor man going to die ? " I had never seen eye-glasses before.

I grew up to love everything in nature, and saw mystery all around me. I always imagined some fantastic reason for anything I could not understand—as that the murmurous sound of trees swaying in the wind was a sigh of pain, and that their leaves were painted by fairies when autumn turned them into a blazonry of colour.

I had my first ride on a railroad train—the old New York and Harlem—when six years old. Our nearest and only station was three miles away at William's Bridge. My mother had brought me to the city, and left me alone a few moments while she stepped forward to see her sister, Mrs. John Jay, of Mamaroneck. Opposite our seat sat a countryman with a dirty linen duster on, and when the candy-boy came along the aisle he bought a packet of gum drops, helped himself, and turning to me said aloud, holding it open, " Here, Bub, take *one*."

I was pert enough to call out, " My name isn't Bub, and when I want gum drops I'll take a whole paper full."

People looked around, a few smiled, and poor mother came back with a finger to her lips.

"Sir Roger, upon his first coming to town, kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him Youngster"—so I grew up an example of the once popular opinion of our family in Scotland—"those saucy Setons."

That summer we went to the Catskills, and stayed at the well-known old Mountain House. A black bear from the Adirondacks was chained to a post in front of the hotel, and I began to poke him with a pointed stick, and jump nimbly out of reach, when a kind gentleman sitting on the veranda warned me that it was dangerous play. Instead of thanking him and ceasing, I answered impudently, "I don't care," and gave Bruin one jab too many, whereat he clawed the back of my jacket to shreds. It didn't quite draw blood, but scared me badly. Then my mother sent me, when re-clothed, to apologize to the gentleman.

Two happy memories of my childhood are of a holiday at my grandfather Prime's cottage on Rockaway Beach—then a fashionable resort for New Yorkers—where I got my first sea baths, and of driving with my parents and my sister Emily through Long Island from end to end. We boarded in the only house at Montauk Point, which was that of the lighthouse keeper, who had been a petty officer in the navy and known to my father. I remember my delight at seeing live Indians of the Shinnecock tribe on a Government reservation near by; at being allowed to go up

to the top of the tower one very dark night and watch the working of the light and hear the frightful roar of the ocean on the rocks below. Once, on a bright clear day, I saw a wonderful something I had never seen before—an ocean paddle-wheel steamer, ploughing its way swiftly and silently through the troubled waves. I watched it as if it were mysteriously walking on the waters, but was afraid to ask my father, but heard him say to my mother that it was an English steamer from Liverpool. He added, "We'll have fourteen days later news of Europe."

I returned to Cragdon with enlarged experience for my young years. I now knew all about snow, and particularly enjoyed a big storm of a day and night. The scene was marvellously changed in the morning, when the sun showed the roofs of buildings covered, the stone walls encrusted, the trees weighted, and the wind waved the billowy snow-fields into deeper drifts. Winter, the year when I was six years old, brought me a lesson that taught me to be less self-willed and more attentive to the advice of older people. I ran down from the schoolroom one afternoon to the pond where I knew the men were cutting ice. They had begun on a new square, leaving one cut out and the water thinly frozen over. My father stood above, and called, as I came along, not to try it because it wouldn't bear me. I didn't heed him, and in a moment was sliding with a crackle of thin ice into the water. Two men

jumped to help me, but father cried, "Hands off! Let him scramble out alone." I did so, and hurried up to the house to be cared for after such a wetting. That evening my father admonished me, "You have punished yourself. That is enough." He said no more.

When I was about seven years old, I remember an incident that taught me a regard for the race from which our Colonies originated. On the fourth of July, a good many boys came to Cragdon to play with us, and to use our Chinese crackers and see the fireworks in the evening. I recollect the names of some of these cousins: Griffin, Sands, Hawthorne, Bibby, Craig, Post, Ogden, Prime, Blake, and Cutlar. One of them, standing near the flagstaff, was teaching me to sing-song with him this horrid doggerel:

Fi, Fo, Fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Dead or alive I will have some.

"Stop that instantly," my father spoke from the piazza. "I'll have none of this about here."

The outdoor and indoor amusements of that generation were fewer and simpler than those of later years. I remember: for girls—only dolls and toys, grace hoops, battledore and shuttlecock, cup and ball, skipping ropes and swings; for us boys there was boating, fishing, skating, see-sawing, and sleighing. We had a fine coasting hill.

My father gave me much good advice, often

telling me to breathe through the nose, never to sleep with mouth open—and so I never snored in my life, to keep my wits about me, and, above all, not to lose my presence of mind, but to keep cool no matter what happened. From the age of seven he took me out with him driving, and I learnt a great deal. One summer going to New York we passed the Lorillard mill-pond, and stopped a moment because the road was blocked by wagons and a crowd of people who were there to see two young fellows who had just been drowned and were being brought out. This made me feel so bad that I said, “Father, how terrible!” He turned to me to say, “To-morrow, you must learn to swim.” The next morning, then, we went to the Falls together. There was a flat stone under a gnarled and spreading beech tree on one side of the pool; and on the opposite side there rose up sheer a rocky cliff, overhung by trees, making it not only an ideal bathing-place, but the most retired and picturesque part of Cragdon. When we arrived, I stripped and stood at attention, while my father said, “You won’t drown if you do what I tell you: expand your chest, draw a deep breath, shut your mouth and, *keep* it shut until you see daylight again, kick your legs out when you come up and swing your arms about. Now jump!” and I plunged into eight feet of water, came up, opened my mouth, and swam.

This lesson had its effect when I was over fifty. I was a guest of the Navarros at Seabright, and

imprudently ventured to bathe when the water was dangerously rough. Only two others—both strong young men—had ventured in. The tide was running fast, and came near carrying me too far out, but I recognized the peril in a moment, and made a vigorous effort to get back. It was difficult, and I felt myself growing weaker. I succeeded after a while in reaching the extremity of the life-line that ran out a hundred yards and in getting a grip on it. Twice my hold was broken, and twice I was sorely bumped against the kegs that anchored it at intervals, but gradually pulled myself up to the beach and twice came near being drawn back by the furious undertow. I was almost exhausted. A number of people on the beach were watching us, and I found Mrs. de Navarro in tears, the stout bathing master—of children and old ladies—having turned to her at a critical moment and coolly said, “I’m waiting, madam, to see which of those gentlemen is going to be drowned first!”

Our home life was one of mutual affection. There was never any bickering or dispute between our parents, who were an exemplary couple. When speaking together, the address was always *Seton* and *Emily*; and we children never used such terms as “Daddy” and “Mummy,” but spoke of and to our parents as Father and Mother, and never forgot to say good morning and good night to them. The hereditary courtesy of a Jacobite gentleman shone in my father, and the flower of

Puritan virtue blossomed in my mother. Most on the place were Catholics, and ruled by my father on the lines of quarter-deck theology. My mother was the only Protestant in the house, and always walked to her little Episcopal church in the village, telling my father that if she took a carriage one of the men might have to miss his Mass. She seriously thought at one time of conversion, and an incident connected with this impulse made a sorrowful impression on me never to be effaced. One November evening we drove to Harlem where she stopped at the house of a clergyman of her acquaintance. Leaving me, she remained an hour inside. Then I saw her come out with a gentleman behind carrying a book who handed it to her, saying, "Read this, Mrs. Seton, and you will *never* become a Catholic." As we drove home, she sat silent, against her wont, and softly weeping. I felt that something had disturbed her. Many years after this I knew abroad an American convert, who told me—without giving the name—that he had met in Florence a fellow convert who had formerly been an Episcopal clergyman near New York, and had asked him whether he could tell anything about a Mrs. Seton who lived in Westchester county.

"Yes, she died in France a few years ago."

"Did she die a Protestant?"

"Yes."

“ My God ! ”—throwing up his arms—“ what *have* I done ! ” And burst into tears.

I then understood.

My father brought me under discipline when I was five years old, never allowing me to breakfast until I had walked a mile, in all weathers, from our house down to the road-gate and back, or so many times backwards and forwards on the piazza, as he had paced it off for me, with my arms thrown over the tapering ends of a smooth back-board he had fashioned for me himself for fear I might be round-shouldered. It was irksome, but made me grow straight, expanded the chest, and gave me strong lungs and a clear and resonant voice which, in after-life, was a great advantage in lecturing, preaching, and pontificating Mass. I was ordered never to disturb a bird's-nest, or to wander off the place ; and so, with my little terrier, I would explore the woods and visit every part of the garden and farm buildings, growing healthier and stronger and self-reliant.

I learned to love Natural History. There were plenty of birds around Cragdon when I was a boy, and our place became a sanctuary for them. I particularly loved the beehives along the garden wall, the dovecot beside the coach-house, and the swallows around the barns, and a couple of sea-hawks that built their nest year after year in the same old tree down near the upper pond and were secure from interference. I even liked the crows, and used to watch their

noisy gathering late in autumn, and wondered what they could be cawing about. No scarecrow was ever set up in one of our fields.

The quarrelsome little English sparrows had not invaded the country when I was a child. They have since become a nuisance. I liked the bats as harbingers of spring. One of them flew through an open window one evening when I was seven years old and entangled himself in my hair. It didn't scare me, but there was a great deal of scissors work in cutting him out. I insisted on letting him go unhurt ; and I thought of it fifty years later in Rome when I nearly threw a lady into convulsions on telling her one evening that I had just seen the first *pipistrello* of the season at the Coliseum. I didn't know then that it was of ill-omen in Italy. One of my favourite pieces in Longfellow is the tale of "The Birds of Killingworth," and one of my favourite books is Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne." Most beautiful, too, are these lines, *De Deo*, of the Spanish fifth-century Christian poet, Dracontius, expressing how sweetly the birds sang their thanks to God for the gift of creation :

*Tum varias fundunt voces modulamine blando
Et, puto, collaudant Dominum meruisse creari.*

There was no love lost between us Seton boys and our Prime cousins. I remember, when I was between eight and nine, how some people already claimed a sort of superiority for having come

earlier than others to the Colonies. One of them was spending the day with us, and—perhaps there had been a little disagreement—he said boastfully, “We’ve been in this country a great deal longer than you have.” “Yes,” I answered, “we came only when you fellows made it fit for gentlemen to live in.” I remember, forty years after this, hearing an Englishman in the diplomatic service who had once been attached to the Legation at Washington tell another that he knew no country like America where people of the educated class thought so much of “being come of an old family.” I remember that about this time I was reading the “Rollo Books,” a very popular series by Dr. Abbott describing the outdoor life of farmers’ sons in New England, and I once asked my mother what sort of boys did such things that I never did. From her answer I began to know class-consciousness, which has ever since distressed me.

In 1847 there was the dreadful famine in Ireland, and I was allowed, as a great treat, to go down to New York with the head farmer and two of our men who were taking three of my father’s largest wagons loaded with barrels of flour, Indian meal, apples, and potatoes for that unhappy country, to be sent there in a Government vessel.

At the first outdoor procession the Jesuit Fathers held on the college grounds of Rose Hill at Fordham, for *Corpus Christi*, I went with my father and some of our men, all armed, because

the "Know Nothings" had threatened to break in and raise a row. An organ had been put in the church. It was something I had never before either heard of or seen, and I asked my father, as soon as we got outside, surprised by the shining brass pipes, "Whether those things were pikes to fight the Orangemen with?" I remember how indignant he was that foreigners should presume to bring to our country their old-world quarrels and disturb the peace.

My two brothers were among the very first students when the college was opened, and my father often drove me there to see them. Once I met there the famous Rocky Mountain missionary, Father De Smet, and I remember that he showed me a kind of very hard bread that the Indians made, and which was valuable because it would keep indefinitely. He was one of the earliest religious impressions of my life. Another one was about 1846, when my father bought from an Italian shopkeeper and gave me a medalion portrait in scagliola frame of Pius IX, recently elected.

In a little old cottage on Fordham Hill lived Edgar Allan Poe. He very rarely received visitors, but made an exception of my father, who would occasionally go in while I sat in the buggy and held the reins. Poe was very polite, and would see my father out and stand at the door uncovered until we started.

It was about this time that I was brought to

what was called the "Commencement" at Fordham College, which was held in a large tent erected under the elm trees on the campus. I remember the handsome and most dignified figure of Archbishop Hughes, and heard something said—which was worthy of Saint Augustine—by a distinguished convert and writer who had been publicly and praisefully welcomed on this occasion: "I brought nothing to the Catholic Church but my sins to be forgiven me." These words were those of Dr. Orestes Brownson, of *Brownson's Review*, whom Lord Brougham once called—so Archbishop Bayley told me—the "finest mind in America."

I was still in poor health, and it was thought advisable to try a remedy called the Water Cure recently introduced at Brattleboro, Vermont, on the Connecticut River. I was taken there twice. It was a tiresome journey by boat to Albany and across the country in a stage-coach. My parents went with me and, instead of going to the hydropathic establishment in the town, we lived for a month in the house of a Mr. Hollister, who exercised the cure in a more private manner for me, his only patient. Even combined with regulated exercise and diet, the cure was barbarous, and I wonder that it didn't kill me. It consisted in lying quite naked, once every day, on a wet sheet under a very heavy weight of blankets for four consecutive hours until there was a profuse perspiration, when

my man would take me in his vigorous arms and dip me several times down in a tank of ice-cold water.

An intimate friend of my father was Captain Lindsay, late of the Marine Corps, who was of ancient Scotch descent. I remember that on one of his visits they talked of family, and then they talked of Money. My father spoke of two men who had come to America in comparatively recent years, and said that one of them, old John Jacob Astor, had told him once, with cynical assurance: "No man can make a million dollars honestly"; and then I heard him lament that "Augustus Belmont was the first man to make money the test of Society in New York." I was over nine years old then, and my father, taking me into his confidence, told me one day that, although we lived comfortably, there wouldn't be much of a fortune left to divide among the seven we were. "But you shall all have a good education to begin with." I have never suffered from the accursed hunger of wealth, and have long experienced that religion can make a man happy though poor.

My father would always take me with him when he drove to New York, and after he had put up his pair at a livery stable up town, we would take our places in one of the old-fashioned Broadway omnibuses that I foolishly thought so elegant with paintings inside above the seats—there were no horse-cars, trams, or elevated trains then—

and get out to walk when we came to the lower parts of the city and narrower streets and stop for dinner at a favourite chop-house on Maiden Lane. Every tobacco store, too, had the wooden figure of an Indian in war paint standing in front of it. Once in a while my father would take me over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where I set astonished eyes on the first soldier that I ever saw. It was a delight and an education to be left alone for an hour among the curiosities of the Naval Lyceum. I loved to walk with him along the docks and quays on the East Side, and hear the busy stevedores and masters and sailors and merchants, and see the California clippers and big ships of the China trade, and smell tar. The hurry and bustle and noise and apparently inextricable confusion put new life into me with the wonder of it all. Once, on the Hudson River side of the city, we met the great Commodore Perry, who instantly invited us to get into his barge and dine on the new and stately frigate *Cumberland*, that came to a patriotic end in the Civil War. Another day we visited [the real Chinese junk that had been brought to New York for show, and I got into a scratch fight with two little Pigtails.

Once about this time, walking up Broadway of an afternoon, we saw a lone woman, very singularly dressed, coming down the other side, followed by a rabble. Thinking they might annoy her, my father crossed and offered his services. She stopped, thanked him, but told us that she liked

to be looked at and even mobbed, because she wanted to attract attention to her reform of woman's dress. This lady was the notorious Mrs. Bloomer, who originated *bloomerism* in female attire.

Another time father and I were stopped at a certain corner on Upper Broadway by a crowd gathered morbidly to view the spot where the heiress, Miss Canda, was thrown from her carriage the day before and killed on her wedding-day. Another horrid recollection was of being brought down by my father after the Astor Place riots, and shown blood and the impact and smudge of bullets on the metal railing where so many men were killed—all about two rival actors.

One pleasant meeting on Broadway has left a delightful and indelible recollection. It was a tall, handsome, and breezy looking gentleman who bore down upon us one afternoon, with open breast and flapping coat-tails, and stopped to say a few words to my father, whom he had known in the navy. He was Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. He said that he had just come from seeing at Barnum's the widely advertised Great Woolly Horse, discovered by Frémont in the Rocky Mountains. The novelist said it "wasn't worth while, because it was only another one of Barnum's humbugs."

Once my mother gave me six new shillings, then an American coin. Perhaps she thought

the brightness and jingle of the pieces would amuse me. I took them with me as I walked down to the pond to fish, and idly stopped on the road where three men were making repairs—strangers whom my father had put there on a short job more for charity than for anything else, as they were tramping up-country looking for work. I spoke to them and showed my shillings and, like a simpleton, lifting a small stone in full view at the foot of a tree, threw them under and went on. A couple of hours later, when I came back to my cache, the money was gone and the men were gone too. I didn't mind the loss because I had no use for the money, but I remember that I stood there for a long time having a new and bitter experience: "Lose thy money for thy brother and thy friend: and hide it not under a stone to be lost" (Ecclesiasticus).

There was little game at Cragdon: a few quail—whose call in the wheat-fields was sweet to hear; an occasional partridge, and a wood duck or two. My father loved our bird visitors so much that he would have no fire-arms discharged near the house for fear of driving them away; and had made many pretty houses of different sizes, and set them about in the trees. Our brook was stocked with trout and the ponds with sunfish. My father would fish only in deep water when word was brought up by his boatman that flounders and black fish were biting. The only coloured man in the village—the sight of him frightened

me when I was a child—was an honest fellow named Bill Tring. He was boatman and rower on my father's fishing and duck-hunting expeditions. Wild ducks were very abundant in the fall of the year on Long Island Sound, and I thought it the most exciting thing in the world to see so many boats and hear the banging of guns and watch the diving and coming up of the elusive ducks and hear the flapping of wings as a flock settled down or rose under a running volley. My father always took his man Daly along, and would have only two guns in action—a right and a left side for each. When I was between nine and ten, I had what I might call one of my last adventures with my father. When we returned towards evening or in the earlier afternoon, according to the sport, the sail boat would be left, and we would row up the narrow sedge-lined lane of the creek to our landing-place. The pieces would then be discharged in the air with no inconvenience or danger to neighbours. My father would never keep a loaded gun or pistol in the house. I stood as far up as I could, with Pat in front of me, Bill in the middle, and father at the stern, so that the boat would be trimmed. Suddenly I took Pat's gun, saying that I wanted to do the firing once at least. Father said, "I wouldn't do it, Robert. It might knock you overboard." Instead of minding him, I fired the charge. It kicked so that I tumbled back, and the fowling piece fell into the water. My father took bearings,

told Tring to mark the spot, and come down the first thing next morning at low tide with his grappling irons and bring the gun up out of the mud—which he did. Not another word was uttered. My shoulder was nearly dislocated. When we got back to the house, he told me, “Mother will take care of you. I gave you no order. You wouldn’t take my advice. You have punished yourself.”

We had no steam-heating in the house—only hard coal below stairs, soft coal—called Liverpool coal, because imported—on the lower floor, and wood in open fire-places in all the bedrooms. Irish potatoes was the name given to the ordinary ones ; sweet potatoes were called Carolinas. All the fishing-hooks bought at the country store were called Limerick hooks. Oatmeal hadn’t come into breakfast use. We had a flock of guinea-fowl—the only one anywhere around—and I loved their colour and strident cry because I believed they came from Africa. I disliked the spotted coach-dogs that were trained to remain under the carriage and keep step with the horses, trotting along, which was then the style with my uncle, Frederick Prime, and some other visitors. Not one of us nor anyone on the place was ever seriously ill. Mr. Moulton, physician of all the gentry for miles around, would come up to the house at regular intervals with his white horse and doctor’s gig, and the only medicines I remember that we children ever took were castor-oil, salts

and senna, ipecacuanha, and Wistars for sore throat. Our village was as peaceful as a graveyard. There wasn't a liquor store within the limits. Strong drink could be had at the bar of Odell's famous old inn, but only one fellow was known to be a tippler. He had property, and would loaf all day on the tavern porch. I had a horror of him, but he was not quarrelsome, and whenever I rode by, would notice me, even in his cups, with a husky, "Good day, Mister Robert." Our only matches were lucifers. Our only lights were candles: there wasn't a lamp in the house. The only one who smoked—nothing but Havana cigars—was my father.

My parents were both great readers, and their example, with this opportunity, made me also a great reader—and it has been one of the consolations of my life. Yet I was not permitted to help myself promiscuously. My parents exerted over their children—

a prudent care
To feed their infant minds with proper fare.

My father dealt for religious books with a Catholic bookseller in New York, and I was early given to read a little book by Bishop Challoner called "Hell Opened to Sinners," that filled me with salutary dread, and kept me all through life in constant remembrance of this verse of the Psalmist: "Pierce Thou my flesh with fear; for I am afraid of Thy judgments" (cxviii.)—more, I hope, for the loss of God than of any other everlasting

punishment. Tales from the Chronicle of Froissart impressed on my expanding mind a sense of gentility and honour, with a love of the Middle Ages—sentiments confirmed later by the novels of Sir Walter Scott.

My childhood was ending. I have never known what a home was after my happy life at Cragdon. My habitation ever since has been one of perpetual change. It is God's Will: "For we have here no permanent city, but seek one to come" (Heb. xiii.). Cragdon has disappeared. All that remains of it on the map of Bronx Borough is "Seton Avenue," and in 1903 provision was made for a public park at the "Seton Falls."

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD

MY childhood was over. The idea of travel beset me and dried up, apparently, some tenderer sentiments. I kissed my mother and my eldest sister, Emily, for whom I had a strong and mystical affection, and my little sisters—all in tears—and left as happy as a bird out of his cage; but the reaction came before I had been a week at college, and I felt very homesick.

I left Cragdon in August, 1850, with my father and brothers, to go to Mount Saint Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Maryland. My father had been a student there forty-five years before. He was attached to the place for its early association with his mother, who, after becoming a Catholic, had founded near there, in 1809, the convent of Saint Joseph in the Valley. The journey from New York can now be done in a day, but it was a slow and tiresome one when I made it. We began by taking from New York a boat—worked by horse power—to Amboy on Raritan Bay. There we boarded a train drawn by an engine using wood as fuel, which ran through the ugly Pine Barrens of New Jersey to Camden on the Delaware River opposite Philadelphia. Here a

ferry-boat took passengers across, and they got on cars that were pulled by mules up a hill and through the streets to the station of a train that went—through Wilmington—with a short stop there for hasty refreshments, on to Baltimore. We remained for the night at Barnum's Hotel, and left next morning by train for Frederick. Here we dined and had to wait a couple of hours before the stage-coach left at two o'clock in the afternoon for Emmitsburg, stopping at college and convent on its route. I particularly remember that a barefooted black girl was swinging, all through dinner, a linen flapper that hung lengthwise over the table, and kept flies off and cooled the air. I had never before seen a slave. I felt pity for her ; she looked so tired. The ugly old stage came to the door punctually. I nimbly climbed up to a seat beside the driver, while my father and brothers sat in the cushioned and stuffy interior.

The weather was fair, and the country of hill and dale we drove through was beautiful beyond description. I enjoyed the view and the driver's companionable talk. It was eighteen miles at a jog-trot over the *Pike*, as the road was called, and it took five hours. At a certain distance from our destination, the driver pointed his whip at a white building on the side of the mountain we were approaching, and said, " That's the church." I was delighted. It made a lasting impression on me, for a church set on high and seen in the

open expanse draws the eye and appeals to the inner sense more than one hemmed in by houses in a city.

I slept that night for the first time in a large dormitory with a lot of other boys, and took breakfast next morning in a bad-smelling basement refectory. It was a total change from our ways at Cragdon, but being young and excited with beginning a new life, I soon got used to it. My father left next day in the coach.

I stood a while on the terrace after the coach drove off, when suddenly the saintliest-looking man I have ever seen approached, and took me by the hand, saying, "Come, walk with me, little boy, and I'll show you a tomb."

I was startled, hardly understanding what was meant, but left immediately, while he held my hand, and we went to the convent in the valley about two miles distant. The Sisters had erected a small mortuary chapel over their venerated foundress, who was then known throughout the country as "Mother Seton." We entered alone and stood bareheaded. Then he pointed to a slab over a vault, and said solemnly, "Your grandmother lies underneath, expecting the resurrection of the just, for she was a holy woman."

I trembled and gripped his hand, while vague ideas of the supernatural wandered through my brain. I whispered awestruck: "Does she come up every night at twelve o'clock to say her prayers?"

The college was begun in 1808. The spirit guiding it was one of piety, study, and reasonable recreation. Everything recalled the memory of those two holy founders, Fathers—afterwards Bishops—Dubois and Bruté. In my time, the students were about one hundred and twenty, between the ages of ten and eighteen. We lived together, with every opportunity for religious exercises. I early joined the *Bona Mors Society*, and was admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and invested with the little scapular of Our Lady. I can never forget, were I to live a thousand years, the charming impression, on my first Christmas night, when I was awakened by the music and singing of the *Adeste Fideles*, which began at my dormitory and continued slowly through other chambers and corridors of the house. It was so tender and sweet that, for a moment, I imagined I heard the Angels of Bethlehem.

If I didn't study much Latin and Greek, I was instructed in religion, and confirmed in the mountain church on Pentecost Sunday, May 30, 1852, by the learned Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, along with seventeen other students, and was chosen—for no merit of my own—to kneel at the sanctuary railing and read aloud for myself and companions the Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

Several bishops had arrived at the college for a meeting to settle affairs. A reception was given

them that evening at Clairvaux, the largest house in the neighbourhood. I was sent down there with a message to some one. The Archbishop—Metropolitan—happened to be passing through the hall just as I was leaving, and called, “Come here, Robert.” Then, taking my hand, he led me into the parlour, and said, “Ladies and gentlemen, this boy’s grandmother, Elizabeth Seton, did more for the Church in America than all of us bishops together.”

I remember distinctly, after more than seventy years, the names and appearances of all the teachers as if they stood before me now. Dr. John McCafrey, a native of Emmitsburg, was president of the college and professor of logic. He was tall, of noble presence, scrupulously neat in dress, of benign looks, and accessible demeanour—a man who carried around with him all the dignity of the priesthood. He thrice refused the mitre, died at an advanced age, and is buried in the Mountain Cemetery. Father John McCloskey was vice-president and treasurer. He had an eagle eye, superintended the farm, and made it pay; looked more like a man of business than of scholarship and study, and made a fine figure on horseback. Father William Elder, D.D., of an old Maryland family of good English stock, a man who had studied at Rome, was director of the seminary, and taught Hebrew and Theology. He died Archbishop of Cincinnati. He was nothing to look at, but never were appearances so deceptive.

His head and heart were gold. Father Xaupi, of Bearnese descent from somewhere in the Pyrenees, was an old and saintly looking man, a great confessor. Only to look at him saying his office was a lesson in spirituality. Father Feller was a Frenchman, great-nephew of a learned and witty Jesuit who published, in seventeen hundred and something, in several volumes, a biographical dictionary full of piquant anecdotes.

Two of my seminarian teachers were great favourites with me—one, a convert, Mr. Gilmour, afterwards Bishop of Cleveland; the other, Mr. Quinlan, afterwards Bishop of Mobile.

One Sunday morning in catechism class, Mr. Gilmour was instructing us on the resurrection of the dead. He was the only one in college who wore spectacles, and spectacles had a weird fascination for me. When our teacher had ended, he asked whether any of us wanted to put a question. I raised my hand, and inquired whether, if a man wore spectacles in life, he would rise with them on the last day. There was a subdued titter along the benches, which meant, "Now you'll catch it." Our teacher, however, took it in good part, and very kindly put me right. I loved him from that moment, and now revere his memory. It was a lesson how to treat the young when I in turn taught children in my parish school. My companions evidently thought that I had asked that question to ridicule the master.

In 1852 there came a great change in my life.

Cragdon was rented to a wealthy person from the West, and my family moved into a house near Emmitsburg between the convent and the college. They had not been there many months before my mother caught a cold that settled on her lungs. Going to New York to consult a physician, she was advised to move to a Southern climate, and was recommended Pau, in France, which was then beginning to attract attention in America as a health resort. My brothers and I were withdrawn from the college in June, and we all prepared to go immediately to Europe. My brothers and I went up one day to have a ramble over Cragdon without going to the mansion which was closed, owing to some recent family bereavement of which I knew then no detail. A couple, who had been servants of ours, were living as caretakers at the farm-house. The man came along while his wife prepared dinner for us. It was a warm day, and we boys went in, bathing at the Falls. Just as I came out of the water, Pat Jordan said suddenly: "Here is where the young ladies were drowned; they were found at the bottom clinging to one another."

The heat of the weather and our long walk had indisposed me, and now this horrid news quite upset me. We took the evening train to the city. The next day I was attacked with dysentery, and lay for several weeks desperately ill in the New York hotel where the family had rooms. I became delirious, called for my mother, but

didn't recognize her as the woman in tears at the foot of the bed watching me anxiously. Then I stopped raving, and fell back exhausted on the pillow, and the woman, whom I now knew, bent over me to open my shirt bosom. I noticed how tenderly she handled my scapular—something she had never seen before—badge of devotion to Our Lady. This illness deranged my father's plans, and put him to great trouble and expense ; yet he never made any sign of impatience, but was busy all those hot days looking for accommodations on another ship of the Swallow Tail line. When I was well enough to go out, he brought me to the book-store of Francis—a famous house of old New York—and bought me two most interesting books for the voyage : one was "Claret and Olives"—a work on Pau and the South of France—just imported from England ; the other was Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" recently published.

Passage was engaged for us on the packet ship *Sir Robert Peel*, of 1,700 tons, then lying at her dock on the East River. This vessel was a fine and large one of her time, but the discomforts of every kind were such that, after crossing the seas over twenty times since then in first-class steamships, I look back upon it with horror. On sailing day we all drove down to the Battery, and a tug took us to our ship, now lying in the stream. There were only six first-class or saloon passenger besides ourselves. They were two edifying young

Jesuit scholastics on their way to Belgium ; two intelligent Master Mariners on their way, one to London, the other to Hamburg, to command merchant vessels awaiting them ; a Madame de Gourlay, sister to a General Reubell who had been mixed up in the French Revolution ; finally, a red-headed ill-mannered fellow, who came out of his cabin one morning while we were at breakfast and began to comb his hair and finish dressing, but got such a talking to from the *Madame* that he never did it again. Our captain was a stout weather-worn New Englander named Chadwick, and the first mate was his nephew.

We sailed from America at 11 a.m. on August 1, 1852, and arrived in England after a very pleasant voyage about the same hour on the 28th. The ship had hardly got away from Sandy Hook, and we were sitting down at our first meal, without the mate, when we heard a trampling and loud voices on deck overhead. The captain jumped up from table, and I followed, expecting to see a mutiny such as I had read of in Marryat and Cooper, but all that I did see was a lot of groggy sailormen and Mate Chadwick knocking them about like ninepins. The captain picked up a rope, and called to one of the men, "Stand up, you !" and the fellow stood, and got the end of that rope several times on his back. "Now go." He went off quickly, as did the two or three others who got the same sort of licking. When they were talked to like dogs they obeyed

like dogs, and I understood it was no mutiny ; only I noticed the mate's hand doubled up and bloody, which took my appetite away. We enjoyed west winds and perfect weather all the time. We met no icebergs, nor ran into any fog. It was disappointingly good weather to me who wanted to see a storm. We saw schools of porpoises, very often on both sides of the ship, leaping and racing as if it was great fun for them, and once I saw a large and solitary fish of the whale kind called a grampus. Another sunny afternoon, when the sea was smooth as glass, there suddenly appeared a fleet of delicate shells that spread each an iridescent membrane, presenting a scene as pretty as a parterre of flowers afloat on the ground swell of the ocean. They were nautiluses. I was told that sailors called them Portuguese men-of-war. Pope probably never saw one of these calm-weather creatures, or was hard put to it for a rhyme when he wrote :

Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the *driving gale*.

I was on deck as much as I could be, either reading, talking, or looking over the wide waste of waters. I loved to hear the working-song or chanty of the men as they hauled the ropes. The captain signalled several vessels, but spoke only one, a ship of the rival " Black Ball " line, coming toward us. It was a rare fine sight—this drawing together, manœuvring for position, putting the yards back, and stopping. Old

Chadwick stood on deck with the speaking trumpet in hand and, after a flourish, put it to his mouth, and in stentorian voice spoke to the other. I don't remember a word that was said on either side, only I was allowed afterwards to handle the silver trumpet, admire the scroll on it, and read the inscription.

As we slowly passed along the English coast, the country was so green and well cultivated, the houses so pretty, and the Isle of Wight so fascinatingly beautiful, that I thought nothing could ever equal it. We landed on my birthday, and after a few days at Southampton, on one of which we visited the now famous yacht *America*, took the night boat for Havre, where we arrived next morning. A recollection of this first town in France that I found myself in is of two middle-aged ladies, who made much of my pretty sisters, petting them with the ardour of veteran virgins, and cramming them with sugar plums.

The afternoon of our second day here, father told us boys to go out and take a long walk, saying, "Keep your eyes open and your mouths shut; look about you, and find your way back to the hotel by attention to the appearance of the houses, the signs over shops, and names of streets on the corners." We started, and had an adventure which I have never forgotten. We hadn't advanced far in a public park, and were alone on a side alley, when all of a sudden a young woman sitting on a bench under a tree with a baby in her arms

noticed us, got up, handed it to me without a word, and went off. What a quandary! We were horribly confused. William was for racing after her, Harry for leaving it on the bench and scuttling. I held on, for it was a sweet infant and smiled at me. The mother came hurrying back in a few minutes with a milk bottle in her hand, and thanked me very politely. In giving up my charge, I asked the name, and kissed little Victorine. In thinking this over—we got laughed at by our sisters—I have often wondered whether it was not perhaps the beginning of that almost immoderate love of little children that, later on, I felt as a priest. I may have overdone it, unconsciously at times, and made myself ridiculous, but I cannot kill it. I love pretty babies.

From Havre we went by train to Rouen and then to Paris, over a beautiful country with glimpses, now and then, of the silvery and historic Seine. Life was unfolding for me delightfully. My eyes were opened wide at sight of Paris during the week we spent there at the Hôtel de Hollande. I remember particularly hearing Mass in the temple-like Madeleine, seeing the old church of Saint Germain aux Rois, visiting the Louvre, and passing a day at Versailles. My father brought me one evening to call on an old gentleman of decayed fortune, Count de Menoue, whom he had known in America, and who told us how it angered him, when in the French diplomatic service at Washington, that “those ignorant

democrats," not understanding the meaning of his hereditary *de nobiliaire*, called him always Count "Demmenoue." He was a Legitimist, and hated the middle-class attaining political influence. I heard him end a talk with, "Noble, je le suis ; paysan, s'il le faut ; bourgeois jamais"—a very foolish sentiment.

To leave for the South, my father hired the whole of a large La Fitte diligence, a heavy stage-coach divided into compartments, and painted yellow picked out with black. The baggage was stored on top, and covered with a tarpaulin ending in a hood. Our vehicle was strongly lashed to a railway truck that took us on Saturday night to Bordeaux, at that time the terminus of the line, where we remained three days in an hotel, and on Sunday heard a late Mass in the Cathedral, and afterwards knelt at the tomb of Cardinal-Archbishop de Cheverus, who had been the first Bishop of Boston, and a correspondent and spiritual director of my grandmother, Mrs. Seton.

My father took me and my brothers that afternoon in an open landau to the review held by the Prince President Bonaparte. We had a good position. Standing in the carriage, close to the official platform, I saw the meeting with Cardinal-Archbishop de Bonnechose, and heard those premeditated words—" *l'Empire c'est la paix.*" I was living in a new world, and was learning something every day by close attention and observation. "Travel, in the younger sort, is a

part of education ; in the elder, a part of experience," says Bacon.

Next morning, five horses—the usual number—harnessed three and two abreast—were put to our diligence, and we started in good weather for a grand drive of two long days. We got a French courier from Paris to remain with us until we arrived in Pau. The route lay through Gascony, over the plain called "Les Landes." The journey was monotonous, but, being able to see everything on both sides from a seat above the driver, I found it interesting enough. I never tired of looking at the flocks of sheep and shepherd dogs, and men walking on stilts like giant cranes or leaning back on a crotched staff and knitting like women. We dined and slept one night at Mont de Marsan. On the second day, the view was more diversified. We crossed the Adour at Saint Sever, and higher ground soon appeared with the ups and downs of the road. Late in the afternoon we saw the verdant foothills of Jurançon, and towering above them the magnificent Pyrenees. We arrived at Pau toward the end of September, and lay for a week at the old Hôtel de la Poste, on Place Grammont, where all the diligences put up. I enjoyed the noise and bustle and barking of dogs and cracking of whips that accompanied the start and return of the lumbering coaches. At the end of the week, we took a house in the Rue du Lycée, which had a full southern exposure, and a garden in the rear. My

brothers and I, with a few other day scholars of our sort, went to the private school of Mr. and Mrs. White, who taught Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The English-speaking colony was not then very large, and we were the first Americans who came to Pau for the sake of an invalid in the family.

Our young lives were orderly and uneventful. The chief thing of any importance that has remained among my recollections was the Proclamation of the Empire, December 2, 1852. We were invited to see it from a balcony of the Hôtel de la Poste. It was in the forenoon. A regiment marched down from the barracks and formed three sides of a square. The colonel, on horseback, stationed himself at the open side. With red face, white moustache, and goatee, he looked a soldierly man. The crowd of people was well-behaved—as all French gatherings are—while the colonel read an official paper, passed it to his orderly, drew his sword, stood up in his stirrups, shouted in a loud commanding voice, “*Vive l’empereur !*” and fell off his horse in a fit.

We English and American boys would have grand rides, scampering in troops over the Jurançon Hills, or galloping to Orthez, Lescar, Oleron, Laruns, and all over the country for miles around. Once we made an excursion to Lourdes—before the Apparition. We would get our lunch where we could—either in an inn or in some peasant’s farm-house. The people were always accommoda-

ting and friendly. My horse was named Mustapha, because he had a drop of Arab blood. I used him at fox-hunts, and was sometimes in at the finish, and once got the brush. A Major Warner was master of the hounds.

One day I was out riding with my sister Emily, somewhere on the Jurançons, and we were caught in a summer shower. It had only just begun when a man quickly opened the gate of a château and asked us to take shelter. We were hardly a minute under the *porte-cochère* when an ancient dame, dressed in black, came to the door and invited us, in English, to dismount and enter. We did so, and had a half-hour's interesting conversation with the lady, who had lived in Philadelphia, and was the widow of that unfortunate Marshal Grouchy of the Waterloo campaign.

I had read so much about the French Revolution and the Reign of Terror, in which many decent people had been beheaded on a newly introduced instrument of death called guillotine, that I determined to see the execution of a murderer condemned recently to suffer in that manner. Bacon puts executions among the shows not to be neglected by the young traveller in foreign parts, and Johnson said, "Executions are intended to draw spectators." The murderer was to die on a market day, when there would be a great crowd in town, and justice could make a public example. That morning, our honest cook, a fat creature and fond of me, came to my mother when I was

with her, and asked if she might bring me to witness the execution. My mother was horrified and said, "Certainly not." The cook insisted, entreated, begged, looked at me significantly, and exclaimed, "Madam, Robert is sometimes a bad boy. Let him see it. I will take care of him. *Madam, it may do him good.*" I was finally allowed to go, and, as I remember, it was one of the most edifying scenes I have ever witnessed. We joined the long procession of men and women who walked behind the criminal. He held a crucifix in his manacled hands, and was accompanied by a priest on either side. We said our beads all the way up to the Haute Plante, where the fatal instrument was erected on one side of the parade ground near the wall that separated it from the public road. There was an immense assemblage of all sorts and conditions of people on foot and in carts. We got places right up near the wall, and, to see better, I was raised on it by the cook and dominated everything. A few soldiers were drawn up on the *other* side, purposely, I presume, to leave a clear view for the onlookers. I was told just what to do—which was to uncover and bless myself at the moment the axe fell. I did so, and every one around did so except—I am sorry to say—a small party of English and Americans, who kept their hats on, smoked and talked, almost laughed, through the proceedings, and scandalized us all. No one molested them. The crowd dispersed quietly. My mother would not

let me tell her a word of what I had seen.

This scene, at which I assisted, came vividly back to my recollection fifty-five years later when I stood at Siena on the very spot used centuries ago for executions, where the dear virgin, Saint Catherine, having persuaded a young nobleman to forgive his enemies and die a Christian death, stood by the block as promised, and clasped his bleeding head to her bosom.

In the spring of 1853, I went with my father and brothers to Saint Jean de Luz to see the bull-fights given in honour of the Empress Eugénie. An arena was improvised, and the floor strewn every day with fresh sand arranged to read, in red and yellow letters, "*Vive l'impératrice.*" We had seats on a tier next to, and only a little lower than, the open stand that was resplendent with the Imperial Couple and Lords and Ladies of the court. An Andalusian bull was dispatched each day of the week—a horrible, disgusting butchery, of which I tired after the novelty and excitement of the first one, and preferred to stay by myself and read or walk about while the others went in. On the opening day, the *picador*, a mounted man, met the brute's charge so steadily that pirouetting, he swerved and drove his lance into the shoulder with a glancing blow that tore out of the skin a magnificent rosette of French and Spanish colours that had been basted on. He next extended this on the point of the shaft to the Empress. She rose, advanced to the balustrade, and took the

bloody trophy in her gloved hand amidst frenzied applause.

Instead of returning to Pau immediately after the bull-fights, we went for a week on an excursion into Spain. This was the earliest of my five visits to that renowned and romantic country. We travelled in an open carriage drawn by two sound horses. Our first drive was to the Bidassoa River between the two countries. There was a French soldier at one end of the bridge and a Spanish soldier at the other. We crossed, and after visiting the celebrated but insignificant little Island of Pheasants, drove to Irun for lunch and afterwards to Hendaye. There we got out, and taking a boat for two hours were rowed down the opalescent stream to the quaint and mediæval town of Fuenterrabia. Although "Charlemagne with all his peerage" did not fall there except in blank verse, it was admirable with crenellated walls, narrow streets, armorialled houses and curious odd bits at every corner, and a church—the Assumption—more than eight hundred and fifty years old. We enjoyed superbly grand views, from the church steps, of the Pyrenees behind and the Atlantic Ocean in front. Our next move was to the land-locked Port de Passage, among the dark hills, where women—who alone do this work—rowed us about for an hour. I did not know then that it was generally from here, as more retired and safer, that young English-speaking priests, educated in Spain, embarked to

return to their native country, braving penal laws, and carrying their lives in their hands.

We dined that evening and slept at the fortified town of San Sebastian, and spent the next day there. It had not yet been modernized and become a fashionable distributing centre of Spanish society in summer, and kept up some of the manner and customs of olden times. I remember that there was a full moon this night, and a certain solemn stillness in the streets, broken only by the sentinels on the wall calling to one another at intervals the challenge of *alerta*! I fell asleep, and was awakened later by a town crier giving out in a solemn voice the hour and state of the weather.

Our next move was to the fishing village of Guetaria, where we found sufficiently good accommodation for the night. My father wanted to see it, because it has been famous during centuries for sailors who went fishing for cod on the stormy banks of what is now called Newfoundland. Here, too, was born that fortunate navigator, Sebastian del Cano, who alone brought back his ship, the *Vittoria*, from Magellan's voyage—the first circumnavigation of the globe. Next morning, before starting, I stood before his statue, and noticed the terrestrial sphere with the proud motto—*Primum Circumdediti Me*—that the Emperor Charles V gave him for his family arms. When I was in Seville sixty years after this visit, I walked over the Guadalquiver one

day to the little church of Saint Ann, in the unfashionable quarter, because it was there that, the day before moving down to join the impatient fleet, El Cano and his simple seafaring folks went to the Sacraments, heard Mass, and recommended themselves in prayer to Christ and Our Lady, Star of the Sea, and were the only ones to return to Spain.

We started early next day to get back to France, and as it was a heavy pull in this mountainous land, an extra horse was put on for the journey. It was a wonderfully beautiful and interesting drive through a country of oak trees, chestnut trees, and cork trees, of wooden crosses set in the ground to mark where some, perhaps murderous, accident had happened, and of little old stone houses tenanted by sturdy peasant free-men boasting gentility of blood proclaimed over crumbling gate or door by inherited coats of arms still proudly left in decay. A long drive brought us to Roncevaux, where we rested two hours. I was now in that pass of the Pyrenees which I had so often read about. The name signifies Valley of Prickly Briars, and it is where the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army under Roland—first of his twelve Valiant Knights—was cut to pieces, as the emperor was returning in 778 from chastising the Moors in Spain. This is why Dante called it a Holy Crusade :

*Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta (Inf. XXXI)*

A commemorative church and monastery of desolate grandeur stood here for many centuries ; and in a chapel of the hamlet an annual Mass is still said for the repose of those who departed this life :—

When Roland brave and Olivier
And every paladin and peer
On Roncesvalles died.

After the summer heats of 1854, my mother grew visibly worse, gave up driving out in sunny weather, and kept to the house. She was evidently growing weaker and coughed continually. She never used a cross word or made the least complaint about anything, but was cheerful, kind and loving to all of us, gentle to the servants and to every one. The last time that I happened to be alone with her in her sitting-room, one afternoon, she drew me to her arms in the old way and kissed me, saying, “ I love all my children ; they have all been good. May God bless and prosper them through life. But you know what you have ever been to me as the youngest of my boys and always the sickly one of the children. We were so happy together at Cragdon. We can never live the same years again. I feel that I am dying. It is God’s will that I die abroad. I pray to be prepared.”

I understood, and it went to my heart. We mingled our tears. My mother read every morning her Book of Common Prayer and a chapter of

her Bible, and every evening some passage in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying." I knew nothing of death except that of my baby brother Georgie, who dropped from the family stem as a rose leaf falls in the summer, and I thought of him no more. But now it was my mother who was to die and disappear out of my life.

I was sleeping in my room, on the night of November 28, 1854, when I was awakened by a loud cry from Emily, who had heard something fall. In a moment we were all up. A man was sent for the doctor as quickly as possible. Father had opened mother's door, and held overhead a two-branched candlestick. The night table was overturned. She had evidently tried to rise to reach something. I looked in, as my father turned away in tears, and there was my mother lying back dead, with a streak of blood from her mouth across her gown to a book that lay half open in her right hand. Her face was white and smooth as marble, and her glossy black hair dishevelled. Others were crying. I couldn't cry. I was frozen, and could only think. I thought how beautiful she looked in that dimly lighted room. The doctor came immediately, but nothing could be done. Thus passed away my mother, sixty-six years ago. She is buried in the cemetery of Pau, with ivy—the Seton badge—planted around her simple tomb against the wall and a tree at the head of it. My con-

solation for such a loss is that I have lived to remember her soul in Holy Mass.

Immediately after the funeral, my father went with my three youngest sisters to Paris, and put them to school at the convent of the Sacred Heart. My two brothers were sent to America. On my father's return, we soon left Pau, and he and Emily went on a tour through Spain, while I was left at Vergara in the Guipuzcoia province, and put to college there. My sister gave me as a parting gift her little gold watch and chain, a present from her grandmother, Mrs. Prime. It was the first timepiece I ever owned. I was well received and very kindly treated in this noble college, where I remained six months. I had taken Spanish lessons in Pau with an exiled Carlist priest and learned to speak the language well. The president was a military man, Colonel Hierro, and the vice-president a tall ecclesiastic of striking appearance and of wide reputation as an orator and disciplinarian. Religion was strictly attended to. We went to Mass in our chapel every morning, and assisted at all the devout and beautiful Holy Week services in the cathedral-like parish church, and made our Easter duties there in a body. On Thursdays and Sundays, we walked out in bands under a prefect or usher. It was a healthful and most beautiful country. I read more than I studied. I remember going through, with a teacher, the two big volumes of the Jesuit Mariana's classical History of Spain,

and reading in Spanish Scott's novel of "Quentin Durward."

My father had written me to join him in Paris. Saying good-bye to superiors and companions, I left Vergara on June 4, 1855, in the luxurious *coupé* (because I could get no other seat) of the Santander and Bilbao coach, drawn by eight magnificent mules. The vice-president sent me off with his blessing. I was to descend at San Sebastian, and was told to obtain a passport there or I might not be allowed into France. My only companion on the journey was a very pretty young girl, suspiciously unaccompanied, who at once, on starting, told me that she was on her way to the Great Exhibition, of which I knew nothing. There were no newspapers in the college. What sort could she be? It was the first time I was travelling alone. She might be all right, but :

*Quand vers Cythère
La solitaire,
Avec mystère
Dirige ses pas—*

I thought it more prudent to avoid the conversation she wanted to open. I found no American consul at San Sebastian and determined to chance it, because the French Government was not very particular when it wanted to attract as many strangers as possible to the capital where Life was in full swing. Next morning I took the Madrid express that clattered up to the hotel with sixteen-mule power, and brought me, riding on the

banquette, a delightfully exciting drive, in two hours to Bayonne. At the frontier there wasn't a word said to me about passport; only a custom-house officer remarked, leaving my trunk untouched, that I looked rather young to be travelling all by myself. But when I simply said "*Américain*," it served like a talisman to let me in. I went to the Hôtel de France for the night, and remember how solicitous the hotel keeper and his good wife were that I shouldn't go wandering about after dark, as I intended, because it was, they suggested, a very unholy town; and so I was sent to bed early, and had a good sleep.

A railroad now ran to Bordeaux. I left next morning after breakfast, in fine weather, on a fast train over a lovely country, and arrived at Paris that evening to join my father and sister, who had taken an apartment in the rue d'Isly. The Court of France was then the most splendid in Europe. Never again shall such a sight be seen as that of the young Empress Eugénie, divinely fair, leaving the Tuileries Palace in an open barouche, to be driven across the Place de la Concorde, with her escort of Algerian Spahis in white *burnous* and scarlet mantles. The first time I saw that fairy-like scene, Burke's description of Marie Antoinette came at once to mind—"Glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy."

My companions about the city and for boating at Neuilly—where I fell into the Seine once—

and for excursions to Saint Germain and in other directions, were my cousin, Gerard Coster, his cousin, George Hecksher, and John Lafarge and his brothers—all of New York—and a few Southern boys. One day I and two of these were under the trees at Versailles, sitting in a row on a bench—I the end boy—when a well-dressed French gentleman came to us and asked politely in English who we were. One of the boys said, "I am a Virginian." The next one said, "I am a South Carolinian." I answered, "I am an American." We all three spoke just as we had been brought up. The old count—for such he was—looked us over, and, addressing me, said, "*You* I understand ; my grandfather was an officer in Rochambeau's army when we fought for the Americans." I remembered this when a few years later the Civil War broke out on States' Rights.

Another time, while standing on the sidewalk near the *palais royale* residence of Jerome, ex-king of Westphalia, I saw him at very close quarters. His coupé, with the windows down, was momentarily stopped by a crush of vehicles returning from a review for the King of Portugal. Napoleon's brother, smooth-faced and swarthy, was hunched in a corner, and looked, as he turned to stare at me, like a big tortoise slowly pushing an expressionless head out of his shell. Although only seventy-one, he seemed broken and tired of life.

On the first of July, my father brought me and Emily for two weeks to London. We put up at

Chapman's Hotel, Saint James' Street, Cavendish Square. There we met an agreeable acquaintance of my father, Senator Hale—a native of Boston, of a fine old New England family. The weather was good all the time we were in London, and often as I have been there, I have seldom known fog or rain, though I was there only in summer. I was immediately impressed by the stir and immensity of that city, and, in driving through the fashionable parts, was struck by seeing framed and coloured coats-of-arms, called *Hatchments*, attached to the front of some houses. I believe this heraldic sign of mourning is no more in use. My father met his cousin, the old Yorkshire baronet, Sir George Cayley. He had sat in Parliament for Scarborough, and his son-in-law, Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, whom we also saw, was now representing the North Riding of Yorkshire. He brought my father and me one day to the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons, and pointed out some members. I heard Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell speak on the Ministerial side, and Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton on the Opposition bench. The Prime Minister was a poor speaker and in bad humour. He hemmed and hawed. The discussion was about the failure of the British Commissioner at the meeting in Vienna to end the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston said in a hectoring tone that the Opposition was making "Much Ado about Nothing"; whereupon Sir Edward, who

was on a front bench opposite to him, rose and said smilingly to the speaker that "in chronological order, 'Much Ado about Nothing' came after the 'Comedy of Errors.'" There was laughter and cries of "Hear! Hear!" It was certainly a pat repartee. Palmerston looked to me a proud and domineering sort of man, while his colleague, Russell, was small and potato-faced, and without much fight in him. My father unfortunately asked his cousin to point out John Bright. His manner instantly changed, and he said coldly, "I don't know Mr. Bright." As if my father had expressed something disagreeable, he rose and we left. Evidently the Tory squire was not inclined to have anyone believe that he knew a cotton spinner even by sight, although a fellow-Member of Parliament.

Mr. Cayley lived in chambers near the House. I went down one day on a message to him from my father. While I was there, a gentleman came in, to whom I was introduced. He invited me politely to walk down with him and see the House of Lords. My new acquaintance wore a low-crowned hat, gaiters, an old coat and carried an ivory-handled cane. He looked antique, conservative, and aristocratic, projecting a superb Roman nose before his face. It was the Duke of Grafton, a left-handed descendant of King Charles II, and evidently a man at home in farming and country life, since he talked of nothing as we went along but the crops in America, and about

oats and turnips and mangel-wurzel, of which I knew nothing ; but he was very good natured, and showed me the House of Lords before the sitting began. Finally he planted me in a corner, recommending me not to move until I was sent for. I had never seen anything so grand and glorious as that painted and gilded hall, with the Lord Chancellor of England on the woolsack, and a number of Peers lounging on scarlet seats around him, some on one side and some on the other side of the Chamber. This looked like Fairy Land to my crude imagination. I was dreaming wide-awake, when a singular looking person laid his hand gently on my shoulder, saying in a pleasant whisper, " You are a stranger here."

" Yes, sir—an American."

" Let me tell you who some of these gentlemen are. That is Lord Brougham who is speaking "—and then, " This is the young Duke of Argyll," as a man with a shock of red hair passed us going out.

He wasn't good looking, and walked with a swagger. My second Duke didn't seem as amiable as my first. In another moment this good friend went away, and I remained awhile feasting my eyes in wonder until Mr. Cayley sent for me. In the meantime, I had ventured to ask a man who looked very stiff and had watched me all along, who the gentleman was that had spoken to me so nicely. He said, weighing his words slowly, that

he was "Mister—Benjamin—Disraeli of the *Lower House*," and spoke his name rather sniffingly. I couldn't take in at the time—I was too young and ignorant—the great distinction of the man who was doing me such a favour and so unexpectedly.

The Sunday after we reached London, my father said to me at early breakfast, "Go out, and ask the way to the nearest church, and find out when there will be High Mass."

I went and at the corner of the street addressed a stalwart policeman, saying, "Will you please direct me to the nearest Catholic church?"

He drew himself up, and looked down upon my insignificance with this peremptory answer: "There are no Catholic churches in England, sir; there is a Catholic chapel. First turn to the right, second to the left."

We heard Mass that day in Saint James' Church, Spanish Place. Emily and I spoke afterwards of our happiness in having heard Mass for the first time in Old England, because my sister and I had many tastes in common, and we had loved to read together at Cragdon Alban Butler's "*Lives of the Saints*." She was dreadfully hurt at what I told her about the policeman. We did not know that there was then a hot feeling against Catholics on account of the restoration of the Hierarchy and what was called Papal Aggression. One day, while we were visiting Westminster Abbey, father remained behind reading inscriptions while Emily and I, wandering off, found ourselves in King

Edward's Chapel. We were alone at that sacred shrine, and naturally knelt down to say our prayers. It was most impressive to be at the very tomb of that Saint whom we always spoke of as the *Confessor*. In a moment a verger came, and said, politely enough, to me who was nearest the entry, "I am sorry, sir, but it is not allowed to kneel here." We were much surprised. I thought Emily was going to cry as we got up and went away.

Sir George invited us insistently to come down with him to High Hall in Yorkshire, but my father excused himself that we were in mourning and had to go on to Scotland. We met of evenings other relatives, as Lady Style, from Ireland, and the Worsleys, of Hovingham Park, and with these we had an agreeable time in London. Sir George Cayley told my father that at a banquet given to him in Edinburgh on some public occasion when, in answering the toast proposed in his honour, he had said that his mother was a Seton, the guests rose in a body to cheer that ancient name. Another time, speaking of our cousins, the Florida Setons, who made a claim to the earldom of Dunfermline but were too poor to push it, I heard him say that it took two English fortunes to pass a peerage case in the House of Lords, "for," he added, "law is an expensive luxury in England."

We left on the eighteenth for Scotland, and went by train through a wonderfully interesting

country to Edinburgh, where we spent ten days, meeting some distant kinsfolk—Setons of Cariston and Setons of Mounie—who greeted us effusively. We spent a day around Seton Chapel, and visited with extravagant delight Stirling, the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, returning by Dumbarton and the Clyde. On the thirtieth we left Scotland and went from Leith by steamer down the coast to London, getting fine views of the Bass Rock, and of the ruins of Fast Castle, and of many other places of interest, as we kept near land. The most imposing sight of all was a dozen great East Indiamen, all looking as trim as men-of-war, waiting at the mouth of the Thames for a favourable wind to begin their long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. It was something that will never more be seen since the advent of steamships and the opening of the Suez Canal.

We passed through London without stopping, and took the boat at Newhaven to Dieppe for a month of sea bathing. It was a shingly beach which made me long for the sands of Biarritz. I took many walks around the famous old town and castle. I read a little in my room every day, and on Sundays in the public library. After leaving Emily at the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris to finish her education, my father, my brother William—back from America—and I went in September by way of Brussels and Liège to Bonn on the Rhine, stopping a day and a night at Cologne to visit the Cathedral. I was matricu-

lated at the University. A day or two after we arrived, there was an immense torchlight demonstration in honour of the Rector of the University, during which that patriotic song, "What is the German Fatherland?" was sung by a thousand students, wearing the caps and badges of their corps. A few days after this I was introduced to Professor Arndt, the poet and popular author of the song. He was then a very old man, but always working for one solid united Germany. Fifty years later I recognized his grizzled and bearded bust in the magnificent Temple of Fame—Walhalla—on the Danube below Ratisbon.

I lived with my father and William in a house outside the Coblenz Gate. It was a cold winter. I had to break ice in the pitcher in my bedroom every morning before I could wash and dress. I had grown strong and hardy. I went down alone every morning to Poppelsdorf to skate, and every afternoon, after my German lesson, I walked with my father and brother to Godesberg. I read a little every evening with increasing pleasure the two thick and illustrated volumes of Dumont d'Urville's "*Voyage autour du Monde*"—which my father had bought for me on one of the quays of Paris—and also Cooper's "*Last of the Mohicans*." This made me dream of Indians, and, being a sleep-walker, I got up one night, ran as if pursued, and jumped down a five-feet flight of stairs, and fell in a heap at my father's and brother's bed-

room door. I was not particularly hurt, but felt like a fool. William secretly tried an experiment to cure me. I was so tired that I would drop off to sleep as soon as I touched the pillow, and one night he entered noiselessly, and put a long, narrow foot-tub full of cold water outside the bed which was against the wall. Sure enough, in one of the small hours of the morning, I rose in my sleep and gave such a yell when my feet touched the water that William rushed up, and found me shivering on the side of the bed, not angry, but horribly mortified—and cured of the habit.

I was left alone at Bonn for a couple of months in the spring of 1856, because my father and brother had to go to New York on business of my mother's will and estate. They had taken passage on the steamship *Pacific*, of the Collins Line, from Liverpool, but changing to another ship at some loss of time and money, remained over in Paris to assist at the reception into the Church, by the celebrated Jesuit orator, Father de Ravignan, of an American lady whom they knew. It was their safety. The *Pacific* was never heard of again, and must have gone down with all on board. Thus was patriotic and neighbourly feeling rewarded by a kind Providence.

While living in Bonn, I made tours in the Seven Mountains—the *Sieben Gebirge*—of the Germans, with a cousin of mine named Griffin, from New York, who was studying at Heidelberg

and came up to spend a week with me. Bonn was still a small and quiet university town. It has since become a rich and noisy city of fifty thousand inhabitants, entirely vulgarized, its romantic ruins disfigured by too familiar beer houses and villas of retired tradesmen. I used to walk very often to Kreuzberg—in whose crypt were shown the mummified bodies of ancient friars—to the beautiful woods of Rosenberg, and around the vine-clad ruins of Godesberg, and to Rolandseck, where sat so long the disconsolate knight of the old legend who came back at last from Holy Land to know that his lady love had just become a nun and was unapproachable, below at Nonnenwerth on the island. I several times made the ascent to the ruined castle of Drachenfels to enjoy from there one of the grandest prospects—

O'er the wide and winding Rhine.

With the recent enormous increase of middle-class industry and wealth in Germany the beauty of this noble river is marred beyond repair.

My father returned to Paris, where I joined him in May, 1856. We were among the first Americans who went to the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, which had recently been opened in the rue de Rivoli. It was soon full of guests, and was considered palatial—the forerunner of those establishments—rather caravanserais—that cater all over Europe to people willing to pay high prices for

poor food, poor service, hubbub, and a mixed, anything but religious, congregation. Something now happened that pleased my father and me very much. This was the acquaintance he made of the Russian Ambassador, Prince Labanoff de Rostoff, who was almost fanatically attached to the memory of Mary Stuart, and, recognizing our name as that of her most faithful adherent, sent my father three volumes which he had just published in French on the Letters and Correspondence of the unfortunate Queen. As some return for the compliment, my father had an enlarged copy made on porcelain of the Seton miniature of Mary Queen of Scots—an original, given by her to our ancestor, Sir David Seton of Parbroath, which my father had brought from America to show his kinsmen in Great Britain.

We spent hours almost every day in the museums and galleries and lived very quietly. My father read his *Galignani's Messenger*, and I read the *Travels in China, Tartary, and Thibet*, and the later experiences in the Chinese Empire of that distinguished French missionary, Father Huc, whose acquaintance we were fortunate in making. He was small in stature, of dark complexion, and with charming manners. I remember how strongly he appealed to me as a great priest who had undergone such hardships and had had such wonderful experiences of life in farthest East, and how well he looked with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in the button-hole

of his well-fitting cassock. Some record of what he had seen and done in those distant parts of Asia was manifest in the curios arranged around his modest apartment. During the several times I saw him, his talk was amusingly edifying.

In June, my father told me that, since I liked the sea, he would let me do a little more travelling by myself and cross the ocean again. He promised me a letter to an old friend in Washington, who might help me to get a nomination at Annapolis and enter the navy, were I so inclined. I began to have a passion for travel which has never abated, and which has been one of my principal sources—however limited—of knowledge and enjoyment. Anyhow, he gave me fifteen hundred francs in gold in a little canvas bag, and bade me “God speed.” The *Arago*, of the Vanderbilt Line—which I was to take from Havre to New York—was a large paddle-wheel steamer. We were fourteen days crossing, and life on board was very pleasant—only I found the passage too short. I remember slowing down and passing very near to a waterlogged ship, supposed to be lumber-laden. All her masts were gone, and her battered hull was listed to port almost awash with the sea, which made a clean breach over the waist. At the stern, with his forefeet resting on the broken taffrail as if he would like to make a jump up to us and be rescued, was a large black dog, giving out the most dismal howls. Captain Lines said that he could not stop unless

to save human life ; so, having satisfied himself that the ship was abandoned, he proceeded on his course. Another interesting thing was the sight of five immense icebergs floating majestically down toward the south. The weather was perfectly clear, the ocean calm, and the sun shone brilliantly on these pinnacled masses. While they were not dangerously close to us, we were near enough to them to hear an almost continual crackling and rumble, and sometimes a loud report, as huge blocks would break off from the ice-mountains and fall into the water with a mighty splash. The air was quite cold in the company of our usually unwelcome neighbours, but, with a careful captain and good look-outs, we were soon clear of them.

I spent two days in New York, making my first visit to my aunt in the Convent, and seeing a few cousins still in town. I would not go near Cragdon. At the house of one of my father's cousins in the city, I met Madam Patterson, the legitimate wife of ex-king Jerome Bonaparte. She was then well on in years, yet remarkably keen of intellect, with a good memory.

I put up in Washington at Willard's Hotel, and remained there nearly two weeks, after presenting my father's letter to his old friend, William Hickey, Chief Clerk of the Senate. Colonel Hickey was most kind to me, showing me every attention. He got me a seat in the Senate Chamber, which I occupied very often, and was much amused in a

certain way. I noticed particularly in the House the Speaker, Nathaniel Banks, of Massachusetts, who was tall and rather thin. I admired him for looking so manly and like a gentleman. The person who told me his name added sneeringly that he was "a Black Republican." I, knowing then nothing of politics, replied, "But, he is white, not black." I forget whether I got any further information, but I know the insolent fellow had a mouthful of oaths for Abolitionists of Slavery.

The House was clamorous, and some of the members had disreputable manners. I found the Senate more attractive. There I saw Samuel Houston, whom I knew, from my reading, to have been a very prominent man in Texas. He possessed a good presence, but looked better sitting at his desk than standing on the floor, because of his unconventional light summer suit. I can hardly think it possible, but I have a vague idea that he wore no shirt collar. The next one who drew my attention was Robert Toombs, of Georgia. He was stout-built and respectably dressed, all in black. I listened to him once for nearly an hour make an impassioned speech on the subject of slavery, which compelled him often to clench his right hand and bring it down with a bang on a little gilt-edged book, bound in black and gold, that lay on the desk. It was "The Constitution," compiled by my friend, the chief clerk. Another Senator of striking appear-

ance, whom I was to know personally in a few days, was Andrew Pickens Butler, of South Carolina, a fine-looking gentleman with a rubicund face and snow-white hair. The only other Senator I remember seeing was a dapper little man named Benjamin, who was a Jew. One afternoon, as I was standing on the steps of the Capitol, a high-and-mighty lady drove up in dashing style, in an open carriage and pair, with coloured coachman and footman in livery on the box. I was told, when I asked her name of a stander-by, "That is Mrs. Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, sir, and those are her slaves." I didn't bow down at this, as I was expected to. Another day I saw, with regret and shame, the dishonoured fragments of a stone, from one of the ancient temples of Rome, which Pope Pius IX had had polished and sent to America by Archbishop Bedini for the Washington monument and which a party of "Know Nothings" had smashed. They were lying neglected on a side street, and forgotten, except by justly indignant Catholics. Once I saw President Pierce riding through the streets and noticed the highly polished brass American eagle on either side of his saddle-cloth — which was Democracy's tribute to Heraldry.

On my second day in Washington, Colonel Hickey brought me to the rooms of the Mormon gentleman who was delegate in Congress from the Territory of Utah. I remember how polite he was, and

how promptly he acceded to our request for his nomination to the Naval Academy. He was so sure that I was going that he made me promise to write to him when I got there. Then my friend and I went to the Navy Department, and were admitted immediately to the Secretary. There was very little red-tape about the Departments before the Civil War. The Secretary was Dobbin, an affable gentleman, who asked us to sit down and put me at my ease at once. While he looked over the paper, I spoke French with the Comte de Sartiges, Minister of France, who was sitting in the room as we entered, and who expressed himself much pleased to find an American boy who spoke it. At this, Mr. Secretary looked up and remarked, "That will be an acquisition in the Service." Then turning to my friend, he said, "There's only one little thing, Colonel Hickey. Just bring the paper back to Mr. — and get him to add that young Seton is a resident. That's the law."

We returned at once to the Delegate and asked him to put those two words in. He thought it over and felt chagrined, I know, from the way he spoke, but found he couldn't do it in conscience. If I would only go to Utah and write him a line with the post-mark on the letter, and come back, he would do it immediately. We thanked him, and I thought no more about it. In those days, it was a long and expensive journey beyond the Mississippi and across the plains, and although

two kind Congressmen—one was from Ohio—promised me their nomination next time, as this year's was already filled, I determined to go back to Europe. God, in mercy, so worked my plans and so moulded me that I was to do His will and not my own.

Something happened one morning in the dining-room of the hotel that frightened me awfully. I didn't see the deed of blood, but heard the report of a pistol. A brutal Congressman from California, angered at the manner or the words of one of the waiters—a white man and an Irishman—shot and killed him outright. I determined to leave such a sanguinary place next day. I did so, after paying my bill, and went to New York to take a steamer to return to Europe.

I returned to Europe on the steamer *Fulton* for Havre. We ran for two whole days into a dense fog off the Banks of Newfoundland and, early on the morning of the third day, I was on deck and saw what might have been a disaster. The fog lifted suddenly as our steamer cut through, and, straight ahead and very near us, lay a French barque at anchor, broadside on. A cry, a quick turn of the wheel, and we escaped a crash. It was now clear daylight, and men were fishing for cod in little boats all around the French vessel. This close possibility of a dreadful accident has haunted me all my life.

Among our passengers was an agreeable gentle-

man, who took particular notice of me because I could speak German. He was Mr. Schleiden, Minister to the United States from the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen. There was also, in the first class, a Frenchman, with the title of Colonel, who was tutor to two grown boys, only a few years younger than I. They were sons of President Comonfort, of Mexico. They were called "niggers" because of their dark colour and were not allowed to sit at table in the saloon, but had to eat by themselves and keep to themselves. I was disgusted with such unchristian intolerance, and was the only one in the saloon who ever spoke to them. They were nice young fellows, and of native, perhaps Montezuman, blood in part.

I rejoined my father and sisters at Dieppe, and took the sea baths there. When my sisters returned to the convent after the holidays, my father took me down with him on a short excursion to Chartres. We heard Mass on Sunday in the cathedral at a subterranean altar in the devout crypt of our Lady, which is of very great antiquity and a monument of the triumph of Christianity over Druidism. There also we saw an *ex voto* letter sent by converted Indians through Jesuit missionaries in North America. Little did I dream then that I should return after fifty-three years and say Mass here as a bishop.

Monday and Tuesday we spent driving with a

veterinary surgeon to visit farms and select Percheron horses which my father bought for William who was settled in Illinois. I believe these three were the first of this famous breed ever imported into the United States. From Paris my father brought me to Carlsruhe, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where I was entered at the Polytechnic School and remained a little over a year. I never really studied, although I paid for private tuition in mathematics, in which I advanced as far as integral calculus. I wish now I had the fees back that I paid for those hateful lessons, three times a week, to a malodorous professor who never bathed, or perhaps never even washed, and whose rooms reeked with stale and fresh tobacco smoke commingled. He had thirty-six different sorts of long German porcelain pipes of many colours hanging on the walls of his study, as trophies of a vile habit. I did very little study ; in fact, I never studied seriously until I went to Rome and study became a matter of conscience. But if I didn't study, I read a great deal and took a great deal of exercise. One of my favourite walks was to Durlach, where I used to climb the hill and sit among the ruins of the castle of the Catholic Margraves—not yet Napoleonic and Protestant Grand Dukes—of Baden, of the younger branch. I was constantly on the ice all that winter with a pair of club skates my father sent me from America. The large skating pond—which has since disappeared—was just outside of

the town. I also spent much of my time in the Hall of Art, which contained a large and rich collection of paintings. A Catholic baron who held an office at Court got me admittance to the Grand Ducal Park, where I used to take the most delightful walks all alone under the old trees. There were deer there, and wild boars, not fierce if unmolested. I cared little for company, preferring to be alone and undisturbed with my own wandering thoughts and foolish castles builded in the air. I made only a few acquaintances. One was that of a Brazilian of about my own age, who attended the Polytechnic. His name was Gusmao. His father was a baron, claiming descent from the family of Saint Dominic de Gusman, founder of the Dominicans. He was of a very affectionate character, and when I left to go to Rome, he was so sorry that he asked me to let him kiss me, and he said, with a tear, that he would feel very lonesome when I was gone. I have never heard of him since, but have often prayed for him.

Another acquaintance was that of a devout old lady of the princely house of Fürstenberg—which is Catholic, and whose palace was almost opposite our only church in 1857 in Carlsruhe. She had noticed me in the body of the church during Holy Week services, saw that I was a stranger, got my name, and, finding what it was, invited me to call. She inquired whether I belonged to the family of Mary Seton, one of the Stuart Queen's

“Four Maries,” and finding that I did, politely offered me the privilege of her tribune. Not to appear boorish, I had to accept. I noticed once a lady kneeling up there beside me, whose husband, a captain but not noble, I saw hearing Mass below. I was told that she, but not he, was admitted to the princely tribune—which struck me as a strange distinction of worshippers in the House of God.

I lived in Carlsruhe at the “Römischer Kaiser,” a famous old hostelry and typical German *Gasthaus* of the better sort, on the main street, near the Mühlberg Gate. The officers of a regiment of the Guards messed here at a long table in a room on the ground floor. For some reason—partly, no doubt, of genuine kindness to a young stranger from a distant part of the world, and perhaps because some of the officers had heard that I was recognized by the mediatized semi-royal Fürstenbergs—I was soon invited to take a seat at their table. The Colonel sat at the head, and I at the bottom, with a narrow but well-defined gap between me and the military. I was called “The American,” and rarely—unless when appealed to—entered into the conversation, which was loud, sometimes even boisterous, but always correct. They came in, clanking scabbards, singly or in twos or threes, within a few minutes of one another, at twelve o’clock, and hung their swords and caps on pegs along the wall. Then immediately they gave an all-around salute,

accompanied by a click of the heels, to those who might have already entered the room. No one sat down until the colonel or major, or whoever was to preside, had received the stiff and individual bow of his juniors and taken his seat. The officers numbered about twenty, and among them was Count Leiningen, whom I met later in Rome. They were all gentlemen-born except one, and on a day that the talk was of Family, they good-humouredly spoke of him as a *Schweitzer Adel*—"Swiss nobleman"—because he belonged to the untitled, commercial, half-gentleman class of that country, upon whom coats-of-arms had been conferred by the Emperor.

I attended Mass and went to the Sacraments regularly. One Wednesday evening, the Vigil of the Assumption, the fourteenth of August, 1857, after I had been to Confession and finished my penance in Church, I returned to my room, and stood a moment looking out of the open window at the beautiful stars in the clear summer night. All of a sudden, as if by an inward impulse from above, I fell on my knees, leaning my hands against the sill, and, with bowed head, recited, as a self-imposed supplementary penance, the fiftieth psalm, *Miserere*, and afterwards my usual Memorare to the Blessed Virgin. Before I rose, a thought unexpectedly came—it might be called Vocation—to give up my profane studies and aspirations, and to become a priest. I determined to do so. I felt a calm happiness in my soul, and went to

Communion next morning. The rest of the day was spent in writing to my father, who was in New York, and to my sister Emily at Paris.

The latter answered immediately, and was overjoyed at my resolution, offered to send me money—which, however, I did not need—and begged me not to waver, but to come on at once. My idea was to go to Rome to study. I never for an instant thought of any other place in which to prepare myself for the Church. Holy Rome was the City of the Pope, Head of the Catholic Religion, and I loved it, instinctively perhaps, even without having ever seen it. My thoughts turned to Rome as naturally as a child's to his mother. On the following Monday, I took the train for Paris, bringing with me as a present to my sister a pretty little cuckoo clock made in the Black Forest, and she gave me in return a miniature painting on ivory, which she was finishing, of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Infant in her arms, and standing in a garden full of flowers.

While I was in Paris, I visited the museum of the Missions Étrangères. When I spoke of it to Father Hecker, a few weeks later in Rome, he said to me rather bluffly, "Didn't it make you feel mean?"

"Yes, it did, indeed," I answered.

On August 20, after hearing Mass in the Chapel of the Sacré Cœur and bidding good-bye to my

dearly loved sister and the good Madames, I spent most of the day visiting the Madeleine and other Churches, saying in each a prayer to Saint Bernard, whose feast it was, and to Saint Robert of Newminster, my patron saint, who had introduced the Cistercians into England in the twelfth century.

That evening, I took the express to Marseilles. From there I went by steamer to Leghorn, and then up to Pisa, where I remained three or four days in an hotel on the Arno. My first call was on my father's friend, Chevalier Patrick Filicchi, with whom I lunched. In the later afternoon, I walked out with him to see the town. We looked up at the house on the Arno where my grandfather died. The next day we visited the Cathedral, mounted the Leaning Tower, strolled through the famous Campo Santo, and admired the exquisitely beautiful Baptistrey. While we were here, an infant was brought in to be christened just as the sacristan had finished singing for me a verse or two of the Magnificat, with the notes rustling sweetly through the fretted vault like the voice of angels.

Next morning, Mr. Filicchi went down with me to Leghorn. On the way I noticed with surprise a number of camels grazing on the juicy grass of the Maremma. They had been introduced into those fields, I was told, by the Grand Duke Leopold II of Tuscany. At evening, I boarded a steamer, and landed next

morning at Civita Vecchia. I was now in what was universally called "The States of the Church," and felt myself no longer a boy, but a *man*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MANHOOD

I MADE two acquaintances on the steamer at dinner that evening. We spoke French and met again at the hotel in Civita Vecchia, where we left our baggage, and after a sea bath among the rocks, we agreed not to take the public conveyance to Rome, which started early and would be crowded, but to bide our time, have breakfast at twelve o'clock, then take an open carriage with three horses, which would bring us to our destination in the cool of the evening. We left at 2 p.m. on August 28, 1857, favoured with delightful weather. The drive was over the Maremma, along a route that skirted the sea most of the way. An hour at Palo, remarkable for its castle, gave us time to water and rest the horses and eat the lunch brought with us in a hamper. We were all three in high spirits at the thought of approaching Rome.

The older of my two companions was a French gentleman of the name of Ampère, a member of the Institute of France, who was going to Rome to gather, on the spot, materials for his work—since published—"Roman History at Rome." The younger was a handsome Uruguayan, of Spanish

descent, twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who had but recently come into a heritage of cattlemen and immense herds of oxen, roaming over boundless plains and giving him an income which, he told me gleefully, enabled him to live at Montevideo in fashionable style and go visit foreign parts as he was now doing. He brought with him a copper-coloured man-servant, who rode on the box with our driver. The sad and solemn beauty of the country appealed strongly to me, whose enthusiasm was religious. That of Monsieur Ampère was altogether historical, which, however, made his conversation instructive and interesting. The South American was silent and apathetic, using only his eyes. I was the first to see, many miles before the end of our journey, and to call attention to, a white building, high on a mountain, that seemed to stand out in the light of the declining sun ; but it was the historian who told us all about it, speaking of the temple of Jupiter Latialis on Mount Albano—the central worship of the Latin tribes—and execrating the memory of the Cardinal, Duke of York, last of the Stuarts, who broke up and removed the majestic ruins, to build on their site a convent of the recently established Passionist Order. I didn't want to dispute about it, only I did say bluntly that it was a right good thing to do, because an ounce of Christianity was worth many pounds of Paganism. Our South American friend seemed bored, but he woke up and showed the excitement

of a ranchman, when we came to Macarese, and saw hundreds of buffaloes and long-horned cattle in the fields and farm-lands around us. M. Ampère gave us a classical talk about the ancient Via Aurelia, which we were now following pretty closely and which, since all time, has been the coast-line road to Rome from the North.

Night fell rather quickly. There was a full moon shining, and our entry into Rome was touched with a glamour that the sun could not have imparted. It had something mystical about it. No one spoke. Our immediate surroundings, indeed, were commonplace, and no fore-sketch of the scene that was to open so suddenly : a whirl of the whip, a strain of the horses, a turn of the wheels and through the city gate—into Rome : when lo ! a comprehensive glance took in Saint Peter's, the Vatican, the monumental colonnade, two splashing fountains, and, between them, a tall Egyptian obelisk. The clocks struck ten. It was sublime. I blessed myself, feeling very happy. It was the purest joy of my life to be actually in Rome, the Queen City of the world. We drove over Ponte San Angelo to the Hotel d'Allemagne, in Via Condotti, where we arrived in a quarter of an hour and found prepared for us the dinner which we had ordered in the morning.

Next day I was up early, and went to hear Mass. The nearest church I found was that of the Holy Trinity, the only one on the street. It is not ancient, but I have had ever since a special

devotion to it, because there I heard my first Mass in Rome, and in it, for this reason, I said my last Mass in Rome fifty-seven years afterwards. In the forenoon, I took an open cab and drove out to Saint Paul's with a letter of introduction to the Reverend Bernard Smith, an Irish Benedictine monk. My first impressions of Rome by daylight were formed in driving there. The weather was superb. I stopped at the Coliseum to get out and take a hasty look inside, kneel at the foot of the Cross in the middle, and thank God for bringing me to where I was. It made an unforgettable impression. I recognized the place by pictures that I had seen, but otherwise knew no more of Rome than every school boy knows, only loved it with the affection of a Catholic, because it was where the Pope lived. My mind—omnivorous reader as I was—had not been debauched by Addison's "Letters," Eustace's "Classical Tour," or Forsyth's "Italy."

The Irish monk received me like a father, and was the best friend I had during the ten succeeding years that I remained in Rome. I was soon shown all over the magnificent basilica, which, like a phoenix, had risen from its ashes after the last great fire, less venerable but more beautiful than ever. I wanted to leave, but he pressed me to stay, and hinted that something was going to happen. Then he introduced me to the Lord Abbot and the Community, who kept me for dinner. Afterwards we all sat awhile in the lovely

cloisters until my good friend spoke to me of a short post-prandial nap, called *siesta* in Italian. I knew nothing of such a habit, and sat alone reading in a clean little cell, furnished with a small bookcase, a cot, two chairs, and having one window which looked out upon the public road. In an hour, Don Bernardo returned and said that the Pope was coming from Ostia and would stop at the monastery. If I kept very quiet, and looked out discreetly, I would see him. It was a most gratifying surprise. I heard shortly afterwards a considerable noise and saw a galloping horseman, sent ahead to clear the way, and not far behind him came a brilliant body of mounted officers surrounding a gorgeous coach. They stopped almost beneath my window. I knelt reverently on the window-seat, and peeped over the sill. The door of the coach was opened, the steps let down, and aquiver with suppressed excitement, I saw the Holy Father, in red hat, white cassock, and scarlet cloak, step out and walk grandly into the house. I blessed myself devoutly : I had seen Christ's Vicar on earth. It was a supreme moment of my life.

Half an hour later, Don Bernardo brought me through a side door into a hall full of great people, with the Pope seated up at the head. Thus, having slipped in almost surreptitiously, I remained unobserved, and lost in amazement at my unexpected position. I was looking at some fragments under glass, of objects from the Catacombs, when

a Cardinal, who must have noticed my isolation, suddenly stood beside me and in the kindest way addressed me in French, saying that I was evidently a stranger and that he would tell me something about those things. I remember after so many years the gentle look on his face, and that he was somewhat bent with age, and that he took a little pinch of snuff out of a jewelled box, and, to my astonishment, used a blue cotton handkerchief. I wondered how he could use such a common thing as that ; yet it was Cardinal Barberini, of the princely family of Urban VIII. While I was speaking to him, Don Bernardo came up with a fresh-looking prelate dressed in purple and fine linen, who spoke English to me, and the Cardinal returned to his group. This prelate was Monsignor Talbot—son of Lord Talbot of Malahide in Ireland. They glanced at me, conferred a moment, and came to the conclusion that, although not in evening dress, I was decent looking enough, and on this country-side holiday could be informally presented to His Holiness. With considerable trepidation I went up, knelt, kissed his foot, and received the Pontifical Benediction, given, as he said, “ to this young American who has come to Rome to study for the Church.” On rising, I was introduced to Monsignor Hohenlohe, because I had recently come from Germany and spoke his language. He, like Talbot, belonged to the court. These are the first Monsignori I ever saw, and the only ones I remember on this occasion,

although later I knew Pacca, de Mérode, Borromeo, Negrotti, Ricci-Paraciani, prelates of the Vatican, all of great name, for Pius IX, being himself of an old and noble family—Mastai-Ferretti—would have only patricians around him, with the single exception of the all-too-useful but low-born Cardinal Antonelli. A *vinfresco*—Italian for “ refreshments ”—was served, and I was kindly offered something by different parties, but could touch nothing under such emotional circumstances. I can never forget this first look at the benign and handsome face and kingly bearing of Pius IX. Not many men are now alive who knew him, as I did, in his prime.

Towards evening, having returned to the city with Don Bernardo, and left him at San Callisto, the city convent of his Order, I went to my hotel in Via Condotti, where I remained until the middle of September. Bidding good-bye to my French friend, I walked up to the Pincio for exercise. There I met the Uruguayan idling about. He was glad to meet me. When I asked him about his plans in Rome I was amazed, even shocked, to hear him say that there was nothing to do in Rome, and that he was going back to Paris at the earliest opportunity. I have often since thought of that “ rich young man ” of Scripture when thinking of my young friend, and have wondered whether “ La Belle Dame Sans Merci ” was a blonde or a brunette, who loved him to an untimely end. He had never been confirmed, for

religious ministrations were sadly neglected for years, on account of revolutions, all over South America.

My Benedictine friend very soon found an Italian priest who understood French and who engaged to give me an hour's lesson in his language every day, and to drive out with me sometimes to see the monuments and converse together. I found this a capital arrangement. Having some facility for acquiring languages, I soon picked up a smattering of Italian. My Spanish helped me. Piales' "*Rome en Dix Jours*" was an excellent guide-book. I also bought and read through a learned work in three volumes, "*Les Trois Romes*"—Ancient, Modern, and Underground—by Monsignor Gaume, and, of evenings, read Andersen's "*Improvisatore*" in an English translation.

One of my first visits was to the Kircherian Museum in the Roman College of the Jesuits, where I had the unlooked-for honour of being taken around by the curator himself, the famous Father Marchi, S.J., an authority on the Catacombs, and predecessor of the celebrated de Rossi. Another early visit was to the ossuary of the Capuchins under their church, in which, nearly half a century later, I was to Pontificate so often. It had this peculiarity, that the dead friars were not interred, but stood up fleshless in rows along the walls, in the brown habit and girdle of their Order. I came out very much impressed, and on returning to the hotel, that evening, read the

vision of dry bones in Ezekiel xxxvii. One thing only had startled me and almost made me laugh. It was a big black cat that jumped up suddenly when the door was opened and ran down a line of skeletons, rattling and jostling them out of all composure.

I saw Don Bernardo very often. He took me out with him several times, once to visit a Cardinal named Macchi, whom we found ailing with the gout. It was like reading a page of ancient history to hear him converse. He had been secretary to Consalvi at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. He looked impressive, reclining on a settee, in a white flannel gown, wearing a golden pectoral cross, a diamond episcopal ring, and a scarlet cap on his aged head. Although in pain, he received his visitors with great courtesy and patience, and held us for an hour talking of old times. When I first arrived in Rome, the days of noble Cardinals, while declining, had not disappeared. Hardly a single member of the Sacred College but was born of a titled family. A description of noble cardinals patronizing study and the arts, written by a Scotch Presbyterian, makes illuminating quotation: "Their riches, their taste, their learning, their leisure, their frugality, all conspired in this single object. While the eminent founder was squandering thousands on a statue, he would allow but one crown on his dinner. He had no children, no stud, no dogs to keep."

On September 15, Don Bernardo arranged with

me a delightful tour of three weeks, to be taken together, I to pay the running expenses, he to be my guide, philosopher, and friend. We would put up at houses of Benedictine or other Orders as guests—hospitality, in those days, being universal and gratuitous. Confiscations and suppressions have now made that rare or impossible. We travelled by *vetturino*, a means of conveyance common in Italy before railroads came in. It was simply an open carriage and five horses, harnessed three and two abreast for the journey.

Leaving Rome through the Porta del Popolo, we drove along the route of the Flaminian Way, across the Tiber at the Milvian Bridge, past the Saxa Rubra that witnessed the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, and almost straight to Ancona on the Adriatic Sea. As soon as we got out of the city Don Bernardo opened his breviary and recited the *Itinerarium Clericorum*. He had no more than finished when we overtook two Jesuits on foot, one of whom my friend knew. We halted and gave them a lift to La Storta, a shrine of Saint Ignatius, a mile or so farther on. Almost as soon as they were in the carriage, one of them, named Passaglia, disputed warmly with my friend on some matter of theology, of which they were both professors, one at the Roman College and the other at the Propaganda. We stopped at Terni, and saw the famous cataract described by Byron in *Childe Harold*. We stopped later at Loretto, where I served Mass for my friend

and went to Communion in the Holy House. We passed around the insignificant village of Castelfidardo, little dreaming that beside the road we were following there would in a few years arise a monument to a most unhappy victory over the Papal army. At Osimo we again stopped, and there I served Mass at the shrine of Saint Joseph of Cupertino. At twelve o'clock we dined with the Cardinal-Bishop, named Brunelli. The only thing I distinctly remember about our meal is the elegance with which the table was set, and a silver epergne in the centre filled with fresh flowers. Our host had been Nuncio in Spain. We next alighted at Ancona, and examined Trajan's Triumphal Arch. Then we drove on to Assisi. Here something occurred that edified me very much, and relieved an untoward situation. We had arrived behind time at the small Benedictine monastery. The community was dining when we entered, and the Superior began at once a tirade against my friend for coming in late. Though evidently ashamed, he bore it all in silence ; but it took my appetite away. When dinner was over, before we rose to say grace, the choleric Abbot stood up and made a handsome apology to Don Bernardo for his show of temper. This exhibition of Christian charity and humility taught me a much-needed lesson.

Next day I heard Mass at the tomb of Saint Francis, and we walked afterwards all over the town, visiting the church of the Poor Clares

Santa Maria degli Angeli, and other Franciscan sanctuaries. It was a full day. Our next move was to Perugia, where we remained a week in the Benedictine monastery of San Pietro outside the walls, to which is attached a church eight hundred and fifty years old. I was lodged in a neatly furnished cell with one large window overlooking a magnificent country. Below me were farm-houses, chapels, olive gardens, and cultivated fields, while, far beyond, the hills rose in successive ridges into a range of purple mountains. The view by day was beautiful; but there was something particularly solemn at night from the perfect peace that lay upon everything below and around, and the mystery of the stars above inviting man to turn to God, as the prophet said: "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these things; who bringeth their host by number, and calleth them by their names." The first night that I stood a moment contemplating this calm Italian sky, a revulsion of feeling came over me suddenly, with a troop of swiftly passing thoughts: Was I to leave all this? renounce a life of the world? give up my liberty? study only what others would put me to? obey the orders that strangers might impose on me? make an irrevocable vow? All this and more passed through my mind, involved in the idea of becoming a priest. There was a very brief hesitation—a temptation to give up. I instantly rejected it, with God's grace, and accepted the life I had been called to

with whatever was implied. Thus I felt my vocation deliberately confirmed, and have never ceased to thank God for so signal a favour as His invitation to the priesthood. Many years after this, on a certain occasion in Rome, when "Vocations to the Church" was the subject of serious talk, Countess Pasolini, a remarkably intelligent and well-read society woman, whose husband was a Senator of the kingdom, asked me an opinion. I could only say that one called to such a life must be imbued with the spirit of sacrifice, which means suffering and renunciation of self.

One day Don Bernardo and I walked into town to the palace of his friend, Count Connestabile-Staffa, a professor of archæology at the university. He was at his country-seat, however, and so we hired a conveyance to go out there. Fortunately we met him just beyond the city gates driving in, and were invited to turn back to his town-house to examine the family Raphael, a small Madonna of that incomparable artist. It was sold two years later to the Emperor of Russia, and is now in Saint Petersburg. We then accompanied the count to his villa to take lunch and spend the afternoon. On our way, we stopped to visit the recently discovered Etruscan family sepulchre of the Volumnii, dating from 300 B.C. We went down a flight of stone steps, getting no light except from the door left open behind us, and found ourselves in what looked like an underground house, carved out of the coarse-grained

aqueous rock called tufa, consisting of a central hall and numerous small chambers grouped around it. In the middle was the large cinerary urn of the head of the clan, represented as a man reclining at full length, but raised a little on an elbow, and turning his head as if to see the intruders. He was a stout fellow—an *obesus Etruscus*, as the Roman poet Catullus would have called him. The light from outside fell full upon this singular figure, which had rested in the same posture for over two thousand years. All about us was semi-obscurity: the inner rooms lay in darkness. As we approached Volumnius, we saw an enormous black serpent coiled in his lap. It raised a menacing head—the *genius loci*—and then glided off like slowly flowing molasses into some farther recess of the tomb.

The villa was two miles away. We drove through a country suggestive of classical and mediæval history. At the house we met the countess, a handsome Irish lady, and her husband's mother, born a princess of the great Odescalchi family in Rome. After lunch we took a walk through the shady grounds overlooking a wide sweep of land and water. Below us was the fatal Lake of Thrasimene. It was hard to imagine the slaughter of so many Roman soldiers and the carrying of the country by Carthaginian troops where everything now so cheerfully combined "to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land." I was paired with the old Princess, who spoke French. We

talked of Paris, and she asked me about America, as she had never before met anyone of my nationality, and ended by saying with a smile that she now knew the manners of good company were the same everywhere. This was my first meeting with the *noblesse* of Italy, and it was auspicious of intimate and more extended acquaintance later, when I found it the most accomplished, although not the most intelligent, aristocracy in Europe.

We left Perugia in a fortnight, to return to Rome with two companions who shared the carriage and entertained us—young German Benedictines, brothers, both of whom rose to distinction in their Order. One of them, Dom Placidus Wolter, who became an Abbot, I met again by merest chance forty-six years later at Metz. Our last day and night of journey were passed in the old imperial monastery of Farfa, in the Sabine Hills. We were fortunate to re-enter Rome of a late sunlit afternoon. At that time the long stretch of road from the Milvian Bridge up to the city gate of Santa Maria del Popolo was clear of trams and ugly buildings. It was open country, with an historic outlook on either side. So different this approach to Rome from that in the compartment of a railroad train that now whirls the traveller around the city to the central station at Termini. When we got back to Rome, Don Bernardo found a small apartment, consisting of a parlour between two bedrooms, in Via Frattina, for his mutual friends, Father Hecker and me.

There we lived together for several weeks. After Mass by Father Hecker, at which I always assisted, we took our coffee and snack of bread in the famous Café Greco opened in 1760, which at that period admitted men only. There we met many artists and other interesting people of an unfashionable sort. Father Hecker took every opportunity to talk religion to any who understood English, and he made one convert. He was the pleasantest man to live with that one could wish for, and he and I used to walk together for exercise every day on the Pincian. We took our lunch and supper at a certain restaurant, called Lepri's, upstairs, in Via Condotti. The very first time I went there I found a long black hair in the plate of macaroni set before me, and rejected the dish in disgust. My companion ridiculed me for such squeamishness, saying that I'd "make a pretty sort of missionary if I refused to eat something because I found a hair in it."

He was in trouble at this time, for a good cause, as it proved afterwards, with the Superiors of the Redemptorist Order, to which he belonged; but I never heard him say an unkind word of them or of anyone. He struck me as a zealous and edifying priest, and I became much attached to him. He went off once into the country for a few days to call on the General. When he returned—I suppose I must have asked him how he fared—he answered in the mildest manner, "He wouldn't even receive me." He had a stanch

friend in Archbishop Bedini, secretary of Propaganda, who had been to the United States, and had a great liking for America. Father Hecker was a good-sized man, neither tall nor handsome, but with an open face and a pleasing look, easily breaking into a smile. No one could meet him, however, without feeling that he was one of God's noblest works—an honest man. My walks and talks on the Pincio sixty-five years ago with the founder of the Paulists are among the happiest memories of my early life in Rome. I noticed how careful he was not to use certain harsh terms, such as "heretics," "Protestants," when speaking of those outside the Church, but constantly spoke of "non-Catholics," our "separated brethren," our "ill-informed friends." I am sure that he knew of many heresies, but had met few heretics. He thought that New England converts made very good Catholics.

Archbishop—later Cardinal—Bedini honoured me with his benevolence, and got me, in November, into the Urban College of the Propaganda as a *convictor*, or paying student, until our American college could be opened. I was transferred there as the first student two years later. As soon as I had been invested with the uniform of a Propagandist, Mgr. Bedini brought me in his carriage to the Vatican, and presented me to the Pope, who had heard something of Mother Seton, for his first words were: "Ah, this then is the grandson of that holy woman!" I remember this,

because it reminded me of what Archbishop Kenrick had said a few years before.

On December 6, 1859, the last preparations were made for opening the American College in Rome. Monsignor Bedini, knowing that I was the very first student who had offered himself to the new establishment, brought me there in his carriage, and we worked together until late at night putting things in order and making ourselves useful in various ways. I remember how anxious he was to have everything ready for the opening of the college on the eighth, because the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was the patronal feast of the Church in the United States. On the seventh we were occupied by lamplight up to ten o'clock, when we drove back to Propaganda. On the following day, the twelve students who had come at different times to Rome for the expected opening of the college, formed ranks at nine o'clock, and, I leading, walked there from Propaganda in procession, escorted by a numerous body of clergy and other well-wishers. We entered the beautiful little college chapel in Via Del 'Umiltá, where Cardinal Barnarbó, Prefect of Propaganda, had already arrived. When we were all assembled, he sat at the high altar, on the Gospel side, and delivered an eloquent inaugural address in Italian.

My Benedictine friend, Dr. Bernard Smith, was the acting superior, pending the arrival from America of the Reverend William McCloskey, who

had been appointed Rector. The college had not been opened long when Bishop Bacon, of Portland, a handsome man and vain, came to Rome and remained a guest in the house for a month. He made much of me, used to come to my room, and sit and talk, telling me that he knew my father, and had visited Cragdon. Then he requested to have me detailed to serve his Mass every morning, and then he dropped me suddenly. I was so simple-minded that I could not account for this change of feeling until long afterwards in reading the case of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada, when it all came back to me. The bishop had never been to Rome before, knew nothing of Italian, but going one evening to a Cardinal's reception thought it would be smart to announce his name in some sort of translated form, and gave it—to be bawled down the rooms—as Monsignor *Maiale*—which means *boar* with a gross sense attached. All Rome was laughing at it next day. Coming to my room, he asked me what was the matter. I put it off. He insisted. I told him, adding, "If you had only said *Baconius*, every learned man in the city would be calling on the namesake and perhaps descendant of Sir Francis Bacon." He rose, left my room without a word, and when I went down to chapel next morning, another seminarian was preparing to serve his Mass.

On January 29, 1860, feast of Saint Francis de Sales, the Pope came to visit the college. Besides

the prelates and civil officers of the Vatican, many distinguished guests were invited. I remember particularly the United States Minister to the Holy See, Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, a tall handsome gentleman of historic family, who wore a rich diplomatic uniform ; the American Consul, and General Count de Guyon, commanding the French Corps of Occupation. The Pope went with this company over the building, keeping me beside him all the time. When we came to a niche in which there was a bust of Washington, he turned half round, and said in a loud voice in Italian—telling me to repeat it in English—“ This is the portrait of a great man, the Father of his country.” Refreshments were afterwards served in the library upstairs. I was deputed to make a short address in French which I had prepared. Bishop Bacon, a rather pushing character—wearing a sort of court costume not then unusual : purple silk stockings, short clothes, and a clerical-cut open-breasted coat, and gold-buckled shoes—not to be behind-hand, spoke unasked a little something, also in French, and, facing the Pope, made such deep inclinations every time he pronounced the words “ *très Saint Père*,” with a gracefully backward slide of his well-turned leg, that he would fetch up against some irate prelate or impatient diplomat behind him. I remember the unaffected condescension of Prince—afterwards Archbishop and Cardinal—Hohenlohe on this occasion, who, seeing how retiring I was, brought successively ice-

cream and cakes to my corner, and congratulated me on my little piece. It was a lucky day for the college, and we all felt grateful to the Holy Father. A few weeks after this, the Pope sent word that he wanted to see his students, and would accompany them to some of the chambers of the Vatican. We went, and he was like a father to us. For over an hour he walked with us through galleries of sculpture and painting, calling attention to matters of interest and instruction. As I spoke Italian better than the others, he kept me again at his side, and I remember that, pointing in one of the rooms to a mosaic portrait of Charlemagne, with a *nimbus* encircling the head, he said smilingly, "Some people call him Blessed, but I do not know with what authority."

On the evening of March 3, 1860, Father Smith and I drove over to the station in Trastevere—there was now a railroad between Rome and Civita Vecchia—to meet the rector, who was arriving. It was dark, and the night was raw. I was unfavourably impressed with the aloofness and cold demeanour of one whom I had known for years, whom I had introduced, although he had no social backing, to my family, who had been a guest at Cragdon, and who would meet me, I expected, with smiles and affectionate greetings. His manner was entirely changed, and later assumed such an offensive character that, through a feeling of self-respect, I left the college after paying my pension. He was exceedingly

gruff to Father Smith also, and gave neither of us a word of thanks for having come to meet him and to be of assistance, since he didn't know a word of Italian. I suspect that he was jealous of the pro-Rector, a man popular with us all, and soon made himself disagreeable to Propaganda, perhaps because the formal opening of the college had not been deferred until his arrival. To get rid of him, he was soon made Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky.

At Easter this year, our great friend, Monsignor Bedini, sent us a delicate kid for dinner. In June the Pope ordered and sent us for dessert, two large pineapples from the hothouse of the Quirinal gardens. At that time this tropical fruit was a royal gift. Now it is common enough, but in 1860 it was still exceedingly choice and rare, and Pius IX always did things grandly.

My sister, Emily, came to Rome this year, and remained there several months, refusing the offer of a certain nobleman whom Bedini wanted her to marry. One afternoon early in March, 1861, she, her friend, Countess Branda, and I obtained a private audience—more for curiosity than from any loyalty to the Bourbons—with the King and Queen of Naples, who had recently capitulated to the enemy, and taken refuge in Rome. They held their court of exile in the Quirinal Palace. Francis II, last of the dynasty, had a foolish face, but received every one with simple graciousness, and did not seem to mind how matters stood.

Our interest centred in the Queen, whose gallant defence of the fortress of Gaeta against the Piedmontese troops had made her a heroine in many eyes. She was handsome, a sister of the Empress of Austria; but her look was wrathful and unresigned to her fate and position. I look back with sardonic humour at this experience of over sixty years ago. The royal couple outstayed their welcome, removed to the Farnese Palace, and the last I saw of the King he was looking quite at his ease bestriding a sorry donkey on the main street of Albano.

The celebrated convert, Dr. afterwards Cardinal, Manning, was in Rome in April, and very kindly came to the college for a few days, and gave us a short Retreat. He was tall, handsome, and ascetic-looking. What particularly struck me was the simplicity of his manners and his gentleman-like deportment. His conferences and meditations were given in such harmonious language that it was a pleasure to listen. When our Retreat was over, he remained with us for a while after dinner. We adjourned to the garden, and sat beside a fountain. I was hanging on his words, when one of the students broke in, with very bad taste, to ask him what would happen if the French Emperor landed an army in England. Relations between the two Governments were strained at the time. Ninety colonels had sent a petition to the Emperor pledging their regiments as eager for the invasion, and I had read a pamphlet, just published and

widely circulated, with the menacing title (in French) of "MacMahon, King of Ireland." Manning answered quietly: "English beggars would wear red trousers for the next twenty years." I was delighted.

Another happy memory of my life in Rome at that period is of going with all the students to be introduced and pay our respects to Cardinal Wiseman, who was at the English College. I remember what a glorious looking man he was, what a magnificent head he had, and how kindly he spoke to us. His "Fabiola" is one of the few books of my omnivorous reading of seventy-five years that I can never take up again without a tear.

A crisis had come in my life. I determined to leave the College in spring, go to the United States for the summer, and return to Rome for my studies at some other ecclesiastical seminary which I had not yet selected. I was wanted also in America, having come of age, as a beneficiary of my mother's will. We read no papers in the College, and I had only a general idea from what I heard, by chance, that there was any serious trouble in our country. I left the College on April 22, 1861. My dear friend, Dr. Bernard Smith, saw me off affectionately, and exhorted me not to fail to come back to Rome. I promised and, departing, stopped a day in Civita Vecchia to enjoy the almost forgotten luxury of a sea-bath. Then I took a steamer to Leghorn. I ran up to Pisa, and saw the Filicchis again, then back next day,

and visited my grandfather's grave in the Protestant cemetery, leaving one hundred dollars to have it bettered. That afternoon I hired a boat with two rowers to take me out into the harbour to visit the American man-of-war *Susquehanna*. I was treated most kindly on board, brought down to the ward-room, and given a stiff glass of grog to warm me up. I had never tasted rum before. I made a wry face in taking it down, but swallowed the whole like a man. I saw only two officers—Lieutenant Davenport and Lieutenant Weaver. They had so little idea then of being immediately ordered home that they entrusted to me to carry back to their family some Sicilian coral jewellery, and some Venetian lace. Next day I took a steamer to Genoa, where I remained two or three days. While there I visited a Sardinian sloop-of-war, an old-fashioned sailing vessel, called *San Michele*, and was shown all over it; but when I saw a cannon ball embedded in the mainmast, and was told that it had been fired from Ancona during the siege, I left hastily, regretting that the ship had had any part in that attack on the Papal Dominions.

From Genoa I travelled by rail to Turin, where I remained two days. I found it a clean attractive town, and the people very polite. The first evening after my arrival I walked under the arcades, and dropped into a book-store, where I bought two miniature copies of Dante and Tasso. Parliament was in session in the Palazzo Carignano,

and I was admitted by ticket, given me for the asking, into a private tribune, in which there was but one other person. He was young, of good education, and looked like a gentleman. After a whispered conversation, he begged me earnestly to take him with me to America as my *servant*. I was much surprised, but there was great moral and material distress all over Italy at this time.

From Turin I went by rail to Susa, crossed Mount Cenis in a diligence, and on the other side took a train for Paris. At the banker's—Munroe and Company—I heard of the steamship *Great Eastern*, that was to leave in a day or two for New York. As I wanted very much to make the voyage on this immense steamer, I bought a first-class ticket, and started that night for Calais. There were only two occupants besides myself in the compartment. They were elderly French gentlemen, who seemed from their talk to be magistrates. Among other things, they spoke of President Lincoln's proclamation calling for troops. One of them said contemptuously, "He wants seventy-five thousand. It's ridiculous! He won't get seventy-five hundred." It was the earliest war news that I had got. I was in London next morning, and took a cab at once to drive about for an hour and see the city waking up. The houses looked grimy. Maid-servants were standing outside the windows cleaning them. I felt horrified that they were put to work so dangerous; then I went to the railway station for breakfast,

and about nine o'clock took a special train for passengers that ran right through to Milford Haven, where lay the gigantic steamer.

The fast journey across England and into Wales was delightful, the weather fine, and the country beautiful. But the women in Wales looked strange and ugly working in the fields, with tall hats such as men wear. The *Great Eastern* loomed large as she lay at anchor. We went on board immediately, and I was astonished to see so few passengers of both classes getting into what was at that period the largest ship in the world, and now starting on her second passage westward across the Atlantic. I was glad to be again on the sea, and enjoyed myself all the time of our voyage, and soon discovered a relative of the Cayleys, Sir William Style, an Irish baronet, and his wife, with whom I played backgammon every evening. The ship was almost in ballast, carried little freight, and rolled heavily. Once, during a storm, she rolled so dangerously that to keep her head to the sea, she was put one hundred and twenty miles out of her course. During the storm, I promenaded the ample flush deck, never tiring of the screaming of the wind and the surge of the giant waves.

We reached New York in nine days and a half, and had to remain in the lower bay until a tender took us to the Battery, where we landed. On our way up, a transport steamer, the *Alabama*, crowded with soldiers, passed us going out, and cheered

the big ship we were leaving. The city was full of flags, displayed from almost every window, and patriotic symbols were being sold in immense numbers. Recruiting offices were opened everywhere. It was the sign that a great people had awakened from dreams of compromise, sloth, and dishonour. My brother William was an officer with his regiment of volunteers at the old Arsenal. My father had written to my brother Henry, who was at Cracow, lieutenant in a rifle battalion of the Austrian army, to resign, return at once, and join our force—which he did with a captain's commission. I began to think too, scrupulously, that it was my duty to enlist; but my confessor and my aunt in the Convent opposed it, saying that God, as they believed, had given me a vocation to the priesthood, for which I was already a student, and that my duty lay in the other direction. This advice was confirmed by that distinguished corps commander, Major-General John Gray Foster, a convert, and later my brother Henry's father-in-law, who told me that it would probably be a short war, and that the country needed priests more than officers. This settled it. My father was very indignant, and never quite forgave me.

I went one day to the Astor Library, and presented Dr. Cogswell, librarian, with a copy of a large Latin-Syriac dictionary, which had just come out of the polyglot press of Propaganda, by Father Guriel, an Oriental priest engaged there, who

was a friend of mine at Rome. I was given the privilege of the alcoves for this, and sat there once for two hours to read a French book. I must have been thinking at the time of the Abbé Huc, who had given me a copy of his interesting "Empire Chinois," because I picked out a little Chinese novel, "Les Deux Cousines," translated into French by Stanislaus Julien, the Government interpreter.

I next went on to Washington, and saw my officer friends of the *Susquehanna*—both of whom rose to be Admirals—and my cousins, both of the regular army, General Schuyler Hamilton, and Colonel Prime, of the Engineers. When my legal business was over, I took passage for Liverpool on a steamer of the Inman line. My aunt in the Convent gave me on leaving the most beautifully written book that I have ever read, Dr. Newman's "Sermons to Mixed Congregations." There were few passengers in the first cabin. Among them was Dr. Bethune, Pastor of a Brooklyn Church, who, one day, when the captain and I were talking together, broke in with a rehash about the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and I put him right on certain statements he made. Another passenger was an Englishman who sought my acquaintance. He knew that I was a Catholic, and was returning to Rome to continue my studies for the Church. We discussed historical subjects. He detested Queen Elizabeth, and congratulated me on the kindly way I had laid out the Reverend gentle-

man. However, one clear day towards the end of the voyage, we were conversing on deck, and considering the land that we were steaming close to, whose appearance was so bare, so desolate, so melancholy—with only a lighthouse and a white coastguard refuge in sight—and so utterly different from the freshness and populousness and beauty of England, which I had admired ten years earlier, that I exclaimed, “ Oh, poor Ireland ! I am so sorry ! ” My acquaintance turned on me like a wild beast, and roared out, “ It’s your priests have made it poor ! ”

I was shocked at this insolent outburst, and spoke out angrily, “ That’s not true ! You robbed their lands, and tried to steal their Faith, but their priests kept it for them.”

Then I turned my back on him, for his heart was full of gall.

I remember how much I enjoyed seeing Liverpool and attending a concert in Saint George’s Hall—where I heard Adelina Patti sing—and driving around for a day or two to see little old ivy-clad churches, and stopping for lunch at clean and cosy inns in the country. The passion of travel being strong in me, I soon went to Yorkshire, saw the Minster inside and out, and Saint Mary’s Park, with the ruins of an ancient monastery, which made me feel very sad. I stayed a few days at High Hall with the Cayleys, and afterwards with one who became my close friend and correspondent, Edward Stillingfleet Cayley, of

Wydale House, cousin to the Baronet, and son to the Member of Parliament whom, as a boy, I had known in London. Returning to York, I went up to Durham, where I remained a week, visiting the Cathedral and Town. Durham interested me supremely. The situation is magnificent. Everything to my unaccustomed eyes was so mediæval that I was under a spell such as some of Scott's novels used to weave over me. I knew the history of the great Saint Cuthbert, and had some words about him with the insolent verger who was conducting me and a small party around that famous old Cathedral. When we came to what was or had been the burial-place of the Saint, leading up to which the stone floor was indented in places by the knees of early worshippers, the verger called attention to it, saying, "These are the marks of superstitious Papists."

"Stop," I called out. "I didn't pay to hear your slur on Catholics."

He wilted, and began to go off with his party, while I lagged half a moment to let them see me kneel down in two of those worn-out places.

I also drove out to the lonely ruins of Finchale Priory, where I knelt on the green sod and prayed for the conversion of England. Another day I spent at Ushaw. I was very hospitably treated, and brought into the cemetery, where the first thing I did was to kneel at the simple tomb of John Lingard, priest and historian, whose work I had read. From Durham I went to Berwick-on-

Tweed, and stayed there a few days. One afternoon I was leaning on the wall of the bridge looking up the river for "Hang-a-dyke Nook"—where two sons of Sir Alexander Seton, governor of the castle, were put to death by King Edward III in 1333—when a farmer of the neighbourhood, who was crossing, stopped, seeing a stranger, and on my asking, pointed out the exact spot. Upon my thanking him and telling him that I, too, was a Seton, he said, touching his hat, "You belong to a great family, sir." I felt proud that my poor name was known even to a ploughman. From here I went up to Melrose. It was my first visit to Sir Walter Scott's home country, which I enjoyed immensely, and gazed at Abbotsford with a sort of veneration, not asking to visit it, as I did some years later. On November 1 I drove to Galashiels, and heard Mass in a neat little chapel. I never saw anything more beautiful than the view, from Prince's Street, of old Edinburgh, fringed all the way with a delicate line of fresh fallen snow, from the Castle to Holyrood House. I remember meeting, several times, Sir William Frazer, the peerage lawyer, and my kinsman George Seton, of Carriston, and daily made excursions into the country in every direction, from Stirling down to Tantallon Castle. Then I went to Saint Andrews, to Arbroath, to Dundee, to Perth, to Dunkeld, and back to Edinburgh. Towards the end of October, 1861, after I had been two months in Scotland, I received an urgent

letter from Don Bernardo, informing me that my friend Bedini, now Cardinal, unsolicited, had spoken to the Pope about me, and had reported that His Holiness would very willingly enrol me in his ecclesiastical staff college of the *Accademia Ecclesiastica dei Nobili*, and that I was to hurry back to Rome and enter at once. I did so, and was there early in November, 1861. This was to be my domicile for six years, for we students lived together like a happy family. Our house, the Academia, in Piazza della Minerva, had a palatial frontage, and ran down the street a great distance behind the Pantheon. There were only twelve students when I entered, and the number remained between this and fifteen until I left. It was founded many years ago as a Pontifical institution for the ecclesiastical studies of young men preparing for the higher offices of the Church.

Our community life was like that of Saint Augustine and his friends after his conversion: "It was the talk, the laughter, the courteous mutual deference, the common study, the comradeship—now grave, now gay—the differences that left no sting, as of a man differing with himself, the spice of disagreement which seasoned the monotony of consent. . . . The absent always missed, the present always welcome" ("Confessions," IV, 8). I was the first, and, I believe, the only, American ever admitted into the Academia. Cardinal Bedini wrote me from Viterbo, where he was now bishop, a nice letter of congratulation, ending with this

exhortation to good studies and good conduct: "Do yourself honour." Our superior was called, not as in other colleges, the Rector, but the President, and was always an archbishop. Each student had two rooms and a cubby, which he had to furnish in every particular. I had three rooms *en suite*, and a little ante-chamber. But they were at the top of the house, and the rooms were smaller. Father Smith had them furnished and prepared against my arrival. All I had to do was to walk in and make myself comfortable. We paid a few hundred dollars a year for pension, and had to provide a napkin ring, three forks and spoons of solid silver, and as many knives whose handles were the same, all with our crests on. These and the furniture fell, by long custom, a perquisite on leaving to the Reverend Chaplain. A few months later Bishops Bayley and Bacon—who with other American bishops had come to Rome for the canonization of the Japanese martyrs of 1862—climbed up my winding stairs one day to call on me. My uncle's first words on looking around my neat little sun-filled apartment were: "Why, Robert, here you're as snug as a bug in a rug"—which I thought expressive, though not refined. Bishop Bacon, still unreconciled, took it all in and was glum, and on leaving me in the main corridor, looked morosely at the portraits of deceased patrician prelates on the walls, and ventured this invidious remark: "Bah! Only a little more expensive seminary for priests." Many

bishops besides our own were in Rome at this time, and I noticed the contrast between the Americans who went about the streets dressed as in America and the stately dignity of the tall, handsome, olive-complexioned Spanish bishops in cassocks, long cloaks, and shovel hats, who attracted much attention and approval. The illustrated papers were at this time full of the famous *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fight, and Roman wags called their peculiar headgear Monitors.

The first thing I did was to buy books for a collection which, being sent to America and increased there, was pronounced by Cardinal Satolli, when, as Delegate Apostolic, he spent a few days with me in Jersey City, to be the best library he had seen in any clergyman's house in the United States.

Our names at the Academia were : Ruffo-Scilla, Caracciolo-Castagneto, Bisogno di Casaluce, de Cornouillier, Wolanski, Passerini, de Mazenod, de Bryan, di Canzano, Malagola, de Kaernaret, Crette de Palluel, Sanminiatelli, Howard, Stonor, and Seton. These sixteen were, by nationality, seven Italians, four Frenchmen, two Englishmen, one Hispano-Irishman, one Pole, and one American. We were a body of sixteen clerics in the flower of our age. In course of time, four of the students became Cardinals, one a Patriarch, two Archbishops, two Bishops, two Canons of the Vatican, one a minor Delegate Apostolic, and the rest—French—returned to their country and lived,

occupied in some unremunerative service of the Church. Most of this band died comparatively young. Only Bisogno, Stonor, and Passerini lived to a good old age, while I have survived them all—*Excelsior!* De Mazenod was a middle-aged aristocratic-looking gentleman who had been married and had sat in the French Chamber as *Député*. He was nephew of that good Bishop of Marseilles, venerable founder of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. My impression of him, as I think back after seventy years, is that of a rather severe or at least very sedate wearer of the soutane, who was not particularly edified with the light-hearted ways of some of his young companions. He returned to Paris soon after Ordination, and died chaplain to a convent of women there. I don't say that he was proud, but he bore himself as though he never forgot that he was Vicomte de Mazenod. He asked me seriously one day whether Howard was cousin to Queen Victoria. "Read," I told him, "Montalembert's brochure just come out: '*Ce que c'est qu'un Duc de Norfolk.*'" He went and bought it, and, I hope, was satisfied. The students, except the English-speaking ones, were of every degree from prince to baron. Only we three were without a handle to our names, and the Italian nobility could not then easily understand a gentleman without a title. With travel and international marriages, their ideas have improved somewhat, but sixty years ago it was still a bit mysterious to them. This was first

brought home to me on being asked by the Secretary—who wanted it for the printed list—“What is your title?” I answered, “My name is my title.” And, in fact, Howard represented the Dukes of Norfolk, Stonor the old Lords Camoys, and Seton the “unfortunate House of Winton,” as the Duke of Argyll called it, although he voted for the last Earl’s death.

Within a week I was brought by our chaplain to the private oratory of the Vice-Gerent, and tonsured. Subsequently I took Minor Orders. In 1863, I was ordained sub-Deacon; in 1864, Deacon, and in 1865, Priest, all *titulo patrimonii* in Saint John of Lateran.

We had only one severe disciplinary rule at the Academia, and that was to be in by ten o’clock at night, when the outer doors were closed. The penalty for coming later was expulsion. The table at the Academia was excellent. The wine was from our own vineyard somewhere up in the marches of Ancona. Our cook’s father had been *chef* to the late King of Naples, and I remember particularly two items: eels from the Commachio near the mouth of the Po, which were considered a great delicacy, and were served in many ways, and butter, which was a luxury, a small pat of it being laid at our plate at dinner on Sundays and Thursdays. Young Sanminiatielli, who sat next to me at table, always took the butter up and let it melt in his mouth, never understanding why I buttered the bread with my portion.

During my six years here—1861-1867—there were three United States Ministers accredited to the Holy See. Two of them—Judge Blatchford and General Rufus King, both of New York—were men of family, with the looks and manners of gentlemen. The third was a trans-Mississippi creature, whom I had to avoid like the plague, after I had one day seen him wipe his nose with his fingers as he walked down the steps of Trinitá dei Monti.

With such an early hour for closing, it was very kind, therefore, of Mrs. John King to anticipate her dinner hour for her Seton cousin, and thus I enjoyed a Christmas feast and a very pleasant one on December 25, 1861. The house was on Piazza di Spagna at the bottom of the steps. On account of the war, which had just begun, few Americans were travelling abroad, and so this was a small party of only five guests, who were, besides myself, young Mr. Webb, son of the great shipbuilder, and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Blatchford, who was a Hamilton. I sat next to this discreetly *décolletée* lady, when she suddenly asked me, "What is the meaning of the Real Presence?" "Madam," I answered, "we cannot discuss that at the oyster *pâté*. Let us take another subject." We continued friends. Later I had the pleasure of meeting at Rome Dr. Charles King, of Columbia College, and his daughter, afterwards the reminiscient Madame Waddington.

There was temporarily attached to the Academia

when I entered it a South American prelate who, for his learning and virtue and name, had been appointed unusually young to the See of Cuenca in Ecuador. But Pius IX would not agree to have him consecrated until he was thirty years of age, and invited him to come to Rome until then. This was Monsignor Checa y Borgia, a man of lovable character, descended from the Duke of Gandia, Viceroy of Peru. Cardinal Prince Altieri was Protector of the Academia, and consecrated our companion in the Gesù in 1862, and gave us afterwards an elegant banquet in his apartment at the family palace.

A student who entered long after me, and whom I got to like very much, was Don Gregorio Gillow y Zavalza, now Archbishop of Oaxaca, Mexico. His mother was a titled lady of Spanish descent. One morning at Tivoli I was kneeling beside Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Monaco-Lavallette, who, having finished his own Mass, was hearing one of thanksgiving. It was being said by Gillow at the high altar of our church. When it was finished and we rose to leave, the Monsignor, who was a learned liturgist, said to me: "I never saw a priest say Mass so devoutly and with so much attention to every detail as your companion. Tell me who he is." I began then to be more careful than ever to say Mass as well as I possibly could. Many years afterwards, a coarse-featured archbishop, who had watched me, one morning at Cape May, set the altar boys

equidistant on either side, mark in the missal the feast of the day, and the commemorations with their proper colours, and place everything else on the altar very straight and neatly, from chalice cover to book-stand, before beginning Mass, blurted out on my return to the sacristy: "You'll never be a bishop in America; you're too particular." I answered that a priest can never be too particular in conducting Divine Service decently and in order. He had said Mass at the same altar before me, and I had seen everything handled negligently, and the little servers acting like monkeys. As an example of unpardonable inattention, I noticed at the nuptial Mass by Archbishop Purcell at Washington for the marriage of General Sherman's daughter, the magnificent new missal, first used for the occasion, disfigured all through the service by a broad, black, moire, antique book-mark spread conspicuously across the open page. The person responsible ought to have known and remembered that the rubrics required the colour *White*.

Howard, as Captain of the Guards, had led the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington before resigning to study for the Church in Rome. I used to see him every morning at five o'clock, carrying a book and a little hand-lamp, come down the cold stone stairs to the chapel to say Mass. He said it piously and with marked attention. He was the tallest and handsomest sacerdotal figure in Rome. The humility was edifying with which

he took one day a rebuke in our dining-hall from Monsignor Cardoni, the president, who sometimes showed temper. I have felt the effects of it myself. When he was in good humour with me, he would try to say something nice, knowing my Scotch descent, by telling me, for instance, that his family, too, was originally Scottish, and that the name was Thistle, the national emblem ; that an ancestor had changed it to the French Chardon, when he entered the papal service at Avignon, and that another ancestor had Italianized it to Cardoni, when he followed the Holy See to Rome. The poor man was consumed by aristocratic velleities, while every one knew that he was of a very bourgeois family of wool carders, whence the name.

Life was peaceful and easy in those regretted days. My companions were sociable, and we were, as I have said, an amiable community. I was absorbed in my severer theological studies of the Roman College, or Gregorian University, as officially called, and in my lighter ones of the history and antiquities of the Eternal City. We had a large library on the first floor, left to the Academia by Cardinal Imperiali, of a princely family. It was open to all of us. I used to spend hours there reading.

My doctor, named Bacelli, was at that time in high favour with the Pope, who built and endowed a special clinic for him ; later, Bacelli became very anti-clerical, rallied to the Piedmontese when they

entered Rome in September, 1870, and became a great man in the new Government. I remember being blooded by him and having leeches put on me—two remedies I never experienced before or since.

My outside classes for four years were at the Roman College, and for two at the Roman University, commonly called the *Sapienza*, the medium of instruction being always in Latin. I took private lessons at my own expense, twice a week in Greek in my room, and once a week attended the house class, in the Academia, of Ecclesiastical Diplomacy. I also engaged the Roman correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to come to my room once a week for a year, when I was in town, for an hour's conversation to keep up my German. He was a Bavarian, hated the Prussians, and had lived in Vienna before his present appointment. I got talking one day about certain initials—*A. E. I. O. U.*—I had seen at Radstadt, when occupied by the Austrians, and asked him to tell me their meaning. They spell out, he said, in Latin: "*Austria Erit In Orbe Ultima*"—which was very presumptuous and sounds so puerile in 1922.

At the Roman College, which was a popular name for the University founded for the Jesuits by Pope Gregory XIII, Father Perrone was Prefect of Studies, and would stand every morning in the courtyard and keep a vigilant and paternal eye on the students as they entered. He was

small, with a scholar's stoop, and so mild-mannered and approachable that for this we loved him as much as we respected him for his learning. I bought his nine volumes of "Prelectiones Theologicae," and studied them thoroughly twice from end to end. As everything was taught in Latin, the very first thing I did was to study the dictionaries of Forcellini and of Andrews, by which I became a pretty fair Latinist and a champion of the *Roman* pronunciation, which is perfect only in Italy, where Latin continues to live a spoken tongue, through the fostering care of the Church. How truly Bacon called it the Universal Language was brought home to me on hearing Pius IX of melodious voice sing the Easter Mass at Saint Peter's in the Old World, and on hearing the Requiem Mass for Cardinal McCloskey beautifully intoned at Saint Patrick's in the New World, when I seemed to catch stray notes from the funeral chant of Augustus drifting down the ages.

Passaglia's lectures on dogmatic theology were much admired for their erudition, style, and eloquence. He was more respected than loved, however, and finally left the Jesuits. Father Ballerini was Professor of Moral. He had been a parish priest for several years before entering the Jesuits. He was tall, and of an agreeable countenance. His lectures were clear, and his manner very animated. I liked him, and he took to me. Before my definite return to America, he gave me

privately, at his own invitation, a six months' review of his lectures. Sometimes we walked out together. One incident I remember particularly. We were passing the two Dominican nunneries of Santa Caterina di Siena and San Domenico e Sisto—one for gentlewomen, *la Nobiltà*, the other for the middle class, *la Borghesia*. I spoke disapprovingly of this, and my good teacher said it was regrettable, and that there had been no such odious distinction in the first fervour of these old religious orders, but that with an advance of civilization—as the world calls it—things changed, and they had to conform. “Yes,” I answered, “the Church, in her prudence, takes people as she finds them in these matters, not as she would wish them to be, and governs accordingly.” He told me I was right.

Father Franzelin professed Dogma. His face was hard, his tone pragmatistical, and his voice loud and harsh. He looked very German and very aggressive. I dozed through many of his lectures, which were the earliest in the afternoon and too soon after dinner. Father Cardella taught *De Locis*. He had a pleasing countenance and a persuasive voice, had been in England, and spoke our language—a dear man. Father Patrizi, brother of the Cardinal Vicar, was, like him, tall, handsome, and benign looking. He taught Scripture. Father Armellini, Secretary to the Jesuit General, had Church History to teach. He dictated to his pupils a short analysis of some

episode or subject, and lectured on it. Father Tarquini taught Canon Law. He was rather stern, and looked like the Etruscan prince from whom he was said to be descended. Tarquini and Franzelin were boon companions, and walked out mostly together, but seemed to be always disputing. Stonor and I were passing them one day when they had stopped to have it out on some moot question. He asked me what they meant—each one fighting for his own branch of studies. I told him it must be that theologians make difficulties and canonists get around them. Father Angelini taught Latin Epigraphy. His talk was impressive. He was a rare scholar and consummate Latinist. Father Tongiori taught the elements of Christian Archæology, which is so illustrative of dogma and tradition. I studied for two years Civil and Canon Law and Profane Archæology in the *Sapienza*. This Roman University gets its popular name from the inscription over the entrance: “Initium *sapientiæ* timor Domini.” It has existed as a seat of learning for nearly seven hundred years, and I am proud of being, if not perhaps the first, certainly one of the very few, Americans who have taken a degree there. In my time the Rector was Bonfiglio Mura, ex-General of the Servites, and a severe disciplinarian. He died Archbishop of Oristano, in Sardinia. The students were a numerous and orderly body, with whom education and religion walked hand in hand. The Italian Government

has changed all that. I have heard of, and in some cases have chanced to witness, the most shocking outbreaks of unscholarly rowdyism. The chapel of the university is now closed to religious services. I went, while there, through the Institutes of Gajus and Justinian, and the works of Heineccius and Devoti. The Professor of Classical and Profane Archæology was a dignified, learned, and aristocratic-looking gentleman, Baron Peter Hercules Visconti, belonging to a celebrated family of antiquarians, who were almost hereditary curators of Papal Museums, and recognized descendants of the once sovereign rulers of Milan. I was a favourite, the only American in his class. Whenever there was a new discovery, he would take me with him for a first view of the find. I always thought his class most recreative and interesting. I was also honoured with the friendship of the great John Baptist de Rossi, the Christian archæologist. He took me with him when it was first possible to penetrate to the newly discovered subterranean Church of Saint Clement ; to the newly discovered Catacomb near Saint Sebastian ; to the famous Papal Crypt in the Catacomb of San Callisto, so providentially revealed, and to have a private view of the Chair of Saint Peter, exposed for public veneration in 1867. On the eighteenth centenary of the Apostolate, I was also made acquainted with his brother, Michael de Rossi, who worked on the architecture and topography of the Catacombs.

He invited me to a private inspection of his large and elaborate model of these sacred underground cemeteries before sending it to the Paris Exposition, where I saw it again attracting much attention.

Some of those who did me the honour of calling on me in my rooms at the Academia were Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, who gave me a selection of his sermons and addresses in one volume, with his autograph; the learned Benedictine, already chosen for the Cardinalate, Dom Pitra; the energetic and charitable Monseigneur de Mérode, of the Pope's household, and Father Wadhams, afterwards Bishop of Ogdensburg. The visit of this clergyman, who took supper with me in my rooms, was particularly agreeable for his outspoken loyal sentiments. It was a relief to have with me one evening at ten a northern gentleman and a grandson of a General of the Revolution. Before parting, we spoke of our troubled country. I got out my Longfellow, before we parted, to read, as we stood one on either side of the fireplace, with the flag over the mantelpiece, the allegorical verses in *The Building of the Ship*, and our eyes were moist as I closed.

Rome was full of southern sympathizers and native-born Secessionists during our Civil War, and among these was a Mrs. Herran, her widowed daughter, Mrs. Conrad, and her child, Lily, who lived in straitened circumstances. They made my acquaintance because I could be useful to them,

begging me to lend them regularly my American newspapers and magazines. The grandmother was viciously anti-Northern, and exorbitantly proud of her maiden name, which she would often remind me was—"please remember"—*Mason, of Virginia*. She stupidly believed that that must impress a Seton. The widow was handsome, made herself agreeable, and got to know through me the Marchese Vavaletti, of the Pope's Noble Guard, whom she subsequently married after entering the Church. Lily was taken in at the Sacred Heart Convent, grew up very beautiful and, although dowerless, married in time an Italian nobleman. A number of curious legends about these people grew up in Roman society, the echo of which I heard during my absence in America.

The personal feelings of the Pope were with the North. I remember how praisefully he spoke to me, at a private audience, of our Minister, General Rufus King, whom he knew to have been a gallant soldier on the side of the North, and that he told me he hoped the war would put an end to "that odious institution of human slavery." I always talked to every one as strongly as I could in favour of the Federals, as we were called. On our side were Monsignors de Mérode and Pacca—both high prelates at the Vatican. For my opinions I suffered the loss of an extraordinarily grand reception in a Roman palace, and of a visit to Naples. I met many high-caste French and Mexicans in Rome during these years, and,

although they politely scorned me, I spoke with such assurance of the final outcome of the war and the certainty of the Monroe Doctrine being reasserted at the proper time, that some took me seriously, reconsidered the outlook—and lived to thank me. I was at a tea one afternoon in 1867, with the Caraman-Chimays, when the conversation got on the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico under pressure of our Government. The company was composed of Legitimists, and I felt uncomfortable, for my sentiments as an American were known all over Rome. A Marquis of old name, who loved France more than he hated the Empire, speaking to me, said, “How hard Monsieur Seward is! What a humiliation for us!” I felt sorry for him and turned the conversation.

I had the good fortune to know at this time our most distinguished American sculptors, Harriet Hosmer, Thomas Crawford, Randolph Rogers—all good Federals—and William Rinehart, of Maryland, who was not one of us politically, but a good fellow for all that. Another sculptor was Waldo Story, who invited me to visit his studio. I did so, and he instructed my ignorance on the difference between an Egyptian scarabæus and the Washington family arms. I never went a second time. I resented the slur on my friends when it was put around from the Barberini Palace—“My husband is only an amateur sculptor.”—Indeed? It is true that at that time sculptors

were not in society, and Mrs. Story never invited "mere artists" to her receptions. I also knew the celebrated German painter, Overbeck, a convert of long standing, whose studio, which I used to visit, was in the gloomily picturesque old Cenci Palace near the Ghetto. I thought so much of him that I went in Lubeck to see the house in which he was born. Another acquaintance which I prized very much was that of the astronomer—who now has a bust among the great Italians on the Pincio—Father Secchi. He often spoke to me of the kindness and assistance he had met with in America when, driven out of Rome in 1848, he had gone to live in Washington. Another prelate of the Vatican who took particular notice of me was Monsignor Hohenlohe. He was of a mediatized family, and aristocratic in looks and bearing. He had seen me and been polite to me at Saint Paul's and at the American College. Once he took down young Prince Ruffo-Scilla di Calabria, who died Cardinal Archbishop of Chieti, but was then a student with me at the Academia. He had said slightly before a party, of which Hohenlohe was one, "Well, Seton's name is not in the *Almanach de Gotha* as mine is." Hohenlohe said, "Why, Seton's *Almanach de Gotha* is the history of Scotland." In truth, what was a princely title compared to an old name that runs like a golden thread through centuries of a nation's annals and is mentioned by Shakespeare and Froissart?

The Monsignor presented me with a ticket for an organ recital that Liszt gave one afternoon in 1865 at the Church of Ara Coeli. All Rome was there. Hohenlohe asked me to call next day to introduce me. I went, and admired the savage beauty of the greatest pianist in the world. He had taken tonsure, and wore his soutane, was clean shaven, and had his hair brushed back over his head. Hohenlohe was his patron in Rome. I returned to America in 1867, and did not again meet Hohenlohe—now an Archbishop and Cardinal—for twenty-two years. He hadn't forgotten me. I was visiting Santa Maria Maggiore one day in 1889, explaining things to the Bishop of Rochester (U.S.A.), when Hohenlohe, who was conducting some German gentlewomen around, saw me, stopped, and spoke, saying how glad he was to see me, and, "Where have you been all this time?" Then he invited me to come next day and take breakfast with him and the ladies. Bishop McQuaid was standing beside me, and whispered, "Introduce me." I did so, but he was not asked to next day's breakfast and broke away from me in a huff.

Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, was a well set up man and a scholar, but being of humble origin, had imbibed among the slave-holders of South Carolina an exaggerated idea of Good Blood or Family. He was in Europe in 1864 on a mission of some sort from the Confederate Government, and hearing while in Rome that I was in the

Academia, he asked to make my acquaintance, and, unofficially, we became friends, each holding his own side. But when he begged me to come with him as his guest to Naples for the Liquefaction of the Blood of Saint Januarius and return, I politely excused myself on one plea or other, though my real reason—as he learnt from some one later—was that, as a loyal American, I would not travel on money furnished by the disloyal Government at Richmond. I had never seen South Italy, and it would have been an agreeable excursion.

It was on April 18, 1864, after making my Visit to the Blessed Sacrament in Saint Mary of the Angels, which is not far from the railroad station at Termini, that, coming out of the church, but standing a little within the doorway, I witnessed the entry of Maximilian and Carlotta into Rome. The Empress looked disdainfully proud and disappointed, because it was not really much of an escort accorded them—a single troop and no band. Death seemed already written on the sad and handsome face of the Emperor. A great social demonstration had been organized by the Roman patriciate for the next evening in the Mariscotti Palace, in honour of the Imperial couple and their incipient Court from Miramar.

It was customary in the Academia to repair after dinner and supper to the parlour and form a half-circle about the President for a little conversation. This evening we sat, at first, in

silence. There seemed to be something brewing. Then Monsignor Cardoni opened his mouth sententiously, and said, "Gentlemen, it is a great honour; the rule for once is to be relaxed. We are invited—not individually, but as a body—to attend the reception to be given to-morrow to their Majesties of Mexico. We shall go. I will be at your head." One of the students who hated the United States, said—to draw me out, for he knew my sentiments—"Seton, you will enjoy yourself; you can never see anything like this in America." I answered carelessly, "Oh, I am not going." The President nearly bounced out of his arm-chair. "What! You not going! You dare to slight this unexampled honour! But you **MUST** go; otherwise I will dismiss you from the Academia."

Every one was now looking at me. "Monsignor," I said, "I mean no disrespect, but my country is opposed to the setting up of this Empire. I met the American Minister, too, this afternoon, and he certainly is not going. I repeat that neither will I go."

Our Superior was now pale with indignation. The sitting broke up at once, and we retired to our respective rooms. They went next day to the reception, remained late, and had a very good time. I went to bed and slept soundly. The Monsignor had an audience every month with the Pope, and gave alphabetically a brief account of his students. The next time he went to the

Vatican—my friend Pacca, afterwards Cardinal, told me all about it—he came into the antechamber puffing. When it was his turn, he entered the Presence, and coming to the letter S, “Holy Father,” he said, “that Seton is infected with bad principles ; he has insulted us all. He refused to go to the reception the other day, and I threatened that I would dismiss him.”

“Ah, hold,” answered the Pope. “It is not *you*, it is *I* who put him in the Academia ; it would be for me, not for you, to dismiss him. He is my only American. He shall remain. Say no more about it.” And so I was saved.

On Sunday evenings we used to go to Trastevere to teach catechism. One of us, in priest’s orders, would preach a short sermon, and another would give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament for the sailors who frequented the little church of the Madonna del Buon Viaggio on the banks of the Tiber. It was a beginning for us of work among the poor and disinherited of this world’s goods. Among my valued acquaintances in Rome at this time I should not forget to mention dear old grey-bearded Beppo. He was King of the Beggars, and occupied a reserved seat full in the season’s sun on Trinita dei Monti steps. He liked me, and always showed his respect whether I gave him something or not when passing.

Edmund Stonor, future Archbishop of Trebizond, and I were constant companions, taking exercise in long walks around the city and, of

afternoons, for our Visit to the Blessed Sacrament in some church or other. He was not tall or strongly built, but refined looking, with clear-cut cameo features, and it was a pleasure to hear him speak English ; he chose his words and modulated his voice so well. The Stonors of Stonor Park are an old Catholic family that have never lost the Faith. We often spoke of contemporary Church history of England. He had carried (as an altar boy) Wiseman's train at his episcopal consecration ; he had listened to Newman's hopeful sermon on the Second Spring of Catholic England ; he had seen the Cardinal's abundant tears at the great convert's words—tears of joy not unmixed with sadness. Once we were in Saint Peter's at the Holy Water Fount, when a Scotch minister, whom Stonor knew by sight, entered the basilica with his wife and children. They stood a moment and looked round. Then the father raised his arms and exclaimed, " Oh, great Babylon ! Let us flee ! " They went out immediately and left Rome next day. The words rang in my ears. We were also there one day when Stonor directed my attention to the forlorn couple, the King and Queen of Prussia, he insane, she an apostate. Another time, in 1864, we were in Saint Peter's outside the choir, listening to the music, when I chanced to look about me and saw Home, the well known spiritist and medium, standing quite near to us beside a column. I never saw a face of such mental agony. He had joined the Church and left

it. It gave me the idea of a soul in conflict—drawn by a good angel toward the holy lights and the singing and playing of the organ, which was something celestial, and a bad angel striving to drag him back. He noticed no one, but remained a long time motionless, not withdrawing his look for an instant from the choir. Then he turned his back suddenly, seemed to hesitate a second, and strode off and away very fast. I never saw him again.

One season, there was a series of English sermons preached on alternate Sundays in Santa Maria di Monte Santo—one of the twin churches at the entrance to the Corso—by Father Burke, a Dominican, and Dr. Manning, the English convert. We were all in eager expectation, knowing the style of the two to be so different. The Irishman had a great reputation as a pulpit orator, while his fine person was admirably set off by the flowing black and white habit of his Order. He spoke impulsively, loudly, and with trenchant gestures, pouring out his words at one time like a torrent, at another time shouting them like an explosion of fireworks ; whereas Monsignor Manning spoke slowly, distinctly, and impressively, the words dropping from his lips like water trickling down an iceberg, or like the unrippled flow of a stream over an alluvial plain. I felt like applauding the one and like reflecting on what the other had said.

My first acquaintance with Father MacNierny

was in Rome, on February 2, 1862. He was a healthy-looking man, neat and clerical in his dress, and had acquired, as secretary to Archbishop Hughes, a superior manner and quasi-episcopal airs that harmonized with his aspirations. On the Feast of the Purification, the Archbishop had lent him his carriage in the afternoon, telling him to call at the Academia and take me out for a drive to hear me talk. We began our drive by going for a turn on the Pincio. He told me of the candle the Pope had blessed that morning and presented to the New York prelate. I innocently asked my friend whether he had got one too. "No," he answered, "and I won't, until the Pope gives me one as a Bishop." This rather startled me, as displaying an ambitious spirit that I never would have suspected. When he was finally appointed Bishop of Albany, Bishop Bayley said to me with a twinkle in his eye, "He wanted the mitre badly, and now that he has it, he'll find some thorns in it." In connection with which I may as well mention here the last words spoken to me by the late Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, long years afterwards, when experience had enlightened us both. He came to bid me good-bye before leaving Rome, and said with dejected countenance, "I look with foreboding on the future of the Church in the United States: it is this playing for mitres among the priests." "Yes," I answered, "and now it will be playing for hats among the bishops." Cardinal Gibbons also

spoke with me once about a notorious case of episcopal jobbery, in strong reprobation of ambition among the clergy. Saint Teresa tells us that she was asked by a priest to pray God and let him know whether his acceptance of a Bishopric would be conformable to the Divine Will. After Communion Our Lord gave her to understand that "Those who are raised to this dignity must be far from desiring it, or at least, should not seek it."

It is impossible to describe the happiness of my life at the Academia. Rome was then under the Government of the Popes and was more quiet than it has ever been since.

It has become a bustling, modernized city, where much that was religious has been suppressed, and much that was picturesque has been destroyed. Fortunately, at long past eighty, I still enjoy the "Pleasures of Memory," and recall with undiminished satisfaction my early days of study and devotion, unmixed with social frivolities as in my later residence in the Eternal City ; and yet no matter how many and great have been the changes, Rome must always be sacred to anyone in sympathy with the Holy See,

Richer am I when poor ; higher am I when low ;
Stronger the wood of the Cross than iron-tipped shaft of the
bow ;
Cæsar a city displays ; but Peter the world can show,

as I wrote in the album of the last Papal Senator of Rome, who had asked me in his office on the

Capitol for a sentiment before returning to America in 1867.

One day in spring my fellow-student, Passerini, and I went down the Tiber from Ripa Grande to Fiumicino in a Government steam-tug, as guests of Captain Cialdi, who had commanded the expedition of 1841 that Pope Gregory XVI despatched to the Nile, and the spoils of which are now in the Egyptian section of the Vatican Museum. Our last trip lasted three hours, but except for the façade view of Saint Paul's Basilica, it was a tiresome passage through a desolate, almost unpopulated, region. At the end, we lunched in a little inn, and walked around the Martello tower, put up on the coast in 1595, but from which the water has receded a quarter of a mile, and left it high and dry in its original position. Leaving our host here, we walked across the Isola Sacra, a perfectly level island of grass and wild flowers, to Ostia, whence, after visiting the antiquities and the church and discoursing of Saint Augustine and Monica, we drove back to Rome, delighted with our excursion. Cialdi had interested us with his talk. He had navigated, at one time, Pius IX's steam yacht *Immacolata Concezione*, in which articles from the States of the Church had been carried to London for the Crystal Palace Exhibition. Among these was Story's Cleopatra, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. Through Captain Cialdi, I got to know Father Guglielmotti, a Dominican

author of a History of the Pontifical Navy, which among other deeds, fought heroically under Marc Antony Colonna at the battle of Lepanto, that broke the sea power of the Turks. My new friend was very methodical in his habits and for years took exercise at a fixed hour in the afternoon, on Via di Porta Pia, then a favourite ground for ecclesiastics, and since he was a fast walker he was always alone, because Romans generally dawdle when they get on the street ; but after he discovered that I also could step out and had crossed the Atlantic more than once, he invited me to be his companion whenever we met.

I went to Albano in July, 1862, for two weeks, but in 1863 I went there again and spent the whole month of July in a good little hotel. My baggage was sent on to me by stage, but I rode there, mounting, early in the morning, a horse which I took for a month at the hire of a dollar a day in that dull season. My dress was clerical-cut coat, Roman collar, knee breeches, leggings, and clergyman's hat—a costume tolerated in ecclesiastics at that time for country wear. I was healthy and happy, and advanced at a slow pace, delighted to begin my anticipated excursion to the ancestral shrines of Rome. It was exhilarating as far as the tomb of Cecilia Matella, on which the sun shone from a deep blue sky, while people were coming into the city from farm lands and vegetable gardens ; but after that, I found myself a lone

horseman on the original lava pavement of the Via Appia, in the boundless despondency of the Campagna, with nothing in sight, only miles of dead humanity on either side which gave me a momentary fit of depression, from which, however, Nature alive with birds voicing in the air, crickets rustling in the dry grass, butterflies hovering over wild flowers, and fleecy cloudlets poising high, soon revived me.

It was a perfect summer day and I got to Albano in two hours, exulting in youth. Cardinal Altieri, Bishop of Albano, was in residence that month. I called as soon as I arrived, and was invited to a dinner he gave to the dignitaries of his clergy, at which he set me, to my surprise—for I was only a sub-deacon—on his right, while his Vicar-General was given a seat at table on his left.

Shortly after this I made the acquaintance of Mr. Odo Russell (later Lord Ampthill), intelligent, handsome and polite, an English unofficial diplomat, detached from the embassy at Florence, who was villeggiaturing here. I used to bring him Brownson's *Review*, which contained patriotic articles on the American Government and the Civil War then raging, as propaganda for the North.

One morning I rode up very early on the old Roman road that winds so picturesquely among rocks and woods to the summit of Monte Cavo, and waiting, saw the most beautiful scene imagin-

able, when the sky, saffron coloured at first, flushed into cloudy red, until the sun rose to flash daylight over the world :

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras.

After years showed other sunrises that, like this one, can never be forgotten : turning into the Piræus as the fresh risen sun from behind the Parthenon sent his shafts straight through the shattered temple ; at Abu Simbel, in Upper Egypt, when the sun rising opposite the open tomb, flooded, for a moment, its mysterious depths with light ; at dawn, in the cloudless Bay of Bengal, when suddenly a tiny crimson crescent showed on the edge of the horizon and increased to a disc that looked in the molten sky like a sea of blood.

During my rides over the country I came across many of those large snakes marked yellow and black and called by the people “ Reginas,” because originally connected with the serpent worshipped of Juno in Lanuvium. They were not venomous, only constrictors.

One evening, very late, I rode down into the undulating Plain to see a solitary moonlight on the Via Appia. Sitting on horseback in that lonely region, with the stillness of desolation brooding over the Campagna, I thought of the vicissitudes of history that centred here. At one moment a cloud crossed the face of the moon and spread a ghostly hue over everything. The

sensation was so weird that I seemed to hear the wail and moans of unquiet spirits and clash of arms in the air, and fighting, always fighting for possession or defence of Rome—of Christian Rome—Papal Rome—City of God on earth—in every age a symbol, a sign : *Segno* . . .

*D'inestringibil odio
E d'indomato amore.* (Manzoni)

I often visited in my wanderings the buffalo farms, with mounted herdsman to accompany me among their animals. If I had ventured near them on foot, they would trample me to death. I would also strike far out into the country to learn some modern details of pastoral life in what was anciently Latium. When I came to a settlement of shepherds living in large circular, cone-shaped huts of wattled reeds, surrounded by sheep-cotes and other little outbuildings, a pack of white dogs would rush out barking, followed by two or three men in goat-skin breeches, with the hair turned out, who would take me around and show me the interior of their dwelling, and beg me to sit down and rest among the women and children. I liked to talk to them and learn their ways—how they migrate from Apulia in springtime and change their quarters, what they live on, and how they gather in the open air to hear Mass on Sundays, when a Capuchin comes and officiates in a painted chapel on wheels. Albano is certainly the best place from which to start on short excursions, and

from which to enjoy on return the finest sunsets imaginable across this singularly interesting and classical part of Italy. The loveliest outlook is from the Franciscan convent above the town, for below is the lake embosomed in green; to the left, Castel Gandolfo, with the slopes of Tusculum beyond it; Pallazuola is opposite, and the little village of Rocca di Papa, above it, clings to the mountain side, not to slip into the water; while lordly Monte Cavo dominates the whole.

I now went back to Rome, having spent one of the happiest months of my life, and feel great pleasure, after long years, in recalling to mind these days that are gone for ever.

Our Academia had a small garden in Rome, now, alas! all built over, even its location unidentified except for the once stately but now disreputable remains of the Temple of Minerva Medica that stood in the midst of it. Here we sometimes came on Thursdays, in good weather during spring and summer, and had our lunch, spending the day among the roses and resting in the shade of the massive ruin to read or converse. On Sunday afternoons I generally went alone to the Corsini Garden, then unspoiled, to walk under the trees and dream wide-awake, or sit near a playing fountain and open my Milton or Cowper or Thomson or Longfellow. The Academia owned also a large country house at Tivoli where we made our villeggiatura in September and October, and

a farm and old tower a mile away down on the level land where we always went on some autumn day for a picnic. Our house in town was once a Convent of Antonine monks that fronted the main street, and was terraced at the back and laid out as a pleasure garden bordered with shady trees down to the River Anio, a little above the Falls. Tivoli was seated on the side of a mountain some eighteen miles from Rome. In overlooking the Campagna, nothing caught the eye, from this distance, but the salient dome of Saint Peter's, which made the view towards sunset one of incomparable grandeur. I spent there many studious and happy days, in great comfort, enjoying perfect health and, generally, perfect weather during the summer season.

For neighbours and company, we had the Bishop, an ex-Academico, Monsignor Gigli, of one of the old patrician families—called, to distinguish them—the Seven Stars of Anagni; Prince Hohenlohe or his friends at the famous villa d'Este; Marquis Sacchetti, whose wife was an Orsini; Duchess Braschi, who had a beautiful villa outside the gate; Colonel Testa, Governor of the district, whose brother was Abbot of Subiaco; and the officers and students of the Irish College, among whom I remember particularly the saintly and venerable Rector—Archbishop—Kirby, and the learned Vice-rector, Dr.—later Cardinal—Moran. We took part a little in society life and gave small dinners and had modest receptions of

our own. I went oftener to the Sacchettis of an evening, because they lived close to us, and to the Braschis, on the *Olmata* (Elm Street), for afternoon tea. Cardinal Roberti, Secretary of Briefs, used to drive out sometimes from Rome and put up at the Villa d'Este. He liked me very much, and, when in Rome, would have me come to see him once a week, and talk over the foreign news, translating for him—for he didn't know English—anything particularly interesting in my London *Tablet*. The Cardinal lived in Rome in the sumptuous palace of the Consulta, now Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The corner side on the left was the headquarters and company-room of the Pope's Noble Guard, and it was a beautiful morning sight to see a detachment ride down from the Quirinal for duty at the Vatican—something of aristocratic Rome that has disappeared, along with things of another order. There was still at this time considerable prestige attached to the Cardinalate, and a certain amount of patronage, but with the loss of the Temporal Power one is dimmed and the other has disappeared, being concentrated in the hands of the Secretary of State. Cardinal Vincenzo Vanuttelli told me once rather petulantly, "I am little more than a Pontifical Chaplain." Cardinal Roberti would ask me at Tivoli to walk out with him, and interested me, telling familiarly of his early days, and how Napoleon had forcibly taken him away from his parents and brought him, with

certain other young Italian nobles, to Paris to be trained as pages, and other episodes of his career in Church and State. One incident at the Braschis I can never forget. His Eminence, at some remark of the lady, answered dolefully, "The Cardinalate is no longer what it used to be." Whereupon the Duchess said sharply, "Yes, and it's the fault of you Cardinals that it isn't." I was surprised at her boldness, but she was by birth a long-descended Hercolani, of a proud and princely Holy Roman and Germanic Empire family of Bologna, and I heard what sounded like a disquieting reminder of the great Schism of the West.

In my earlier Academia days, I remained in Rome through the months of July and August, spending hours in museums and galleries, and exploring intramural antiquities. Early in September we all went to Tivoli to settle down there until we returned to Rome late in October. After my second year, I was allowed to go much earlier to our country-house—where the caretaker and his wife looked after me—and remain there, at my own expense, until the others arrived. Every now and then I went back to Rome for examinations and the distribution of Premiums in the shape of silver medals. My first excursion, with Horace in hand, was from Tibur to Vicus Varii, and all over his Sabine farm, with a long rest and a drink of water at Fons Bandusiae.

While I was alone at our villa, and consequently

not under the restraint of community life, rising quite early I used to walk a mile up the Anio to where I had discovered, among the boulders in the bed of the river far below the public road, a deep pool overhung by trees, and there I would take a solitary bath every morning before hearing Mass at the Cathedral. The Bishop often invited me to dinner, and when not absent on long excursions, I used to go to the College of the Jesuit Fathers every forenoon and spend three hours in the large and valuable library, which had been left to them by the celebrated Acquaviva, one of the Generals of their Order. To go exploring the back country far and wide, I hired a horse by the month, with an English saddle and a combination bridle and halter, from a man in Rome, who made for me two holster-like pouches, to be attached to the saddle-bow and a roll-up flap between them, in which I could buckle my breviary, a fold-up map of the country, a note-book, a pair of socks, and a couple of handkerchiefs ; in the pouches I would stuff a clean shirt and two or three changes of collars and cuffs, a tooth-brush, a little patent-leather compressed drinking-cup, and a small comb. My field-glasses were slung across the shoulders, and, thus equipped, I would start for a ride of a week, and sometimes longer, among the mountains and over the champaign country towards the Neapolitan frontier. The hire of the horse was only one dollar a day. Another dollar a day and some small change I took with me for

daily expenses and minor gratuities. The States of the Church were paternally governed ; brigandage had disappeared, the roads were many, good, and safe by night as by day. Those were the halcyon times of the Temporal Power of the Pope, benign and just.

Letters or cards of introduction to the parish priest or to prominent people, from the Bishop or his Vicar-General or other friends of mine, and the hospitality of religious houses always assured me a welcome, and often the company of a local antiquary to visit the Pelasgic Walls or Roman antiquities at Alatri, Segni, Cori, Veroli, Frosinone, Anagni, Ferentino and elsewhere. Many of the mountain towns which I visited were particularly interesting on account of their prehistoric age, and perfectly preserved Cyclopean gates and walls, and the remains of Pagan temples with Christian churches rising out of their ruins. I visited Subiaco several times, and the Benedictine nuns there always gave me cakes made from a recipe handed down in the community by oral tradition from Saint Scholastica, their foundress, who died one thousand three hundred and twenty-five years ago. Once I spent three days with the monks, making a Retreat, and afterwards followed up on horseback for twenty miles the narrowing waters of the Anio, tributary of the Tiber, to its source at Filettino, which is in the wildest part of the defile, hemmed in between mountains that come together

and close further advance except on foot. One sees there only goats nibbling the coarse vegetation as they move about on the side of the mountains, and goatherds watching them, clad in skins with hair outside and generally of reddish colour, making them look like stealthy fauns, amusing themselves with blowing their conches and sometimes calling to one another in shrill voices from hill to hill. These unpolished shells, held to the ear, gave out a mournful sound like deep murmurs of their home desire that made me think of distant seas and waves on alien shores. I often stopped on these excursions to speak to plain people and learn something about their simple lives. Once I had a long talk with a professional viper-catcher whom I overtook. He told me a great deal about these poisonous reptiles; how people found a medicinal value in viper broth, and how some carried snake stones about with them as a cure for bites. I noticed black vipers several times. After a bath in the bubbling source of the Anio, I returned to the little village of Trevi, where I spent the night. The next day, leaving at sunrise, I rode up to the town of Monteacuto—wolf-infested in winter—and made my way back to Tivoli through Gennazzano, Palestrina, and Valmontone.

A pleasant excursion was to the old and still inhabited Castle of Fumone. It belonged to the widowed Marchesa Longhi, a Gaetani of Rome, where she lived in winter. Her husband's ancestor

had been a soldier in the service of Pope Boniface VIII, who created him a marquis and conveyed to him the property five hundred and sixty years ago, to be held by feudal tenure of keeping always in store a quantity of dry and wet wood for a blazing fire by night or a column of smoke by day, as a call for help or to warn of coming danger. I never enjoyed anything more than one night in August, 1864, when, with a full moon shining down on us, the *chatêlaine*, her three young daughters, the family chaplain and I took supper on the lofty terrace of the tower, surrounded by stands of flowers and tubs of lemon trees set along the parapet. I was then a deacon and served the Mass said daily in the domestic chapel, which was a room in which Saint Celestine V died after deposing the Tiara.

From Fumone I rode with a letter of the Marchesa to her man-of-affairs, instructing him to procure torches and show me the wonderful stalactite Grotto of Colle Pardo, a family property three miles away, and to pass me on before dark to the Carthusian monastery of Trisulti—Three Cascades—hidden deep in a forest of oak trees on the mountain. Here I spent the night. Next morning I had a walk beside the stream with a very old monk, bent low with age—he was ninety-two—whose beard had grown so long that it almost trailed on the ground. He had lived in that same house without a break for seventy years, without a care, as he told me, and without

interest in anything except the affairs of Holy Church and the salvation of souls. Before I left, he recommended me to stop for lunch at La Tecchiena—a grange of his monastery. I found there a few lay brothers—Carthusians—who were very attentive to me. It was Friday. Meat was not served, but we had a fricassee of land turtles—a dish that I had never tasted before. On one of my rides this summer, I came to a little mountain village and, at the top, to the church, where I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree. The door was wide open, and I saw no one inside, but on looking around, discovered, to my surprise, laid out lengthwise on the ledge of an open window, a beautiful little infant wrapped about with swaddling-bands as Italian peasants swathe their babies. The head was bare, the eyes closed, and there was something like a smile on the waxen face. I stood a moment as if entranced. A summer calmness everywhere. Suddenly a large and splendid butterfly flew in from the window, and rested on the middle of the dead infant's forehead, opening and closing its wings two or three times, before spreading them out motionless into a delicate mosaic, and making me think of this little one's angel who sees the face of God in Heaven.

One of the pleasantest of these autumn rides was a visit in 1864 to the Abbey of Casa Mari, near the Neapolitan frontier. I arrived there one afternoon from Veroli and was received most

kindly by the Abbot. I had made his acquaintance in Rome, and had been invited to come and see him. The buildings are spacious and ancient and are traditionally associated with the birth-place of the great Roman general, Caius Marius. On the following morning, I rode up to an old town some six miles away, called Monte San Giovanni. At the summit are a tower and the remains of a castle of the Count of *Aquino*, in a room of which—now an oratory—young Saint Thomas Aquinas was imprisoned by the worldly minded brothers who opposed his joining a Mendicant Order. In the afternoon I was asked to go to Bauco, three miles away, to call on Cardinal Panebianco, who was villeggiaturing there. This was an old town cresting a hill and surrounded by walls, towers, and trees. It was a delightful excursion. We went along the highway together, with proper regard to monastic precedence. The Lord Abbot, in his flowing robes, rode, on a grey horse, in front, and I, on my bay horse, on his left; behind us came the Prior mounted on a glossy black mule of Spanish breed, while two sturdy lay-brothers brought up the rear, head and head, straddling asses of no particular pedigree. We kept the middle of the road, which was bordered by umbrageous trees on either side. Birds sang and flew above and around us; farm dogs barked, and men and women working in the fields stopped to look up a moment and do us gentle reverence as we passed, and we must

have made a picturesque group as, winding around the hill, we rode under the battlemented gate into the town. We found his Eminence at the Palazzo of Count Filonardi, and, after paying our respects, were invited to walk with him and his secretary to the house of another of the "First Families," where we enjoyed a varied conversation with interludes of music.

On my return to Rome in the winter, I made the acquaintance of three English converts of distinction, whom I was later to meet again in London : Monsignor Patterson, afterwards Bishop of Emmaus ; Right Honourable William Monsell, M.P., afterwards Lord Emly ; and the saintly Passionist, the Hon. and Reverend George Spencer.

One afternoon in 1865, I had just returned to the Academia from my walk, when Count Passerini, holding an evening paper in his hand, told me that President Lincoln had been assassinated. For an instant I was stunned, then cried, " Oh, my God ! " and broke into tears. Passerini said it was a horrid crime, and was most sympathetic, and so was my good friend Stonor, who came into the corridor on hearing my voice, and brought me to his room to console me.

I owned a full-length engraving of the President, which I immediately took out of its glass-covered frame and brought to a printer to put beneath it this epigram, which I composed on the moment :

LINCOLN.

Scivit In Extremis Statuum Defendere Foedus :
 Reddidit Optatam Collecto Milite Pacem ;
 Unio ! Nunc Fato Stoque Cadoque Tuo,

and presented the re-framed picture to Cardinal Barnabo, Secretary of Propaganda.

I was ordained priest on Holy Saturday, April 16, 1865. That afternoon, Stonor and I walked to Saint Peter's and said our Prayers. Easter Sunday was very fine. Pius IX was a "fair-weather" Pope. I drove to Saint Paul's alone early in the morning and said my first Mass in the Crypt, assisted by my friend, Dom Bernardo Smith, in presence of the Benedictine novices of the adjoining monastery. I dined with the community that day, sitting on the Abbot's right, with petals and buds and leaves of beautiful flowers scattered on the table in front of me. This was a very happy day, and strengthened my love for Saint Benedict, the patron, for centuries, of my family in Scotland. My second Mass was said in the room of Saint Stanislaus at Saint Andrea del Quirinal, for the conversion of America ; my third—at the special invitation of the Abbot of the Monastery and General of the Camaldolese monks—at San Gregorio, for the conversion of England.

After finishing the course of studies at the Roman College in June, 1865, I went to America, on a visit to my family, and while at Cragdon, Father Kinsella, an excellent old-style Irish

priest, obtained faculties for me and I assisted him for three months. The first sermon I ever preached was in our parish church of Saint Raymond's at Westchester. After Mass, a gentleman of refined appearance came into the rectory and introduced himself to me. I had noticed him, while I preached, sitting alone in a front pew, and had been almost disconcerted. He was Doctor Silliman Ives, a convert, who had been a Protestant Episcopal Bishop and was notable as a preacher and writer. I felt my littleness in his presence. Of our conversation I now remember only two things; the regret he expressed that he was not a priest, and the satisfaction he showed that his wife now dead—Rebecca Seton Hobart, daughter of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, was the god-daughter of my grandmother, Elizabeth Seton.

I stopped for two or three days in Paris, said Mass in the convent chapel of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and had the pleasure of speaking to their venerated Foundress, Madame Barat, now beatified, who died a little later. Also one afternoon I came across Ruffo Scilla. He was as delighted as a child with the magnificence of a city never seen by him before. He had taken a long vacation for the first time in his life, and had come to Paris because his family followed the fortunes of their sovereign, the ex-king of Naples. From Paris I went down directly to Marseilles and took a steamer, which brought me most

pleasantly in two days and a half to Civita Vecchia. I made acquaintance almost immediately on leaving port that evening, with Monsignor Izaguirre, to whom I introduced myself respectfully. He was a tall and handsome ecclesiastic, willing to talk and full of information, a member of the Chilean Senate, a man of great wealth—which he was spending liberally for the Church—and of one of those old families—there are said to be only forty-six remaining after so many years and revolutions—called *Conquistadores*, because proving descent from the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, who, however they may have mated with native women, had never married unless into the blood of their own race, travelling back, not seldom, to Old Spain for their wives. He had been in Rome once before, as I knew, on the same business that was bringing him now. I did not then know him, only had heard of his desire to found a seminary there for Spanish-American students, and of his giving eighty thousand dollars to the Holy See for that purpose, which Pius IX, who had been on a mission to Chile many years before, had greatly at heart. The Collegio Pio Latino-Americano succeeded perfectly in time, helped along by this noble prelate, who spent the rest of his fortune on it. He had gathered, from parts of South and even Central America, thirty grown boys to begin with. They belonged to the second cabin, but had the run of our deck, were as gay as larks, behaved quietly, went

through all shades of colour, white, black, and yellow. Another acquaintance was that of a Russian, who spoke to me as soon as he knew I was an American. He found some relief in telling me his story without my giving him any opening to do so, unless that he saw in me something akin to what a bank clerk in England had told me once, as I drew out a passport which he refused to look at: "Why, sir, your face is your letter of credit." This Russian was thirty-two, had large properties in different parts of the Empire, spoke French and English and understood German, but, "I am not what you are," he said, "a free and independent man, I am treated like a suspect. I could not leave Russia without written permission of the Emperor, have to register at every place I come to where there is a Russian Ambassador, Minister, or Consul, am forbidden to go to certain countries, and one is your own; then, most arbitrary measure of all, I am liable to be recalled at any moment without cause or reason given."

In 1866 I was named one of the Private Chamberlains of the Pope, the first American ever so made, and assisted in this quality at the Pope's Easter Pontificate and later at the laying of the corner-stone of the church of the English College, and I did weekly service at the Vatican while continuing my studies at the Sapienza. Monsignor—afterwards Cardinal—Pacca, who was my particular friend and one of the highest prelates

in Rome, showed me many favours, such as sending to the Academia the red and gilded papal coach, drawn by glossy, long-tailed horses, to bring me to the Vatican as often as I cared to perform Chamberlain service, and appointing me to some interesting position, as, for instance, carrying the peacock feathers at Pontifical Mass or in the procession of Corpus Christi around the colonnade of Saint Peter's. One day while on service at the Vatican in the *anticamera nobile*, filled with prominent individuals on duty or waiting their turn to enter the Pope's chamber, while talking of poor Maximilian's fate, Pacca turned to me suddenly with, "You have a good memory; tell us where the emperor was shot." I answered promptly, "Gettysburg." "No, no, Monsignor. It's certainly not that." "Well, in Mexico it's called *Queretaro*, but if we Americans hadn't won the battle of Gettysburg, Maximilian might still be on the throne." Doubtless I was thought audacious, and anti-Protocolaire, but nothing more was said.

It was a novel experience in my young life in that assemblage of pontifical and international gentility, to meet Ministers Plenipotentiary, Ambassadors, Cardinals, Royal Highnesses, and Excellencies, all gorgeously arrayed. We on duty were expected to speak without formal introduction and to make ourselves agreeable. Here my knowledge of languages—French, German, Spanish, English, and Italian—was appre-

ciated by Pacca, who called me once a Polyglot, and appointed me to entertain certain personages in particular—for there was no sitting down between audiences, during the four hours on duty. I always reached my post in time to study the official list. This kept Pacca as *Maestra di camera* very busy and attentive distributing the parts, but he was so handsome, so good natured, so courtly mannered, and bore so noble a name that it was a pleasure to serve under him. As I look back sixty years, and remember some of the magnates who passed before my eyes, I ask myself—what has become of them now? Are they still alive—those two young Austrian Archdukes I once spoke to, looking so beautiful in their white and blue gold-braided uniforms set off by the jewel of the Golden Fleece? Alas!

The last time I saw Pius IX officiate at Saint Peter's was on the twenty-ninth of June, 1867, when he sang Mass for the eighteenth centenary of Saints Peter and Paul, and canonized Saint Josaphat, Bishop and Martyr.

In June this year, 1867, I underwent my written and oral examination for Doctor of Divinity. In this same year I received the degree of Bachelor of Laws in the *aula maxima* of the Sapienza. It was handed to me with special congratulations by Cardinal Altieri, Archchancellor of the University and Protector of the Academia. He had hardly done so when

some one whispered a word in his ear. He rose hastily, announcing that he had been called away on urgent business. He had received news, as we knew afterwards, from his Vicar-General at Albano that the diocese was smitten suddenly by an attack of Asiatic cholera, and the good Cardinal-Bishop drove off immediately in his coach without returning to the palace to say farewell to his mother, whom he tenderly loved. He gave himself to the stricken poor of his diocesan city like another Borromeo at Milan and another Belzunce at Marseilles, and in a few days died of the awful malady, a model of episcopal charity and zeal. We students of the Academia gave him a Pontifical Requiem Mass in the church of the Minerva, at which the flower of Roman aristocracy was present.

On the seventeenth of August of this year, I was made a Protonotary Apostolic, being again the first American raised to this dignity, which was obtained at the suggestion of that Prince-prelate, high in favour with the Pope, Antici-Mattei, Patriarch of Constantinople, and later Cardinal. For some reason he would invite me to dine with him in his apartment of the family palace—and bring me out driving with him in his coach of *Prelato di fiochetti*, and listen to my talk of America, which was then looming large in the eyes of every one in Europe. I was the accepted representative of my country in the ecclesiastical world of Rome. At the time that

I was made a Monsignor, the title was rare even in Italy, and if conferred on men outside it was in consideration of learning, birth, or some adventitious quality. About this time, Rev. Dr. Manning was made one, and so was the Rector Magnificus of the University of Louvain. Latterly the Monsignorship has become ridiculously common in the United States, and is too often considered only a consolation prize for missing the Mitre.

As I prepared to leave Rome my influential friends all entreated me not to go back to the United States, where I would be neglected, but to remain in Rome and round out my career. Even the Pope, I may say, did the same, for his last words to me were, "Well, if you *will* return, you shall be a bishop there; go with my blessing. In any case, remember that if you desire to come back, Rome is always your home," and presented me with a freshly cut magnificent medal from the Pontifical Mint. Stonor said to me after our last supper together, "Let's go out, Seton, to Fontana Trevi. We can easily be back by ten, and you must throw the traditional penny in the basin if you want to see Rome again." I went, and complied with the popular superstition. Young Crette de Paluel, whose father was a Chamberlain of the Emperor at the Tuileries, helped me to pack my books for America, and insisted on serving my last Mass in the Academia, because, as he said, I was now *sur le pied des*

Evêques—a courtly guilelessness that took no account of jealousies in America. He accompanied me to the railway station, after I had parted from my Superior and companions, and saw me safely off to Florence. It was the twenty-eighth of August, exactly ten years—day for day—since I entered Rome to study for the Church.

On my way back to my country, I spent a month with the Marquis and Marquise de Barberey at their Château de Matigon, in the beautiful and delightful neighbourhood of their friends and relatives, the families of Baron de Corcelle, ex-Ambassador to the Holy See, and the Viscount de Chambrun, who was related to Lafayette. I could not be more honoured and better treated, and it was the last time, for many years, that I lived—as the French would say, *dans mon milieu*. The old Marquis cultivated a large variety of flowers, particularly roses, which were always on the breakfast table. One morning, as I was walking in the garden with him, he gathered one of these for me, and in doing so pricked his finger. In handing the flower, he said,—we had been talking of the Court of Charles X, as he had known it—“Woman is a flower—*Mais gâre à qui la touche*.” Which was his way of interpreting the *Amari Aliquid* of Lucretius. The next time that ever a flower came into my life was many years after this in New York, on a Sixth Avenue elevated train going up town. The car was full without

being crowded, and just opposite to me sat a well-gowned lady—a stranger to me—with an exquisitely pretty little girl beside her. The child held a full-blown red rose in her hand, and suddenly crossing over handed it to me without a smile or a word of recognition. I took it, blushing, and left immediately, although I had not reached my station; but have never forgotten so sweet an incident.

I had entered the Church with the purest intentions. Whatever honours I had received in Rome were not of my seeking. I arrived in the United States early in 1867, and reported immediately to Bishop Bayley, of Newark, New Jersey (to whose diocese I belonged), a prelate of very delicate conscience, whose first words to me were: “Robert, we are too nearly related; I shall do nothing for you. Others will appreciate your merits.” I was put to do Curate’s work at the Cathedral, where I remained for six weeks until I began to spit blood. Then I was sent up to the most healthful part of the diocese, Madison, Morris County, where I was to live as Chaplain to the convent, academy for young ladies, and school for little boys, on large well-wooded and cultivated grounds. The convent was the central-house in New Jersey of Mother Seton’s original foundation of Sisters for the education of the young. They were the American Sisters of Charity and entirely distinct from the *cornette*-wearing Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, at

Emmitsburg, who are under French administration. The Madison establishment had therefore an essentially independent and American note of distinction. I was welcomed by the sisters at Madison as the grandson of their Foundress. Nothing could exceed the kindness, attention, and respect of every one at Saint Elizabeth's during the nine happy years I spent there. Women all my life have been good to me, and some, within the bounds of propriety, have held me in devoted affection. The winter of 1867-8 was the first I had passed in America for a quarter of a century, and the severest known in the country within the memory of man. My lungs were weak. The physician who examined me decided that I could not see the spring. But such good care was taken of me, and I braved it out so defiantly with my strong will to live, that I have weathered sixty seasons since then and buried most of my contemporaries. I had not, however, been long in Madison before a maiden lady of quality, wealth, and years in Europe, who had known me abroad and heard of my delicate health, judging that my position was not suitable, and that I could not stand the climate, wrote earnestly offering a thousand dollars in gold, for initial expenses, and the hospitality of her house if I would return immediately to Europe and place myself at the disposition of the Pope, who, she said, knew and esteemed me. Bishop Bayley, to whom I told it, would not hear of my leaving,

and made it out my duty—noblest word in the English language—to stay in America and work for the Church *here*. I then refused the offer of the Countess, with thanks, and remained in obscurity.

LIFE IN AMERICA

DR. ORESTES BROWNSON, of the *Review*, lived at Elizabeth and I frequently went down to see him and learnt some details of his life and coming into the Church. At this time Father Isaac Hecker, my friend of Roman days, and his band of Paulists were striving to bring our non-Catholic fellow-citizens to the simple knowledge of the *truth*, and consequently I was greatly impressed by one thing that Dr. Brownson told me. The first visit he made to anyone after becoming a Catholic was to an old lady of seasoned Puritan descent, to whom he gave his reasons for conversion, and explained briefly the chief points of controversial dispute. She heard him with silent, eager attention. When he had finished, she threw up her arms, with the cry as of a spirit dying of thirst for that Fountain of Life from which, if she drink, she shall thirst no more, and said, "If *that* is what Catholics believe, stand up, for God's sake, and proclaim it aloud, for it is not what we have been told of you."

A break in the unaccustomed loneliness of my life was made by occasional visits of Bishop—afterwards Archbishop—James Roosevelt Bayley

—coming up from Newark and later from Baltimore. We had many social and literary tastes in common. He was a remarkably handsome and distinguished-looking man of an old American family of English stock, and like that class in New York, had been an Episcopalian. He had studied at one time for the Protestant ministry, but became a Catholic in 1842. He was received into the church at Rome and confirmed by Cardinal Franzoni, then Prefect of Propaganda.

His earliest attraction to the Faith, he once told me, was received while reading the works of Saint Jerome, and was strengthened in it by the study of Christian antiquities. Having means of his own, he went to Paris, entered the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, and was ordained priest there. On returning to the United States, he was assigned to duty by Archbishop Hughes. He was the godson, namesake, and favourite nephew of his unmarried, childless, and wealthy old uncle, Mr. Isaac Roosevelt, who had made a will in his favour, but burned it one day, before his eyes, for becoming a Catholic, and left his large fortune to found the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. In describing to me his last interview, dinner and attending circumstances with his uncle, he never expressed a word of regret for the loss of his fortune, but spoke only of the gain his conversion had brought him, which he ascribed, under God, to the prayers of his aunt, Mother Seton. He was a well-read English scholar, and an author

too, in a small way, and wore what was then the custom among the English speaking higher clergy—I remember it on Archbishop Hughes and on the effigy of Cardinal Weld in Rome—a left-over inch of beard high up on either cheek. It was very becoming, but has long gone out of fashion. I wrote many of his French and Latin letters while I was at Convent, and we had also many agreeable conversations together on a great variety of subjects. I remember that speaking of American bishops, of whom he added, “You will one day be one”—he expressed his dislike of certain terms of foreign importation such as “My Lord, and “Your Grace,” and told me how snobbish it was to make an ado about rich or distinguished people who entered the Church. He called it a “vulgar counting of noses.” When the summons to the Vatican Council was proclaimed, he wanted to take me with him as his theologian, but was dissuaded by some one who advised him that if he once got me back in Rome, I would probably not leave it again.

I left Saint Elizabeth’s Convent and Academy with the regret and good wishes of all, on July 2, 1876, and went down to Jersey City to go up from there to Saint Joseph’s parish on the Heights, of which I was to be pastor. The parish was in poor condition. I found nothing prepared for me, but set about with good will and the help of God to do my duty. I remained there for over a quarter of a century. God favoured me in

letting me find a small but exemplary community of Sisters, belonging to the order of Mother Seton's Daughters in Madison, already established in the parish and conducting a School alongside of the church. They were angels of kindness, efficiency, and consolation in my long years of trial and discomforts. God rest their pure souls, and let perpetual light shine upon them. At this time, Saint Joseph's was not a first-class, hardly even a city, parish, or it would not have been offered me. It was in a rocky ill-favoured suburb of Jersey City.

In February, 1878, on learning of the death of Pius IX, I sang in my Church a solemn High Mass of Requiem with catafalque and ornaments appropriate to such an occasion of general mourning. I made afterwards a short address on our late Holy Father, and wrote that evening in my private diary that in a Pontificate auspiciously begun, he had experienced the two extremes of ill-fortune: in 1848, when a revolutionary crowd kicked at the gates of the Vatican with the obscene boot of Democracy and forced him into exile, and, in 1870, when a king rapped at the door of the Quirinal with the jewelled hilt of Militarism and left him in solitude and suffering.

I was appointed to exercise the office of Protonotary Apostolic in attesting the Acts, lying on the high altar of the cathedral, of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884—an honour awarded me by Archbishop—since Cardinal—

Gibbons, who presided—and the only recognition in thirty-five years and a half of what Bishop Bayley had called my “Merits.” I had gone down to Charleston, S.C., to be present at the consecration in 1877 of Father Moore as Bishop of Saint Augustine, Florida, and a few days after went up with Bishop Lynch to Columbia, capital of the State. The at-one-time wealthy slaveholder and Confederate General, Wade Hampton, had just been elected governor, and had attached to himself the most aristocratic staff he could find within his jurisdiction. We were asked as soon as we arrived to see the public buildings, but I suggested that it would be proper before doing so to call at the executive mansion and pay our respects to His Excellency—this title comes to him officially from colony days—who received us, surrounded by his aides, with ceremonious courtesy, and after summary introduction requested us to be seated. My companion, who had made an almost obsequious obeisance that ill-became a Catholic bishop, now sat as though abashed and not daring to open his lips. I broke the silence by telling the governor (who had recently been the guest of Mr. Rufus Prime, and shooting on his estate) that my uncle had asked to be remembered to him. Wade Hampton smiled and thanked me politely—but the surprise, the scowl, the reproving look, mingled with hatred and contempt, of the whipper-snappers about the throne-like arm-chair of their master,

was ludicrous. "The ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge," to quote "Sir Roger at the Assizes."

In 1889 I joined the first American pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Father Charles Vissani, a pious but un-American-like Franciscan friar of New York, was the one who promoted the undertaking, and organized it for the one hundred priests and members of the laity who ventured to go. We left Hoboken on Thursday, February 21, on the steamer *Wieland*, which had been chartered to take us to Cherbourg in France. We landed there safely after a rough voyage in very cold weather. I was as pleased at being on the ocean again as a boy is to be let out of school, and kept a careful diary of our doings. We brought with us, at my suggestion, a large silk flag, to have blessed in Rome by Pope Leo XIII, and under which we were to enter Jerusalem in a body as American citizens and soldiers of Christ. This year (1889) the Greek Easter and the Turkish Ramadan coincided with our Latin Easter, April 21, and Jerusalem was said to be unusually crowded and the populace hotly fanatical. On our way from Ramle to Jerusalem a horseman, riding fast, met us at the place where we had stopped for lunch, and spoke excitedly to Father Vissani. Between them in a corner, like conspirators, the flag was detached from its staff and hidden inside the carriage. I was

informed that, to be prudent, we would enter the Holy City in small groups, and I felt ashamed of the cowardice and protested, but bided my time, and when we arrived at the Jaffa Gate, got out quickly and ran to the Consul, Mr. Gilman, whom I saw standing with some of his friends waiting for us, having been advised of our coming. I told him what had happened, and he was very indignant. We went back to the carriage, where he bent "Old Glory" to the pole, which I held. We then formed processionally, and advanced like honest people. Our silver cross was carried at the head by one of the priests of the party, and the American flag was borne behind it by a layman who had served on the right side in the Civil War. Next came our energetic Consul in full uniform, with pride in his port, accompanied by dragoman and kavass, and supported by Bishop Rademacher and myself in our purple costumes. The other pilgrims, walking two and two—ladies wearing black veils—brought up the procession. We went directly through a large and respectfully inquisitive crowd of natives and other people down to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we knelt and said our Prayers of Thanksgiving.

I sang a High Mass and spoke a few words in my church every year on the seventeenth of March, and Saint Patrick's Day in 1899 was a memorable one for me, because my life was saved by religious recognition of the feast. My cousin,

Miss Dora Hoffman, of Baltimore, used to come every year on a short visit to New York, and always had me to lunch with her one day and spend the afternoon in her apartment at the then most prominent and conservative hotel in the city—the Windsor—far up town. My invitation this year was for the seventeenth of March, and I had to telegraph that I would be late, and the hour was put ahead for me. I went over, and just as I got to the sidewalk opposite the hotel the end of the parade was passing, and there was such a dense crowd that I couldn't cross. In an instant the cry of "Fire!" rang out. Flames burst from the windows, within an hour the hotel was destroyed, and many were the victims, among whom was my cousin, recognized by the crest on a ring, and her maid.

Except for the High Mass that belated me, I would have been with them when the fire broke out, and being young and active, might perhaps have escaped, but not the others, and I was doomed, for no man of our race can save himself and leave women to their fate.

I may mention in connexion with this saint that he was once very popular in Scotland, and that an ancestor of mine in the seventeenth century was Captain Sir Patrick Seton, of Parbroath, who figured in the Scots Guard in France.

I was chosen a member of the New England Society, founded in Mr. Prime's house in 1802, and of the Saint George and Saint Andrew Societies

of New York, of which William Seton had been an early and distinguished officer. I also qualified almost as soon as founded, and entered the " Sons of the Revolution " and the " Society of Colonial Wars "—patriotic companionships of gentlemen with American grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

After reflection I resigned Saint Joseph's parish in 1902, and retired to live in Rome on a fragment of family estate which for twelve years was sufficient for my simple wants, until the World War broke out, disorganizing finance, travel, society, and everything else.

LIFE IN ROME: 1902-1914

I WAS now to begin a new life in Rome, where I had spent so many happy years, and which I loved with undiminished fervour. But I would not confine myself to any particular work, would be my own master, and satisfy, in some measure, my unquenchable thirst of travel. I started with a passage to Italy by the Mediterranean route. I had begun early to keep a diary, but often tired, gave it up, and at long intervals began again. This year, however, I resumed a diary and I have continued it regularly ever since. Bacon, in his essay on *Travel*, approves of diaries on land, yet adds that, "It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries." I always found material on sea voyages for keeping a journal, and the log-books of sailors are only condensed diaries.

On Saturday, January 4, 1902, I was up at four o'clock, and in a few hours was on the steamer *Prince Bismarck* for Naples, with a first-class ticket and a cabin to myself. It was a clear cold day, and the Hudson River was full of broken ice, but the sun was shining brightly, and my spirits were

high. We were soon out of sight of land. The first night was cloudless and brilliantly starlit, and the company on deck very gay before turning in. On Wednesday the weather was stormy, the ocean rough, the decks spray-swept and sloppy. Life-lines were stretched, and fiddles set on the tables. I stood a long time, in a protected corner, with steady legs and a waterproof, to watch the big steamer rolling and pitching while the waves dashed up against her savagely and fell off foaming with rage. I was often the only passenger on deck, never got sea-sick, paid for a chair, but seldom used it, as I was so often moving about inhaling the ozone and studying the ocean in all its moods. In the afternoon we came up to a large three-masted barque-rigged ship working her way laboriously in our direction. Swiftly the *Prince Bismarck*, like a swaggering bully, rushed past, and in a few minutes left her far behind. Most passengers kept to their state-rooms or the saloon, and the captain wondered that I took pleasure in the whistling of the wind through the shrouds and the general uproar.

On deck one morning at six o'clock, I was rewarded for turning out so early by a magnificent sunrise over the Atlas Mountains, showing islets of gold floating over the horizon. We steamed pretty close to land all day, where the coast-line showed a long succession of little white villages, dark towers, farm buildings, lighthouses, and cultivated fields on the strip of shore between

the sea and the swelling hills beyond. A number of lateen boats were moving all around, and we saw high up the imposing church of Our Lady of Africa dominating over Mohammedan piracy and power. In another hour we were at Algiers, and arrived at Genoa in the forenoon of next day. The approach from the water shows this city at its best. I landed, went to the cathedral, and then drove about for a couple of hours. Our steamer left the next morning, and Admiral Cromwell, who had been a passenger, and had command of the American Mediterranean fleet, signalled from his flagship *Bon voyage*, and made the band play. The few of us on deck waved our caps and cheered, while the Germans—who seemed taken aback, for they had shown the admiral no attention, not even a seat at the captain's table—fouled the colours in answering, and broke the halyards, whereupon they swore and squealed and pawed at one another like angry horses. Next morning I was on deck at five o'clock to admire the Bay of Naples, and walk the deck for an hour. One morning I said Mass in a beautiful side chapel of the Gesù Nuovo, over the body of Saint Hieronomus; another morning in San Paolo Maggiore, over the body of Saint Cajetan, Founder of the Theatines; and on other mornings at the tomb of Saint Andrew Avellino, in the same church. One day I drove out early to Pozzuoli to say Mass. It is a small town, irregularly built on the seashore, in up-and-down

style, of narrow streets, dark alleys, and stone steps redolent of poverty and dirt. It has quite fallen from the prosperity it enjoyed under Roman rule, and is now memorable only for the landing of Saint Paul. On the 22nd, I went to the great church of San Domenico, the Westminster of Naples, and said Mass at the altar of the Crucifix that they say spoke to Saint Thomas Aquinas. One of the Fathers insisted on my remaining for coffee and a roll, and a talk to them about America in a little room off the sacristy, where I saw hanging the original bell, brought from Salerno, of the school in which Saint Thomas first taught. Then I was shown, in a wing of the church, the mouldering velvet-covered chests that held the remains of many captains of renown, and puissant princes and fair women all of ancient lineage, most of whom, however, were unhappy in their lives. Over one of these chests still hung the sword and still drooped the four hundred years' old banner of gallant d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, husband of the poetess, Vittoria Colonna. It is in such a place that one understands how vain is "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," and remembers Holbein's Dance of Death, on the walls of the old Dominican church at Basle. I made the acquaintance, in the hotel one evening, of Baron Siebolt, who wanted to know me, after hearing me speak German to one of the servants, and asked to be allowed to introduce me to that eminent Japanese statesman,

Marquis Ito, with whom he had just arrived from London. He did so, and we spoke English. He asked me questions about myself, my origin, and what opinion I had of the different nationalities composing the population of the United States, and ended by saying emphatically that the "Anglo-American colonial stock," as he called it, would remain the foundation of what was best in the race when fully developed. He struck me as a man of great reserve power and latent energy, with an eye to coming events of importance; but an assassin struck him down too soon to allow him to complete his work.

I took a walk, one afternoon, the whole length of Via Toledo and back. It was so named for the Spanish Viceroy who opened it, and is one of the historic streets of Europe. It is narrow, as a protection against the sun, lined with elegant stores, always animated, and a popular promenade and lounging thoroughfare, in which I noticed a great deal of careless jostling and pushing, but not the least irritation or sign of ill-humour. In Holy Week in Naples, in 1896, I had witnessed a singular show on the Toledo. Every year on Good Friday afternoon since the street was opened centuries ago, a certain part of it is given up to the nobility for what is called the Strut—*Struscio*—when gentlemen in black clothes and tall hats, and ladies in dark dresses and lace mantillas, slowly and silently, with Spanish-like composure, promenade for one hour up and down

the middle of the street in two lines—men on the right and women on the left—while the side-walks are filled with well-behaved but less privileged onlookers. I thought it was impressive as a public mourning for our Lord by the first Order of the people, and was told, on asking the reason, that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who took Christ's body down from the Cross, were nobles—an innocent phantasy.

I took a steamer for Palermo, and stood late on deck, under the serene and shining stars, following the line of lights along the coast until fairly out in the Tyrrhenian Sea. I remained twelve days in Sicily, on this my first visit. The first church I entered was that of Saint Catherine of Alexandria, to which a house of Dominican nuns is attached. It is rather modern—only three or four hundred years old—and richly decorated. A Cardinal's hat, in gilt metal, is suspended from the ceiling of a side chapel—Saint Catherine of Siena's—because, the sacristan told me, "she was a Cardinalessa for having brought back the Pope from Avignon to Rome!" I called on Cardinal-Archbishop Celesia, still hale and hearty at ninety years old. He asked me about the Church in America; regretted that so few travellers visited this part of Italy; hoped that I would say my first Mass in his cathedral; recommended me to say it at the shrine of Saint Rosalia, a virgin of Norman blood and patroness of the city. He then sum-

moned a chaplain, and gave orders to see to it to-morrow at whatever time I pleased. Next morning I said Mass at the saint's chapel. Her body reposes in a massive silver urn under the altar. Another day I went up to Monreale, and said Mass in the cathedral at the altar of Saint Louis, King of France, whose heart is preserved there in a case of gold.

One morning I was suddenly brought to realize that I had crossed the equator of life, and was entering old age, by noticing (what I had paid no attention to before) the large unfaded date, 1852, that I had tattooed on my left arm dangerously near the wrist. It was done thoughtlessly—following the example of other boys—with painful needle and India ink, fifty years ago at Mount Saint Mary's College. I must carry this stigma to the grave. None of us knew at the time the prohibition of Leviticus: "You shall not make in yourselves any figures or marks."

On Sunday, Feast of the Purification, I said Mass in the cathedral at the altar of Saint Lucy, Virgin and Martyr, a native of Syracuse, whose body was long ago removed for safety to Venice, where I have seen it. An intelligent young Canon made my acquaintance after the Candlemas procession, and I invited him to drive with me in the afternoon. We were four full hours together, and visited the principal antiquities of the city. I preferred the ecclesiastical to the profane, and was particularly pleased with the very ancient

crypt of Saint Marcian, Bishop and Martyr, founder of the see, sent here, it is believed, by Saint Peter ; and the very singular catacombs through which we were taken by an ignorant Lay-brother carrying a fuliginous lantern destructive to the frescoes. Next day, returning from the cathedral, I overtook an aristocratic looking lady and her two daughters who had heard my Mass and who bowed to me so reverentially that I stopped and spoke, which evidently pleased the Countess—as I later learned she was. She asked me insistently to come in with them in the street lower down and take what they called *le petit déjeuner*. They were all convent-bred, and spoke French. We passed under an imposing but dilapidated gateway with a coronet on it, but the old palace had a forlorn appearance. The mother told me that the family was of Norman descent, which was older than Aragonese ; and that they would love to travel, but had not the means to do so. Thereupon I told them that my family also was too old to be rich, that I had to travel without a servant, which was unusual for a prelate.

With the Archbishop, Monsignor Fiorenza, I sat out an hour's conversation. He is a man about my own age, with fine, almost classical, features, and lives in a vast half-empty house with a vegetable garden growing wild behind it. He told me that his revenue was too small for his position and the many calls upon it ; that Bishop

Ludden, of what he called "New Syracuse" in America—"the El Dorado of the world,"—had been here, but "left nothing." I got up to go as soon as I heard this, and spent the rest of the day looking about, and found this once famous and flourishing city full of narrow and sordid streets, of filthy blind alleys, of few stores, of cavernous workshops on a level with the ground, and other indications of poverty and decay. Some of the better sort of houses have generally neglected entrances with coronets, crests, or coats of arms carved on them in sign of ancestral pride that has had its fall. I took an early train on the fourth of February and went to Catania, a large, commercial, and uninteresting city which attracted me only for the Feast of Saint Agatha, Virgin and Martyr, which was to be celebrated the following day. The weather had been perfect ever since I arrived in Italy. I called that afternoon—after a good walk through the town, studying the people, and shop windows—on the Cardinal, Archbishop Francica Nava di Bontife', whose palace is next to the cathedral. He was born in 1846 of an old and titled family of native stock, not unmixed some centuries ago—as the patronymic indicates—with a French ancestor who almost miraculously survived the Sicilian Vespers. We were personally strangers, as he entered the Academia at Rome after I had left it, but he had heard a great deal of me there, always to my advantage, and expressed surprise, indignation even, that I

was not a bishop or archbishop in my own country ; and, directing a cleric to arrange for my Mass next day at the shrine of the saint, invited me to dine with him afterwards at two o'clock, at which all the dignitaries of the Chapter, with the Vicar-General and other diocesan officials, were to be present. It was a delightful banquet in a room of rich and ample furniture, with the butler in evening dress behind his master's chair, and footmen in the family livery about the table. It was long since I had been in company so congenial, cultured, and refined.

At Messina I spent a few days, to look about me, and say Mass at the shrines of Saint Placidus and companions, Benedictine martyrs, and at the altar called Our Lady of the Letter in the cathedral. I found Messina so clean and beautiful, and so magnificently situated on the Straits, that I was quite enamoured of it, and had a mind to stay a while longer. I would most certainly have done so if I could have foreseen the disaster that was to leave the city in ruins a few years later. On Sunday afternoon I crossed in a ferry-boat to the mainland at Reggio (di Calabria), and, after walking about to see the place, entered the cathedral over whose portal are carved these two words from the Acts—*Devenimus Rhegium*. Then I went on to Naples in a sleeping car, and changed there to an express train for Rome. I sat alone, looking out all the time from one window or the other to enjoy this most interesting journey.

The farther mountains on either side are sharply outlined and bare, but the re-entering valleys and surface land were covered with villas, houses, wheat-fields, trees, and vineyards. The route runs directly through that unbroken plain called by Pliny *Felix illa Campania*, renowned for picturesqueness of landscape and fertility of soil, and supremely beautiful on this day of spring-like weather, with castles, towers, and towns on olive-clad hills famous in every age of history. I got a good view of Capua, and thought of Hannibal and the fatal debauchery of his troops, and, soon afterwards, looking up with reverent devotion, saluted Monte Cassino's convent, seated high, I arrived in Rome at one o'clock, and drove to the Hôtel de la Minerva. I remained a month in this semi-clerical hotel for its nearness to the Dominican church on the Square, while I looked around for a little apartment, not so easy to find since the population had largely increased with the transfer of the Italian Government to Rome. The city was much changed from what it was when I knew it in my student days. It had lost much of that aspect of external religion that had had such a soothing influence in former times, and that familiar look of welcome it wore under Pius IX. A feeling of disappointment came over me when I remembered my happy days of study here in the first fervour of vocation and priestly life. I thought, in the words of Wordsworth :

It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

I drove to the Brancaccio Palace for the Washington's Birthday reception. Our diplomats wear no uniform, and the absence is sometimes confusing. In the Palazzo del Drago, at the first and only reception there of the American embassy which I troubled myself to attend, I inadvertently mistook the new Ambassador for his English butler.

I had been but a few days in Rome when my friend, Father Whitmee, Superior of San Silvestro, the English church, gave a dinner for me, where I met Bishop Hanlon, Vicar-Apostolic of the Upper Nile; Monsignor Lanza, one of the royal chaplains; Monsignor Lindsay, of a great historic family of Scotland; and Monsignor Tylee, an interesting man who had been on the mission in India. It was a small party, and much to my taste. The day after this I dined with my relative, Princess Ruspoli Poggio-Suasa, who had for guests her sister, Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, come on from Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Burrall Hoffman, of New York; Miss de Luca, whose mother was an American from New Orleans; Count Soderini, of old Florentine family, member of the Pontifical court, and handsome young Don Bartolomeo Ruspoli. Every week during the season, there was an after-dinner reception here,

an *incasa*, as it was called—largely attended from ten o'clock on, during which I was introduced, under the most favourable circumstances, to society. Blacks and whites were gradually losing their distinctive colour, for which my cousin, a fervent convert and widow of a nobleman who had been a conservative *Sindaco* of Rome, was in part responsible, through her many good works and social attractions, as I presently understood from different sources.

1902. On March 12, Feast of St. Gregory the Great, the weather was so fine and the air so spring-like and balmy that it was a joy to walk to his church—which is on elevated ground—and say the Prayer for the Conversion of England which Cardinal Wiseman composed, and which is printed, framed, and attached to a kneeling-desk before the high altar. The church is dear to me, because it was from here that Saint Gregory sent the monks to convert the Saxons, and because I said here my third Mass after ordination. It is somewhat out of the way, and consequently little visited. I was generally alone there; the quiet locality uplifted my soul, and, coming out, I often stood a moment on the higher steps to look at the going-down of the sun over the Aventine in purple and gold, and then turned to the majestic ruins of the Palatine in front of me, and finally rested my eyes on the little brown church and convent of Saint Bonaventure, with its solitary

palm tree telling of victory. It is one of the most inspiring views in Rome, and unspeakably solemn in the gloaming, when the mind is filled with thoughts of the "awful dust and treasures of the dead" that lie around. On this day I lunched with Countess Gautier, Lady Bruce Seton's cousin, a convert, who dwells high up in a little apartment under the Pincian Hill, with a pretty terrace full of flowers in bloom and a delicious pergola for summer shade. She had Professor Lanciani—well known in America for his recent books on Rome—Mr. Vansittart, an English convert, whose family was long of importance in Madras, and a lady who was dull and not even good-looking. I was surprised that the Professor should say so openly that I had a head like Cæsar Augustus—which reminded me that the newspaper account of the opening of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York said of me that I had the "head of a Roman soldier rather than that of a Roman priest." Other embarrassing compliments were not rare, as when a titled English lady misunderstood me one day at dinner on my saying modestly that I was only a plain American, and remarked, "But, Monsignor, you are not at all ill-favoured"; and another one, noticing my spruceness and personal appearance, told me before others, "Why, Monsignor, you always look as if you had just come out of a band-box." On the fourteenth of March I renewed my acquaintance with Father Brandi, S.J., editor-in-chief of the

Civiltà Cattolica, whom I had known in America. He told me that Cardinal Steinhuber, of the Society of Jesus, would like to see me. I went that evening, and we spoke German together. He knew nothing of me personally, but something of my name, and taking down from a book-shelf his recently published "History of the German-Hungarian College in Rome," showed me a mention in it of one of the early students who intended to study for the Church—having large means as godson of Queen Mary Stuart and Commendatory Prior of Pluscardine—and who, although he never took orders, had reflected honour on the institution, by generous benefactions to it, and his distinguished after-career. This was Sir Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermling, and Lord Chancellor of Scotland.

March 15 was a beautiful day. The sun shone in a clear blue sky, and the air was exhilarating—just the day for a long walk. I was on foot for three hours in the forenoon. I like to study people, to notice the breadwinners, to look at little children, to stand before shop windows. Life for me had so long been nothing but bustle and work that I now wanted to lay off and take my *Otium cum dignitate*—a leisured ease—and prepare for the end. I never expected to reach very old age—I was already sixty-two. I intended to watch the world as it moves along. Mysticism, with the *Divina Commedia* at hand, is all right, but also a little of *la Comédie Humaine* is not

always out of place. I went in the afternoon to the Coliseum. It is horrifying to see the sacrilegious changes that have been wrought there: the old wooden Cross in the centre and the Stations on either side have been removed; I noticed growing, in one of the useless excavations, a mass of blood-red poppies, which made me think of the many who have died in the arena. But the hoarse cry of the gladiators, passing the emperor's tribune—*Te Cæsar morituri salutant*—is so brutal, that I forgot it, to think only of the army of white-robed witnesses to Christ, the God:

Te Martyrum Candidatus Laudat Exercitus.

Cardinal Satolli, who knew me when he was Delegate Apostolic, and with whom I had dined in Washington, was now Archpriest of the Lateran, and made much of me as soon as I settled in Rome. He sent word one day that he was coming to see me, and came next afternoon. He found the place mean, and quite unworthy of me, and said he would get his man of affairs, Cavaliere Presuti, who is also a Writer in the Vatican Library, to look out for something better, which he did. I was to go to it as soon as my short lease was up. The Cardinal is ugly, but learned, energetic, and obliging. He called for me in his carriage a few days after the visit, and asked me to mount and take a drive with him. We had an interesting conversation for an hour. As I wanted some walking exercise, he recommended me to go on

with him to the Canonica, where he resides, and return to my own place on foot. We made there a few turns on his *terrazza*, and enjoyed, over the Campagna, a sunset lovely beyond description, but the Ave Maria bells, ringing from all the city churches and convents, seemed to lament the passing of the day, as Dante says :

Squilla di lontano

Che paia il giorno pianger che si more (Purg. VIII).

March passed very quietly and pleasantly, since it was Lent and no time for society—although Lent is not so strictly observed as formerly in Rome.

Life became more worldly with April. I had not seen Lady Herbert since I first met her in Rome in 1896 at a tea of Lady (Pitmeden) Seton's. She wanted now, she said, to see more of Mother Seton's grandson and, as she came every spring to Rome, where she kept an apartment and entertained, I was often with her. She is a convert and a writer, describing in two interesting books her visits to the Holy Land and to Spain. She told me she liked to hear me talk, and had a great veneration for my convert grandmother, telling me of a work recently published by a non-Catholic at Cambridge, in England, in which it was stated that her conversion and founding of a religious community in 1809 were among the most remarkable events of the Catholic Church in America. Then I told her what Archbishop Kenrick had said about it fifty years ago.

I was now in that city of social concentration where sooner or later you will probably see anyone in the world you ever knew or heard of, because, as the poet Rutilius Numatianus personifying Rome, exclaimed :

Fecisti urbem quod prius orbis erat.

I was not here more than a few months when I met such widely separated people as Archbishop Sambucetti, whom I had not seen since he dined with me at The Galt House, Louisville, 1868 ; Mr. Chaves, Minister from Brazil to the Vatican ; Marchesa Ricci, *née* Eustace ; Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans ; Archbishop Ardin, of Sens ; Father MacDonald, of the Isle of Skye—formerly a chaplain in the Royal Navy—whom Americans would call a sky-pilot, perhaps ; Baroness Von Hugel, of Germany ; Countess Gyldenstople, of Sweden ; Miss Wauchope, whose uncle, the General, was killed in South Africa ; Miss Agnes Repplier, the charming American writer ; Princess Salm-Salm, and Monseigneur Begin, Archbishop of Quebec.

Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State under Pope Leo XIII, entered the *Academia Ecclesiastica* some months before I left in 1867, and later had made a very brilliant career. A Sicilian nobleman of ducal family, he grew up a man of magnificent proportions. He liked me very much, and told me that, with hazy notions then of what an American might be, he wanted to see me, that he had studied me, and was satisfied. I had

been already some time in Rome when he said one day to Monsignor Passerini, "Why doesn't Seton come to see me?" It was neglect on my part not to have done so earlier, but I am not one to pay court to cardinals or run after great people. I did not call on Cardinals Satolli, Steinhuber, or Ledokosky, Prefect of Propaganda, until each of them had expressed a wish to see me. I seemed to be better known abroad than in my native country, having left a name in Rome that was ignored in America. I drove then to the Vatican, and was received by Rampolla with the greatest cordiality; he bade me be seated on a sofa beside him, and tell him all about myself; said he was so pleased to meet me again, spoke of our Alma Mater days; said that he had heard excellent reports of me since I left the Academia with a brilliant reputation, wondered that I was no more than when he first knew me there—only a Protonotary Apostolic. We sat half an hour together, while quite a number of people were waiting in the antechamber to see him. He asked where I would go this summer, and I told him I had made no plans yet; he said that he liked to hear me talk, and hoped I would come back and tell him about my travels. I left with these parting words: "I know your open character—your retiring disposition—and that you are not one of those who come to see me only to ask a favour."

I moved into a new apartment in June, was settled by the fourth of July, and asked some

friends to meet in my rooms on that great day. My new flag, brought from America, was hung out of a parlour window at sunrise, and attracted attention. My reception was in the cool of the afternoon, and was honoured by all the guests I had ventured to invite—Cardinal Satolli, Judge Taft, Mr. Iddings (Secretary of the Embassy), Bishop O’Gorman, of Sioux Falls, Consul-General de Castro, Monsignor Denis O’Connell, Colonel Biddle-Porter, and Captain Lewis Harvie Strother. We had a great American talk, and finished the evening by drinking in champagne the health of the Pope and the President, and success to the Philippine Commission that had come to Rome on business with the Vatican. The week after this, Cardinal Rampolla sent word that he would be glad to see me before I left Rome to go travelling. I told him, when he asked me, that I would confine my tour to Upper Italy and the Lakes. The hot weather had set in. He said he felt it severely, had been able to get away from his work only once in sixteen years, and then it was to go no farther than Albano, to be at his mother’s death-bed. He is a noble-looking man of gentle manners and engaging disposition: expressed a wish to know more about America, and spoke in highest terms of Governor Taft for his courtesy and business aptitude, who came always honestly to the point without losing time or causing anxiety by beating around an affair as European diplomats are apt to do. I said I hoped he would be

some day President, and the Cardinal answered, "I am sure that he would fill any position with credit." I remembered then how Cardinal Siciliano di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento, who, while Nuncio in Paris, had known Mr. Levi P. Morton, United States Minister to France, spoke to me so highly of him, and gave him the same character (he became Vice-President).

I left Rome on Wednesday, July 30, in good weather, to go on my summer travels—begun without a plan, only off the beaten track, and changing from one place to another just as fancy led me. I hardly recognized Civita Vecchia, behind and around which the train now passes to run right into the maritime land of the Etruscans. The first important station is Corneto, where, alone in my compartment, and thus able to look out from either side without incommoding anyone, I saw the walls and houses of the town that had been the home of the Tarquins and the seat of the later and less legendary Vitelleschis. Soon after this, I got, on the left, a near view of Monte Argentaro rising out of the silvery sea, reminding me that Saint Paul of the Cross founded there the first house of the Passionists. I now came to a district of forest, swamp, and desolation,—the dreaded Maremma, with its background of mountains. Next I caught a glimpse of the sun-baked Cathedral, and Leaning Tower of Pisa; and, farther on, saw the glistening marble faces of Massa and Carrara. The rugged Apennines

rose in the distance, and nearer the wooded hills gaudily painted houses, and, between tunnels, little villages down in the rocky coves, with fishing boats hauled up on the beach and children dabbling in the water, caught the traveller's eyes until Genoa was reached after a delightful day's journey. I was away this year for only three months, revisiting in a leisurely manner Brescia and Desensano—intimately associated with Saint Angela Merici, foundress of the Ursuline nuns—and Verona—associated with *Romeo and Juliet*—and making excursions on the lakes of Como and Garda. From Aosta I visited the monastery of the Great Saint Bernard, and, from Milan, the town of Monza, to see the Iron Crown of Lombardy. At Perugia, I was shown privately the Nuptial Ring of Our Lady.

I had not long been back in Rome when Cardinal Satolli left word that he would like to talk to me about something and hear of my vacation. I went to St. John's, and found him in particularly good humour. "Let us go out on the terrace," he said, "and watch the sunset." It was a magnificent sight to see it drop below the Campagna in a blaze of glory. Then we walked a little backwards and forwards, in a solemn stillness, now that we had said the *Angelus* and the bells had ceased to ring. The Cardinal belongs to the Congregation of the Propaganda, and makes himself felt in the appointment of bishops in the United States. While I was telling him of Aosta

and Saint Anselm, he paid little attention, and his mind was evidently fixed on something else. Suddenly he seemed to wake up, and said, " Archbishop Feehan is dead ; would you go to Chicago ? " I answered, " Decidedly not." He replied impatiently, " Ah, then, we must take some one else." This ended the matter, but he wouldn't let me off so easily. He insisted that he ought to present me to the Pope, saying, " I tell you, as Archpriest of the Lateran, that you shall have a canonry." I thanked him for his kind solicitude, and refused to be bound down to choir work at my age. He was slightly put out, and could not understand my spirit of independence and cheap valuation of the honour, dignity, profit, and emoluments of office, and, of course, thought me more than ever fabulously rich. I wanted to be master of my own hours of pleasure and time of travel after many years of work and social ostracism in America, and I knew that canonical duty, conscientiously performed, was incompatible with such a life.

I was persuaded to preach the Advent sermons this year at San Silvestro. With my long habit of preaching and facility of expression, it was no more than an easy occupation. I went little as yet into society, although I had made many acquaintances. On one of the last days of the year I walked to the Vatican to offer my Christmas and New Year compliments to the Cardinal Secretary of State. He was more effusive than

ever, and spoke very plainly about my past life. "It was an outrage, and what had been your honour ought to have been recognized as such. One of our Academia—and with an excellent reputation—shall not be vilified." "I know what Your Eminence means—people have wondered that of set purpose apparently I was constantly passed over." "There must have been," he said, "some sinister influence at work. I will have an opinion from Cardinal Gibbons. Say nothing yourself." I let the matter drop, and thought no more of it.

1903. I walked up to the Lateran on the fourth of February, because it was the feast of Saint Andrew Corsini, when the magnificent family chapel is thrown open, and the public can go down into the crypt and see the princely tombs. In the other aisle is the only remaining fragment of Giotto's fresco portrait, from life, of Pope Boniface VIII, of the great House of Gaetani, proclaiming the Jubilee in 1300. There is no other family in Europe that can show the authentic image of an ancestor done by a celebrated artist over six hundred years ago. Many people in these days ridicule genealogical research as though it were a science of fools with long memories, but I suspect that ancestry like beauty is seldom despised except by those in whom it is wanting.

March the third was unfortunately a rainy day for the Jubilee, twenty-fifth anniversary of Leo's

election to the Papacy. I drove with my man to Saint Peter's, and after vesting in purple and ermine (*cappa magna*) took my precedence and seat among the Protonotaries Apostolic. It was the last time—though I did not know it—that I was to assist at a papal function in this subordinate rank. The Pope, in a gilded sedan chair, came down from his apartments to a side chapel of the basilica, where forty cardinals and two hundred bishops and prelates waited to meet him. After changing to the *Sedes Gestatoria*—a movable throne—he was borne in long procession to the chair. I had not seen the Holy Father since 1889. I noticed that the years had marked him. Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli, sub-Dean of the Sacred College, officiated on this occasion at the high altar, by special indult, a document seen affixed to one of the bronze columns over the tomb of the Apostles. When the Pope retired at the end of Mass and the clergy unrobed, I was introduced to Monsenor Nozadales, late Archbishop of Manila, who had come to Rome on business. He was a tall magnificent-looking Dominican. He told me what a pleasure it was to speak Spanish with me, and that he was unpopular with his own countrymen, who accused him of having been lukewarm in his sentiments when the Americans captured the Philippines. This reputation, I knew, had lost him the lucrative See of Valentia.

I called on Cardinal Martinelli at Eastertide to wish him a customary *Buona Pasqua*. He com-

plained that I came too seldom. We had a long talk. He spoke of my reputation in the Academia, and of the good reports he had heard of me in America ; wondered I wasn't made a bishop there. The Secretary of State sent word in May that he would like to see me. I went to the Vatican, and was received as warmly as ever. He said he had a flattering letter about me from Cardinal Gibbons, and that he would show it to the Pope.

On June 10, Feast of Saint Margaret of Scotland, one of my Patrons, I received an official communication that the Holy Father had appointed me Archbishop of Heliopolis. I immediately remembered a singular thing that had happened to me some years before. A poor old Irish widow, whose husband had been a soldier and was long dead, lived by herself in a shack in a bit of forsaken ground at the foot of the hill, or a sort of No Man's Land between upper and lower Jersey City, and always, when I passed, stood at her door and dropped a curtsy, without a word. I never spoke, only nodded in return. This went on for twenty years, until I was surprised one afternoon to see her cross the lonely street, curtsy as I stopped, look at me fixedly, and speak these words in a serious voice : " I know who you are ; I know the work you have done. They are keeping the mitre from you long. It is not right ; it is not right." Then, shaking her grizzled head, she went back. I said nothing, only thought it strange, and walked on. That very night she

died. I continued to do my duty, but, as I read over again at evening the letter from the Vatican, it came to mind that I, too, perhaps might say:

They also serve who only stand and wait.

The first one in Rome to call and congratulate me was Count Leiningen. On the 22nd of June I went to the Vatican to be invested with the rochet. We were sixteen bishops and archbishops gathered in the Throne Room until after the Secret Consistory, when the Pope came out, and sitting silently invested each one as his name was called from a list that Monsignor, now Cardinal, Bisleti held. When it was my turn, the Pope spoke, for the first and only time, to ask whence I came. I told him America. "Ah," he exclaimed, "a great country, a great country." I made bold to answer, "Yes, Holy Father. Indeed it is." Whereupon he insisted: "But America is only a daughter of England." "True, Holy Father. But '*O matre pulchra filia pulchrior*,' a daughter handsomer than her handsome mother." He smiled and said, "I perceive you have not forgotten your Horace." So the Pope had the last word, but I had, respectfully speaking, the best of the argument. Cardinal Martinelli agreed at once, with great satisfaction, to consecrate me on July 5. I say satisfaction, because he told me himself that long ago, when Delegate Apostolic in the United States, he had wondered and spoken of it that my name had not been sent to Rome for the Episcopate in

my native country; but that his position was too delicate, under the circumstances, to push the matter as he would have done had I made any advance to him. I never told him what Monsignor—now Cardinal—Sbaretti had once said, with a cunning smile, after dining with me in Jersey City: “Don’t you know our Italian proverb: ‘*Friar Modesto was never elected Prior*’? Why don’t you speak for yourself?”

Sunday, July 5, was a memorable day for me. The weather was fair and agreeably warm, and I was consecrated bishop in the beautiful chapel of the American College, my two Assistants, or Co-consecrators, being Archbishops Stonor, of Trebizond, and Panici, of Laodicæa. Everything passed off well. I was raised to the Plenitude of the Priesthood. The mitre had come—“Not according to the desire of men, but according to the Will of God” (1 Peter iv. 2).

July 6. It is rumoured in Rome that the Pope is very ill. His energetic character and advanced age are against him. I walked to the Vatican in the evening, and wrote my name in the register of callers and, meeting Count Pocci, a Chamberlain, in the Court of Saint Damascus, we lingered there under the stars, enjoying the cool air and conversing in subdued tones. The newsboys were calling out *extras* through the night.

Old Marquis de Castellane, of Paris, came to see me on July 14, and later Mr. Conway, European correspondent for a syndicate of American news-

papers, brought a card of introduction to me. I wrote out for him an account, which he used, of the benefits Pope Leo had conferred on the Church in the United States, but absolutely refused to give an interview on what he called the "chances" of certain Cardinals for the Tiara, telling him what I heard Monsignor Bedini say severely, forty years ago, to an American lady who had presumed to ask him who he thought might succeed Pius IX: "Madam, it is against all etiquette to speak of a successor to a living Pope." The lingering illness of our Holy Father was getting on the nerves of journalists who had come to Rome from every part of Europe, and made me think of King Charles II, polite to the last, who, before the end, begged pardon of those around him for taking such a long time to die.

July 20, I wrote in my diary: "The Pope is dead. Every one is thinking, reading, or talking about it all over the world. But, by order of the anti-clerical Government in Rome, the great bell Peterina on the Capitol does not toll for him, as it tolled anciently for his predecessors. The See of Peter mourns in silence. As Shakespeare said:

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night.

The weather, very warm at the time of the Pope's death, became afterwards so intensely hot that I suffered severely, and so left Rome on my summer travels before the month was quite out, going immediately to Switzerland. It was at

Rheims that I heard of the close of the conclave, and the election of Cardinal *Joseph Sarto*, who took the name of Pius X. I spent a week at Rheims. I reckon it a piece of good fortune to have seen that incomparable cathedral before its barbarous mutilation by the Germans. I returned to Rome on the thirty-first of October with an invigorated body, and a mind stored with the memory of many persons and places I had known in moving about.

My first private audience with the new Pope was in the evening on November 30. Court ceremonial has somewhat changed in the direction of greater simplicity since the death of Pius IX. Prelates, as I remember in my own case, were required in his time to appear at the Vatican in purple cassock and *mantelletta*; but one is now received in what is called *abito piano*, which is really nothing but the society costume of the higher clergy, corresponding to evening dress of lay gentlemen. Waiting in the antechamber for my turn, I spoke to a Franciscan, who had been Bishop of Iassy in Rumania, and to the dissatisfied Bishop of Lipari, who complained to me of the sorry diocese that had fallen to him—"a conglomeration of volcanic islands off the coast of Sicily," he called it. Punctually at half-past six o'clock, Monsignor Zichy, chamberlain on service, opened the door of the Pope's reception room, announced my name, ushered me in, and retired. When I had kissed the Pope's ring, he

bade me be seated. He looked new to the situation, careworn, and out of sorts ; told me how he regretted his gondola days in Venice, and felt the confined and waterless limits to which the present situation had reduced him. It touched me, he spoke so sincerely, and was so benignant, almost self-effaced, in his manner of addressing such an inconsiderable person as myself. He put me some questions about my life and occupations in America ; said he was glad it had been pastoral work—just what he had always liked—then asked me where I lived in Rome. “ *In Via Sistina, Holy Father.* ” “ Ah, it is a noble street. It was opened by a great Pope (Sixtus V), who left his name to it. I am pleased that you reside there ; bishops retired to Rome should live in proper style (*con decoro*),” adding that he would provide for me if I applied to him. After receiving a blessing, I backed out, feeling that I had passed another of the supreme moments of my life, and pleased with the certainty that I had made a good impression, and that he was sincere when he hoped he would see me again. I had been with him half an hour. I was given a private audience every year that I lived in Rome, and always after my return from travelling, because, as Cardinal Vives Tuto told me a few years later, the Pope once said to him, “ I like to see that American bishop ; he doesn’t come on business with a portfolio under his arm, or to ask a favour, but enlivens me with his talk about the places and people he has come across

on his long vacations." On one of these days the Pope was pleased, and smiled so—he was never known to laugh—that he got up, went to a large closet, opened it, and disclosed a shelf filled with ecclesiastical jewellery, saying, "I want to make you a present of a ring." He took one out at random, and gave it to me to open. It was an aquamarine stone from Brazil in a tasteful gold setting. "If you prefer another, help yourself." "Thank you, Holy Father. Another might have greater intrinsic value—but this one, coming directly from your hand, has more worth." He looked me steadfastly in the eye and: "Monsignor, you alone would have said that, because you are always a gentleman." On another occasion, he gave me a beautiful pectoral cross of Venetian workmanship. Americans of the higher class came to me rather than to the American College to get an audience of the Pope—public or private, in which latter case I introduced them in person, and became well known and popular in a certain set, as also my teas and lunches and children's parties, news of which sometimes came back to me from America.

Cardinal Vives liked to have me come and talk with him. He was a Spaniard, but, like others of his countrymen I have known in Rome and in Spain itself, so generous-minded that I have never perceived in them any open prejudice against Americans. The Cardinal used to tell me how he and the Capuchin Fathers, of whom he was the

Superior, got safely out of Guatemala with American assistance, during a bloody revolution, and up to San Francisco and across the continent to Rome, with little or no expense. Another indication of this spirit of forbearance is that I have never heard the word *Yankee*—of which our English cousins are not chary—applied to us by Spaniards. In fact, the only time I heard it in their language was fifty years ago out of the mouth of a Mexican bishop of dubious colour, who quoted to me once some lines of patriotic appeal he had taken down when a boy from a recruiting sergeant. I give them as a reminiscent curiosity of General Zachary Taylor's career, when he invaded Mexico in 1845 :

*Vamos, vamos, voluntarios, por la patria y por l'onor
Contra los Yankeos que vengan con Taylör.*

My first pontifical Mass was celebrated in the American College on December 8, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and Patronal Feast of the Church in the United States. Christmas fell this year on a Friday. Of course, there was no abstinence. I lunched at one o'clock at Countess Brazza's (Cora Slocum that was), and met a large company, among which was young Countess Andreozzi, who is half American. On December 31 I pontificated at San Silvestro for the Feast of the Titular Saint of the Church, and in the afternoon went to tea with Countess Telfener and friends in the curiously rambling old Gabrielli

Palace on Monte Giordano, one of the interesting quarters, almost unchanged, of Mediæval Rome. She wanted me particularly to come, that I might meet her mother, who was eighty-two years old, and asked for a blessing from "dear Mother Seton's grandson" at the end of the year which she thought might be her last. As I was returning, I stopped at Trinità dei Monti for the sunset, and was rewarded with an unusual one. The sky, dark with rain-clouds on either side of Saint Peter's, was perfectly clear behind it, bringing out the dome and cross in triumphant relief :

Stat Crux Dum Volvitur Orbis.

And with this Carthusian motto in mind, I finished the year 1903.

1904. When I came to Rome and settled down comfortably in an apartment at 8 Via Sistina—which I furnished with taste and modest elegance—I soon found that the American part of Roman Society was well represented by high-caste marriages that reflected credit on our country. These ladies were Princess Ruspoli Poggio-Suasa, Duchess of Arcos, Princess di Camporeale, Marchesa Spinola, Countess Barbiellini-Amidei, and a very few others, who were gentlewomen with a background of family at home. Of the five American ambassadors in Rome during my twelve years' later residence there, two had very unpopular wives ; one was hampered by a busybody mother-in-law ;

the fourth, Mr. O'Brien, was well-born; while the fifth and last, Mr. Nelson Page, had a literary reputation and the social qualities of a gentleman of Virginia. My cousin, Poggio-Suasa, had long introduced me into the best of Italian and foreign society in Rome. She was tall, handsome, and a devout convert. Her sister, Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord, living habitually in Paris, used to come to Rome every winter for a short stay. Through these, I knew every one worth knowing, and they were proud of their Seton connexion, as I was of them. I soon became satiated with society life, and tried to disentangle myself, maintain friendship with a few families to whom I was devoted, and neglect the rest as politely as I could—which once brought upon me the gently imparted remonstrance, flattering to my personality, from a society leader, Countess della Somaglia (*née* Doria): “*Monseigneur, vous ne suivez pas vos connaissances.*”

I became quite an adept in notes of excuse and regret about invitations which I did not care to accept, and discovered a middle term between plain spoken truth and social veracity. Archbishop Stonor had retired not long after I arrived, leaving me the only Monsignor to frequent society, no doubt because, as old Don Giacomo, Prince Rospigliosi, in taking me one day after dinner through the State apartments of his palace, regretfully said, “I remember, in my mother’s time, when these rooms would be filled on her ‘day’

with cardinals, bishops, and prelates, but where could such men be recruited *now*? ” It was different under Pius IX. Prince Orsini also, speaking to me once of some of Marion Crawford’s Roman novels, told me that in his youth society was more joyous when the laity and clerical worlds were not divided, as they became after the loss of the temporal power, since when, too, vocations to the Church from the higher classes have perceptibly fallen off. The old prince told me that so few strangers entered Roman society in those far-back days that the language of the country was always spoken, and went on to say that as a child it was jokingly said that in “that little affair of Paradise God spoke in Italian, Eve in French, Adam in English, and the devil in German.” I was a particular friend of the Cappellis, who always said of me that I was *tanto simpatico*, and had a standing invitation there to every lunch, tea, dinner, and reception, although I went but seldom. The *marchese* was a tall, handsome, and scholarly-looking man, President of the Geographical Society, which gave me an opportunity to talk of geography, always a favourite subject with him, as it was, too, with Don Emilio de Ojeda, Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, who directed me one day in my American atlas along the route of his ancestor, a companion of Columbus.

In Rome, sooner or later, all noticeable names are sure to be heard, and it is this that makes high-life there so interesting to a reflecting and

imaginative mind ; for, as Newman says, " No society is so varied as the Roman." Poggio-Suasa sent word to me one morning to please come to tea that afternoon, because she expected two Sicilian princesses, who had heard of me in Palermo, and whom she wanted me to meet. I went and saw at the same time a Caracciolo, who spoke to me of that admiral of their family " so infamously shot by Nelsōne," she said, and a Gravina, great-granddaughter—to use her own words—" of that unfortunate admiral of Trafalgar." It was at smaller gatherings like these rather than at large receptions that I could study types, no woman impressing me quite so strongly as South Italy ones of beauty and great name. To look at them I thought how hot in love and how furious in hate might these women be, who had mingled their blue blood with that of the earlier Norman conquerors ; and I noticed that they were always more prompt than others to bend and kiss my episcopal ring, as if in hereditary recognition of sacerdotal rank and authority. What I found so attractive was the tempered tone of voice, attuned to the rooms and the occasion. The company might be talkative, even gay, but ladies hardly laughed audibly. Their laugh, if any, was clear and fluent as a musical note. Once only did I hear a metallic laugh : it sounded like a shriek, and came from an American at her legation.

Society in Rome, as probably elsewhere, is sadly changed since the Great War—broken,

disjointed, scattered, and disorganized. The very ingredients, especially diplomatic ones, are wanting to reconstitute that refined, delightful, and tolerant international company that I knew. Some one wrote to me that I had fallen out of it, fortunately, just in time not to witness its disintegration ; and as late as 1922, Princess Cassano wrote me, with perhaps a little feminine exaggeration, that "Society is still topsy-turvy, and the worst set of dishonest upstarts has rushed in."

I began 1904 with pontificating at Propaganda for the Feast of the Epiphany, and in the afternoon preached an English sermon at San Silvestro. The Grand Duchess of Weimar, a Protestant, and her lady of honour, were there in reserved seats.

If it be asked what I did with myself, no longer having a parish to attend to, during those years in Rome, I will say that I was very much in demand for pontificating at Solemn High Mass, or at first and second vespers, in almost all the churches of the city ; in imparting First Communion, in giving Confirmation, in preaching, in consecrating chalices and patens, in reading, studying, taking an ornamental part in Papal functions, and going into Society. It was made known, according to custom, when and where a bishop was to pontificate, and the congregation was always overflowing, for the Romans are a church-going people on weekdays as on Sundays. I was patient and willing to wait for the choir or anyone or anything else that might be late. It

was seldom that I could break my fast before two o'clock in the afternoon, unless I remained to dinner with the community, on the principle, *Ubi Missa Ibi Mensa*, to which, on experience, I disliked to conform, because a banquet of Italian friars was only too often a feast of greasy and barbaric abundance. Old Prince Massimo, who never missed one of my pontificals, used to wonder that, in a frail body, I had such a strong voice, and a Professor of Elocution in the Apollinaris College, who came at the end of one of my Masses, told him that it was a climax and an anti-climax to hear my *Dominus Vobiscum* roll through the church, followed by the Deacon's squeaky little *Ite Missa Est*, like a baby's rattle.

The courtesy, worth, and attainments of the Irish are known to every one. Personally I could feel at home only in the Irish College, where I several times pontificated, and frequently dined, and lectured before the Oliver Plunket Society. I was to leave Rome for good at the end of March, 1914, and was invited to celebrate my last pontifical Mass, on Saint Patrick's Day, at the Irish College, but, meanwhile, the Cardinal-Deacon (Bisleti) sent word unexpectedly that he was coming to preside on his throne as Titular of Saint Agatha's (the College church). The Rector, Monsignor O'Riordan, called at once to see me, and begged me to revoke my assent, and they would find a substitute, because a bishop pontificating in a church in the presence of the Cardinal-Titular

must conform to certain ceremonial restrictions and diminutions of dignity, adding, with a smile, "We think too much of Archbishop Seton to subject him to that."

The Palazzo Severoli, fronting one end of the oblong Piazza Santi Apostoli, is interesting to people of Jacobite traditions fascinated by the story of the Stuarts, because Prince Charles Edward died here, and from here his younger brother, commonly called Cardinal Duke of York, went forth to study for the Church and die, Bishop of Frascati, burying with him the hopes of a royal race irrevocably doomed. The first ceremonious tea I was invited to on coming to Rome was in this historical house, identified by a memorial tablet on the wall opposite the grand staircase. Countess Barbielini Amidei—of old American stock and so popular for her winsome ways—whose husband bore the name and represented one of the noble Florentines who founded the Servites of Mary, in the thirteenth century, occupied the first floor of the palace. She brought together a number of people whom she thought I would like to meet and who would be glad to know me: three American countesses, Brazza di Savorgnan, Frenfanelli—a cousin of mine—and her only daughter, Strozzi-di-Mantua, Muccioli, whose husband, an officer of the Noble Guard, brought the *Zuchetto* to Cardinal Gibbons; Marchesa Vitelleschi, daughter of Lord Lamington, authoress of "A Court in Exile," in which she treats

of this very house and its royal tragedy ; Don Ulrico Falconière and his pretty cousin, Contessina Laura di Carpegna, who, the youngest unmarried and a very nice girl, poured tea. It was here that I first made her acquaintance, and as a favourite of mine she almost always poured at my own teas ; Countess Gianotti and her daughter Marcella ; Countess Trivulsio, “ of the Dukes of Gallerati-Scotti of Milan ” ; Mrs. Frances Kerr, of the Lothian family. Besides these younger guests, there was the old Duchess of Bomarzo who *would* speak English to me, because her mother was Lady Gwendoline Talbot, Princess Borghese, now remembered only in legends. At the first reception that I went to in the Palazzo di Venezia, magnificent seat of the Austrian embassy to the Vatican, after introducing Count Bentivoglio d’Aragona to Lady Rumbold, I spoke to an old lady sitting alone, who seemed a trifle neglected. She was pleased with my attention. It was the Countess de Castries, daughter of that chivalrous General de la Moricière whom I had seen in Rome in 1860, when commander of the Papal troops. In speaking to her, I felt that she had come down to us from another generation that belonged to an historical epoch of great changes in Church and State.

I was so fortunate as to meet, during my later residence in Rome, many Catholic converts or members of old Catholic families of Great Britain coming here at devotional seasons. The one I

was most attracted to was Lady Herbert of Lea, and—for our mutual love of Scotland—to Major-General Lord Ralph Kerr and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr. It was far from the days when, standing one afternoon with Stonor on Piazza di Spagna, he left me a moment, and stepping up to Lord Stafford—who was quite near us—asked whether he could introduce me. “An American? No. I don’t want to know Americans—Common lot. Common lot.” Early in April I dined with Poggio-Suasa, and, a day or two after, at Marchesa Capelli’s, and both times remained for the receptions, at which I met many people from almost all parts of Europe and America, my only untitled compatriot being the widow of ex-President Harrison. I remember a few of these for having met at them old Countess de la Ferronays, mother of Mrs. Augustus Craven, whom I had known in Paris, and we spoke of her touching “Sister’s Story”; Duc de Rohan and daughter; Mr. Wyndham, first Secretary of the English embassy; Lord Dormer, Lord Lascelles (Earl of Harewood’s son), the two daughters of Sir Edward Thornton, late of Washington; a beautiful young Russian, Countess Apraxin, with a ripple-water voice which made her French so dulcet when she spoke; and a smart cavalry officer, Count Piccolomini of Siena, representative and heir of that celebrated Renaissance Pope, Pius II. The Italian nobility is not inhospitable, but they live very simply in their villas or country houses, and are

jealously exclusive, and do not easily admit foreigners to their private life, aware that fortune is often evidence of recent and low extraction. I had seven invitations to their country houses the first year I was in Rome, and a dozen before I left it.

On May 5, at Poggio-Suasa's, I had quite a nice time (between the music) speaking to Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of the great Confederate general; to Mrs. Walter Fearn, whom I had known at Athens when her husband was U.S. Minister there; to Baroness Fava, who told me of her agreeable life when she lived in Washington; to Lady Wantage, whom I last met, eight years ago, sketching the ruins of a temple in Upper Egypt; to Count Baglioni, once a great family of Perugia; to Count and Countess de Sartiges, of the French embassy to the Vatican.

On June 12, I ordained, at San Silvestro, two English converts of distinction: Father Evans, who brought his whole parish with him when he joined the Church, and young Hugh Benson, a writer, and son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Father Evans remembered to say "Thank you" to me when it was over. June is not generally a very hot month in Rome, and, the society season being over, I gave most of my time to libraries, art galleries and museums, and always took a walk for exercise in Villa Borghese, but I went this afternoon, 14th, to the Palatine and wandered there two hours. It was pleasant to hear the

twitterings, calls and songs of birds, to see the many-coloured wild flowers growing among the ruins, and the green trees and the pretty butterflies chasing one another in gentle love. I sat on a broken column in the shade and thought a moment, before leaving, of

The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns,

and on my way back to Via Sistina overtook young Count Malatesta, and talking with him made me think of the Middle Ages and the decay of old families. He reminded me—I had forgotten—that we had dined together recently at the Capellis. I spoke of his name, immortalized by Dante in that tale “so full of tears” of Paolo and Francesca. “Now,” he answered, “we own absolutely nothing in Rimini.” These Italians have all the passive virtues; they never quarrel with Fate. I love them.

December 3. I was told by an English convert lady, scandalized, that the Gentles, privileged to assist at Papal functions in the tribune of the *Patriziato Romano*, dared to belittle the Pope for being “from an humble stock.” I told her that it was very wrong, because his position is so sovereignly exceptional that no one should think of what he was, but only of what he is. Nevertheless, it is a human failing hard to overcome, of the majority of mankind, to prefer for superiors men of good origin. The Jesuit, Pallavicini, remarks

in his "History of Pope Alexander VII (Chigi)" that "nobility of birth, although no necessary condition, adds dignity and splendour to the Pontiff."

On December 8 the Pope officiated in Saint Peter's, where Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli, tall and of such lordly presence when standing up, looked mean as Assistant Priest sitting at the Pope's feet on a stool without a back to it, and I noticed that the Pope's white *Zuchetto* was left falling over his ear—it looked so disreputable—all through the "Gloria"—and not one of those beside him had the sense to put it squarely on his venerable head; but it seems written in the bond of servitude that the more servants a master has the worse he is served. I occupied a seat in the front row of Archbishops, immediately behind the Cardinals and exactly back of thick-necked, very learned Cardinal Taliani, whose wheezy breathing I could catch and who looked so apoplectic that I was afraid he might have a stroke at any moment and create a scene, but Sudden Death fortunately held off this time, and His Eminence was found decently dead in his bed one morning three days later.

December 15. The weather was beautiful—that mild and sunny winter weather that is so perfect in Rome while it lasts. I walked up to San Stefano Rotondo for the laying of the corner-stone of the new Hospital of the English Blue Nuns by Cardinal-Vicar Respighi. There was to be a

collection, and Father Bernard Vaughan preached the Charity Sermon and got ten liras out of me. We were three Archbishops—Stonor, Redwood, and I—seated in arm-chairs under the pulpit; and when, in an impassioned peroration, he described “ a good man visiting a starving family, and bringing to their miserable home his arms full of sunshine,” I whispered to Archbishop Redwood, from New Zealand, that perhaps the good man would have done better if he had brought his arms full of sandwiches.

I went up late in the afternoon to Villa Cellimontana — formerly Mattei — to Baroness Von Schoenberg’s reception, where I spoke to Marchesa Capelli, Mr. Abbot, of Boston, Princess Altieri, Baroness Rantzau, and others. I left in an hour and walked a bit in the park to watch the sunset over the Campagna and recite the Angelus on the precise spot, now marked by an inscribed slab, to which Saint Philip Neri, three hundred years ago, used to bring his boys; and, sitting on a stone bench under an umbrella pine-tree, talk to them of God and His works. In February I went to tea at Palazzo Severoli, because the countess had written that she particularly wished me to meet “ an aristocrat of the South ” who was on a short visit to Rome. I found her guest, Mrs. Burton Harrison, *née* Cary, of Fairfax county, Virginia, a lady of considerable information, but still, she had to ask me, as have so many others, whether I was descended from Mary Seton of the

ballad. I assured her that while of kin, I was not, because she never married, but after sharing the Queen Mary's captivity for many years, was allowed to fulfil her early vow, and died a nun at Rheims.

February 4. In the afternoon, I took tea for the last time with Marchesa Teodoli—Lily Conrad that was. Her daughter and the rest of the family were gathered there. We were alone to talk, without interruption from strangers, of the old days when she was a little girl, and I knew her mother and grandmother living on Piazza di Spagna, during our Civil War, while I was in the Academia. They were breaking up house and didn't know where they would live, and we might not meet again. It was like the parting of old friends. The Marquis, in accompanying me out to the head of the marble stairs, stopped a moment at the magnificent bust of the only Cardinal of his name, and asked me to take a last look at it, saying with pride, "This is the man who made Sixtus V Pope" (1585). I asked him sympathetically if it wasn't hard to lose his ancient and historical palace on the Corso, which the Government had seized by right of eminent domain. I was shocked to hear him say that he had got a good price, and that was all that mattered.

On the night of February 6, I went to a brilliant reception given by the Marquis de Tovar at the Spanish embassy to the Holy See. The invita-

tions were more restricted and more select than at the last reception in the famous Palazzo di Venezia of Count Szecsen. The Palazzo di Spagna has no very great frontage, but immense depth, and is more newly and more richly furnished than that of Austria-Hungary. I remember speaking there to Princess Salviati ; Countess Hoyos, who told me she liked America and that one of her sons was born in Washington when her husband was in diplomacy there ; Baroness Von Truchses, of Bavaria, a great name at the period of the Reformation ; Countess Taube ; Countess Soderini and husband ; Countess Nesselrode and daughters, of an old Westphalian family, and Countess Stolberg-Stolberg and daughter. It was this lady's Catholic grandfather who gave that proud answer to his king, Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia, who one day reproved him publicly for his conversion, with " How dare you depart from the creed of your forefathers ? " " Sire, I have returned to the Religion of my ancestors."

On February 24, a lovely afternoon, while the sun was still high, I went by invitation of Professor Boni, Director of Excavations in the Forum, to meet him and a lady he thought I would like to know, and whom he had asked to join me in going around with him at our leisure, strangers excluded, while he would show to us and explain the latest discoveries. The lady arrived. At first sight, with a few minutes' conversation, I knew she would be a valuable and agreeable acquisition to

my growing band of acquaintances. She was still young and handsome—Madame Steinmann, *née* Baroness de Gerfelt, as Boni introduced her to me. It was one of the pleasantest situations of my life to find myself in such company, on a day so beautiful, among the mutilated pedestals and statues of the Vestals, beneath the impending ruins of the Palatine, and amidst the remains of Roman antiquity, from the Arch of Titus to that of Septimius Severus, while the westering sun cast his rays through the higher tiers of the Flavian Amphitheatre all along the Forum.

March opened with that healthy, exhilarating coolness peculiar to early spring in Rome, and making such delightful and good walking weather. I went to Madame Steinmann's on the first of the month. She lived on Piazza Ara Coeli, at the foot of the Capitol, and in the same house in which Leo XIII had an apartment when Monsignor Pecci, as is known by a tablet on that floor. The husband was not there. He has been for a long time engaged in making a coloured reproduction of all the paintings of the Sistine Chapel, on an order from the Ministry of Fine Arts in Berlin. At the house, I met one of our mutual friends, Monsignor Wilpert, of distinction in the archaeological world, of the catacombs particularly, where he is doing the same work on the frescoes there, on an order from the Vatican; and Monsignor de Skirmunt of Wilna who came in after me. Madame Steinmann's mother, a dear old lady,

type of a *Von* whose fortune is low, but whose pride of birth is still high, sat before a silver tea-set, each piece of which had the Gerfelt crest engraved on it. I had other opportunities of seeing these two, but I never met the man, and I soon guessed correctly that the matrimonial *mésalliance* oppressed the ladies, for I never saw either of them in society. It was a relief when they could see me, because it gave them the momentary satisfaction of being for a while in their own social sphere. Poor Madame Steinmann showed always a shade of dissatisfaction with her bourgeois life, and I remember so well how her look brightened one late afternoon when I was standing outside of a second-hand book store, and she, passing, stepped up and spoke to me, and begged me to call again. She died within a year of our acquaintance. My first visit with the de Gerfelts was so agreeable, and I was so pleased, that I remained an hour, and left, with regret, because I had promised Princess Brancaccio (Field, of N.Y.) that I would positively go to her reception on that afternoon.

The ample and superb apartment of the family palace was a contrast to the simple little one I had just left. Here was a company of well-dressed men and richly gowned women—one of splendour but not of repose—a rout of people stamped with the hall-mark of good society, yet unmistakably frivolous ; the younger women like butterflies always on the wing through that long

suite of rooms; the hostess as agreeable as ever. I met many people I knew, and those I didn't know wanted to know me. The first man who spoke to me was Fabrizio-Massimo, and I remember speaking later to his wife, a Bourbon princess; to Countess della Gherardesca—a Dante name; to Countess Rita Strozzi, come on from Florence; to Count Luchesi-Palli, come on from Naples; to Mrs. Carroll of Carrollton, *née* Bancroft; to Prince Carini; and to Lady Vivian, who looked fatigued and asked me to sit a while with her and her sweet-faced little daughter Alexandra, beside a bright open fireplace. Parties were brought up to be introduced to me; and, beginning soon to think that it wasn't polite to be ensconced there, I rose with regret to mingle again in the general company, but I love children so much that I hated to part with that pretty puss, in whose eyes I saw more philosophy and more to dream of than ever I drew out of books.

The charm of that long street—Via Merulana—is gone. I remember when it was unpaved and more of a road than a street. The sidewalks were green with grass and overhung by shady trees, and a small church, San Mateo, now demolished, stood at the dip of the hill. It was the only one of this name in Rome. I remember passing there one day with Professor Visconti and smiling at his remark that it was no wonder the Roman nobility was impoverished when they had so little devotion to the Apostle who was money-

changer and banker as to leave him with such a mean little church.

On March 15, Feast of Saint Isidore of Spain, called the Labourer, I brought to the Father Guardian the chalices and patens I had consecrated the day before and pontificated Mass in his church, which is one of the neatest and most interesting of the modern ones in Rome. It belongs to the Irish Franciscans, from among whom came the ministers, servers, organist, and singers of the Mass, and everything was done correctly. I pontificated often again in this church on the patronal feast and on Saint Patrick's day ; and note here that I have been fortunate during my twelve years in Rome never to have had a Pontifical service of any kind marred by bad weather, but, by favour of God, I always brought good weather with me even in mere social functions. I never had a tea, a lunch, or a dinner made disappointing to my guests by rain. After Mass and dinner, at Saint Isidore's, I was shown over the convent and told that the British Ambassador of the time had saved it from the rapacity of the Quirinal government. The great hall—a noble chamber—had its walls covered with portraits and scholastic pictures ; and in an oratory upstairs the venerable bones of Luke Wadding (1588-1657), learned Annalist of the Order, are preserved in an oaken chest. In another room, the sword of one of the great O'Neils of Tyrone can be seen under glass. I took tea very

quietly alone in the later afternoon, for the first time, with a dear friend, Henrietta Countess Cardelli, daughter of Count de Lútzow, a former Austrian Ambassador to the Holy See. She lives in a small but beautiful palace on a little square of the family name. I found her so well-informed and so devoted to the memory of my holy grandmother, Mrs. Seton, whose life she had read in French, German, and Italian, that I felt ashamed not to have come before when she had so often asked me.

An old friend, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, left a card on me ; so I went down next day to the Hotel Minerva where he was staying, and had an hour's talk. We had not met for some years, and I found him sadly changed in looks, but remaining the same amiable man he ever was. He always takes a rose-coloured view of things, and, like me, has been wanting in what the Jesuit, Balthasar Gracian of Salamanca, who wrote a work on it two centuries ago, calls "The Art of Worldly Wisdom."

The weather was fine on March 16, and I was glad for the Massimos ; their *Day*—the only one in their fallen fortunes and the only family that the Romans—common ones—*Romani del campi-doglio*, as they qualify themselves, really cherish. I had met old Prince Massimo a few days before, and he had made me promise to come at last and say Mass in their domestic chapel—which had been the room of Saint Philip Neri's miracle on

a Massimo, three hundred years ago, and come to the afternoon reception. So I went down early to the famous Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne, where the Prince in evening dress met me at the head of the stairs and brought me into the chapel, where I said Mass at six o'clock, served by a chaplain and two boys. I took *petit déjeuner* afterwards with the Princess and her daughter, Countess Zilleri dal Verme, who is a clever talker and almost handsome. The Princess, when I visited her, always handed me a cup of tea herself. She would never let a servant wait on me. Another acquaintance was the Juno-like Duchess of Mondragone, *née* Lanza di Trabia, of Palermo, daughter-in-law of Prince Giustiniani Bandini. We spoke of romantic Sicily, and she insisted that I should come and take tea with her as soon as I could, because her husband, Viscount Kynnaïrd, she reminded me, was part Scotch, and the Setons and Livingstones intermarried centuries ago. After this I made the most unexpected acquaintance imaginable — a young Countess Bellegarde, *née* Mastai-Feretti, a grand-niece of Pope Pius IX. I was overjoyed, and we retired to one of the window seats of a farther room, for conversation. I spoke of her great-uncle, whom she had never seen—how handsome and lovable he was, of his benevolence to me, putting me in the Academia, making me his first American Monsignor. I said that I held his memory most dear. My words affected her so much that tears rose to her eyes, as she said,

“ It is only from you—from far-off America—that I hear anything so kindly spoken of our Pope.” It is notorious that all of the relatives of Pius IX were strangely put on one side by his successor, and to no cleric of the family, however worthy, did he offer the customary *Restituzione di Capello*, as it was called in the Roman Curia. A gold medal was sent to one of them on the semi-centennial of the Immaculate Conception. That was all. We rose, and I brought her back to the old Princess, and left, admiring again the antique style of rooms, the painted timber ceilings, the opaque roundels of small windows with coloured glass set in metal panes, the furniture so ancient, some old family portraits, and, in a corner, the last sedan chair ever used in Rome over a hundred years ago, and kept in the hall as a curiosity. On this one day of the year, the front of the palace is draped in gala, and tapestries are let fall from the first story with the proud family motto—*Cunctando Restituit Rem*—worked on them in coloured threads. When the Czar Nicholas I was lodged in Rome he asked the then Prince Massimo with an insolent air of uncertainty: “ Is it true, Prince, that you are descended from Fabius Maximus ? ” “ Sire,” he answered, “ it has been believed in Rome for two thousand years.”

The Massimos were long the hereditary Postmasters of the States of the Church, and the general post-office of Rome was for hundreds of years in the rear of their palace on a street whose

name—Strada delle Poste Vecchie—still points to this. It was transferred later to the Piazza Colonna, where I found it when I went to Rome in 1857. Don Fabrizio Massimo, Prince of Anticoli di Corrado, the second son, coming to tea with me once, told me a great deal about his family mansion, called *alle Colonne* from its curved and columned façade, which came near being sheared off when the neo-Italians wanted to enlarge the Via Nazionale, but there were too many protests against the barbarism. There are notices in their archives of a Massimo house having occupied this same site since the year 1012. In less turbulent times, a palace called *del Portico* rose in its place, but was in part destroyed during the sack of the city by Germans under the Constable de Bourbon in 1527. Ten years later the present structure was erected, in Doric style, by the architect, Peruzzi. We walked down afterwards to the palace, and he conducted me all through that oldest and most singular of Roman houses that makes no great show outside, but covers wide ground, forming an irregular block of tenanted buildings coalescing behind and on the rear sides in picturesque disorder. Looking up from the back, one sees on the walls what were once beautiful fresco paintings, but are now faded and in parts washed out by exposure to the elements. The living apartments are on the first and second floor of the Palace. Entering almost from the level of the street, I passed through the ground-

floor from end to end of stone-paved court-yards open to the sky, dark stables with horses in their stalls and hayricks above them, blank walls, fountains discharging into marble troughs, cut out and sculptured and used in pagan times for sepulchres, grim supporting pillars looming out of semi-obscurity, and other strange-looking things that gave a haunting sense of unknown depths beneath the vaulted flooring, and of some mysterious influence creeping around.

Bessie Talleyrand came over one day with an urgent message from her sister, begging me to be sure to come on the 18th, because Bishop Potter, of New York, who was on a short visit to Rome, was to dine there, and we were somehow related, since Frances Seton had married his uncle, the episcopal Bishop of Philadelphia. She wanted to bring us together. I went, of course, knowing him to be a gentleman of fine presence and a good public speaker. I was in full society dress—*habito piano*—while Bishop Potter wore the Roman collar, a salmon-tailed clerical-cut coat, and close-breasted vest, out of which peeped a slender gold chain with, presumably, a diminutive cross at the end of it. There was a large reception at ten o'clock, and half Rome was there until midnight and later.

A few days after this, I received a cable announcing my brother William's death. He was a little over seventy, loved and respected by all; a captain in the Civil War—answering the Presi-

dent's first call for volunteers in 1861—a writer and author, an officer of the Loyal Legion—

A Man of Letters and of Manners, too.

Of a modest, chivalrous, and unselfish disposition, when badly wounded he lay in a barn on straw, bloody after the sanguinary battle of Antietam, and turned (I was told) with painful effort, more than once, to feed a Confederate captain of North Carolina stretched beside him helpless, with both arms shot off. Weekly news from him had been a bond of our mutual affection, for he knew how lonely I often felt even amidst the gaieties I wrote about. I went into mourning immediately, and gave up society for the rest of the year.

March 21, Feast of Saint Benedict, I walked over to his little church in Trastevere, which is believed to occupy the site of his home when he lived in Rome before retiring to the solitude of Subiaco. The Lancelotti family have the right of patronage, and pay for the expense of the Feast. Only a few poor people of the neighbourhood were present, with the Princess—an Aldobrandini—and her daughters, seldom met in general society, who, dressed in black, came from their Palace on foot to assist, as they do every year, at the devotions. I spoke to them afterwards, and was struck by their beautifully clear-cut, pale, and delicate features. It set them so distinctly, outwardly, at least, apart from and superior to the people about, as though they belonged to another race. I observed them as a student of types; yet, after

all, it was only the difference between porcelain and clay. The aristocratic sense is still strong in Italy, but particularly in Piedmont and Sicily, as Prince Cito of Naples told me. The Lancelottis were intensely black, and have kept one-half of their palace-gate closed—a Roman custom in sign of bereavement—ever since 1870. There is a still older but smaller palace of the family hidden away in the narrow Via della Impresa at Monte Citorio, condemned to disappear for the enlargement of the House of Deputies. I went one day to take a last look at it before the street was closed and work to demolish it had begun. Two Doric columns in the court-yard supported a gallery with a tragic history, for up here Hugo Bassville, Jacobin agent of the Revolutionary Government at Paris, was brought to die, in 1793, with cries of anger from the Italians and threats of vengeance from the French. On the left, as one mounted the stair, a tablet on the wall commemorated, almost approvingly, the Chaud-Medley murder of the Republican Envoy on the neighbouring Corso, ending with this line from Vincenzo Monti's "Bassvilliana": *Allor conobbi che fatale é Roma.*

1906. Cardinal Mathieu, the French Cardinal *in Curia*, called on me one day and sat familiarly by the fire, and talked of conversions among English-speaking people; approved of my apartment as remarkably neat and everything in such perfect order, "but not quite large enough for your name

and rank." He said I spoke French well, paid me other compliments, and put me in the way of making the acquaintance of Carolus Duran, the new Director of the Academy of France. The following week the Cardinal wrote a note inviting me to breakfast with him. Going, I met around the table Monseigneur le Camus, Bishop of Rochelle, the Vicar-General of Besançon, and the same of Albi, who, I heard, was soon to have a diocese of his own. Most of the conversation was about Church and State affairs in France, of which I did not know enough to join in and shine ; but our eminent host made a sudden diversion in my favour, saying that Cardinal del Drago (who is a prince by birth) had asked to have me introduced to him, because he and others had noticed that I was the only prelate in Rome that saluted a Cardinal in the proper manner. And with this there was talk of a general decadence, in the lesser clergy, of what is called in French *tenue*, and in English, perhaps, deportment. Students of the German College were the only ones who kept ranks on the street, and never attracted a crowd in the Villa Borghese, kicking up their cassocks at football.

At teas this month, I met many nice people ; at Madame Carolus Duran's (who received on Sundhays) Princess Pallavicini, and Madame Narishkine, wife of the Minister to the Holy See, who, although Orthodox, always kissed my episcopal ring. It was at her house and in this month

that I first met Princess Caffarelli, whose palace on the Capitol is now, to her regret, the German Embassy. She said, "it was an eye-sore," "as bad," I added, "as it was at Constantinople"—to see that flag dominating so arrogantly everything around. Here, too, I met other Russian friends—Baron Gustav von Schilling and his beautiful sister Olga; Prince and Princess Wolkonsky, Baron von Wrangel, and Baroness Korf, *née* Kleinmichel—a great name lately in Saint Petersburg society; and it grieves me to ask myself, safe in my native land, what has become, after the Great War, of these sympathetic Russian nobles?

On March 25, Cardinal Mathieu called for me in his carriage, and drove me up to Palazzo Medici to sit and talk while Carolus Duran was painting his portrait. This courtly artist has a studio in the park, which is full of sunshine, flowers, and song-birds, and, on Thursday afternoons, receives his friends at tea. He is a handsome man, and dresses in velvet *à la Velasquez*—of whom he believes himself the successor. We found there already Marchese Monaldi and wife, Captain de Saint Pair—naval attaché of France—Princess Fabrizio Massimo and daughter, and others. During my remaining years in Rome, I was a frequent Thursday afternoon caller at Duran's studio, as I found it such a pleasant trysting-place to agree on with anyone I cared particularly to meet, and such a pleasure now and then to leave the studio with a

chosen companion, and have either society chit-chat or serious conversation while walking among the trees of this famous *giardino* of Medicean taste and opulence.

April 27. In exquisitely fine spring weather, I went down this morning with a party of the Monte Cassino committee to inspect the crypt that we are building there for a more worthy resting-place of Saint Benedict, Patriarch of the Monks of the West, and of his sister, Saint Scholastica, Spiritual Mother of that long and illustrious line of Benedictine nuns, who have been for over fourteen hundred years an example to their sex. The train left Rome at eight o'clock, and I was entranced for three hours by the loveliness of a panorama of mountains, hills, and towns, as we ran south through the wide Campagna Valley, alive with ancient and mediæval history. As the traveller approaches, he gets a view on the left of the great white building of Monte Casino. It is a little disappointing in its unimpressive simplicity, as something beneath the dignity of the once-famous seat of authority of one who, with extended ecclesiastical and civil jurisdiction, was known for centuries as Abbot of Abbots and Premier Baron of the Kingdom of Naples. But many misfortunes have overtaken it, and it has been several times destroyed and rebuilt. Carriages met us at the station, and soon brought us up by a winding road to the monastery so magnificently situated and so renowned throughout the world.

I had visited here on several previous occasions, said Mass at the tomb of the Saints, had been shown the treasures of the library, and looked on the country farther back and all around from every point of view. The crypt—to the enlargement and embellishment of which we all contributed—is being finished and will be a work of art and devotion. We had dinner, at different tables, in the gallery. Arch-Abbot Krug, the Kaiser's favourite, presided at the principal one, as head of the community, and with him were Archbishop Walsh, Abbot Gasquet, Prior Jansens, and myself—Germany, Ireland, England, Belgium, and America being represented.

Anyone who has visited Rome must have noticed on Via Nazionale an immensely tall and thick brick tower enclosed behind a church and convent, and would like, perhaps, to approach the monument. The church, of no great size or appearance, is of interest to American Catholics, because the first Bishop of New York was consecrated there in 1808. The Community is one of Dominican nuns very strictly cloistered, but by a rare invitation of the Prioress, I was privileged, on April 30, Feast of their Titular, Saint Catherine of Siena, to penetrate the cloister precincts, and mount to the very top of the tower, called Torre delle Milizie, which is seven hundred years old, slightly inclined, and crenellated. I said Mass at six o'clock, served by the chaplain, in an oratory built with material from the room in which the

saint died in 1380, in a house near Piazza Minerva. A wooden crucifix that belonged to her hangs over the altar. After Mass, I was conducted through the house, and saw the choir, the clean, airy, modestly furnished cells, and many old paintings, large and small, on canvas, wood, and copper, attached to the walls of the refectory, common-room, and corridors. The whole enclosure seemed an abode of order and peace completely segregated from the outer world.

1907. On February 6, I went for the first time in several weeks to an At Home of Baroness d'Erp, because I was told I would meet there Baron de Remiremont, the new Secretary of the Belgian Legation, and his handsome young wife from Brittany, *née* Duquesclin de Saint Gilles—a descendant of that gallant old Constable of France in 1370. I found them both remarkably intelligent and amiable additions to diplomatic society.

On February 23, old Don Filippo Orsini, head of the family, came to take tea with me, bringing his photograph in full uniform of Prince Assistant at the pontifical throne—an hereditary honour which he shares with Colonna. In point of general information and easy manner of conveying it, he is superior to any of the Roman nobility. We spoke of the celebrated Princess des Ursins, who was a Latremaille by birth; of the old fief and perfectly preserved castle of Bracciano, on the lake, now alienated from the family, and of his

ancestor, who commanded a number of pontifical galleys at the sea-fight of Lepanto. He also assured me that the fief of Vicovaro—so reminiscent of Horace—was acquired by the Bolognetti-Cencis from his family, with the limitation that their title of *Marchese* could be dropped for that of Prince, which had been long attached to the property, only in the town and within the territory itself. He was indignant that, since the American marriage, this agreement was no longer kept. There is nothing Orsini does not know about the family names and heraldry of the Roman aristocracy.

On March 2, I had a healthy walk on the Pincio, which was full of pretty children who all recognized me, and I took tea in the afternoon with Baroness von Truchses, niece of Prince Labanoff de Rostoff, whom my father knew at Paris in 1855. I had a rather interesting talk with one of the ladies there, Princess Gortchakoff, who is by birth a Galitzin, and I told her in how great honour a holy missionary priest of her name was held by Catholic Americans; she knew but little about him, while acknowledging the relationship.

On the 10th, the Baroness gave a small reception, and I went there at ten o'clock, but remember only one vivaciously interesting talker, a Princess Mechesky, who volunteered the information that she was of Tartar origin, but that her mother, a Countess Pushkin, was emphatically a *real* Russian. I was amused but didn't show it. While walking

up to the Pincio next day, I was joined by Baron von Wrangel, naval attaché of Russia, who married a daughter of the Duke of Sasso, and has two of the prettiest little boys in Rome, who always run up to kiss my ring when they see me and are very affectionate. We talked as we went along. He told me his family was from Esthonia—of German origin; he hated the Slavs; spoke dismally of the future of the empire; thought the political agitation might go on for yet another fifty years; that the educated middle-class was giving all the trouble. I branched off here from politics to geography, and spoke of his grandfather, the seaman and explorer around Behring Strait, and of what I knew, when a boy, of the country, then called on the maps Russian America, but now Alaska. I am under the impression that he and his fellows would prefer to belong to the Kaiser's, rather than to the Czar's, empire. I liked to hear him talk, but did not agree with everything he said. I took tea in the afternoon with Marchesa Serventi-Serragi in an apartment of the famous old Palazzo Spada. She had for years been insistent to have me come, and finally I went. It is far from the quarter of the city where I live, but in the very centre of the native aristocracy of Rome, and the company I met there speak only Italian, seldom makes an international marriage, and rarely invites a foreigner to their homes.

May is upon us, the sweetest month of the year for open-air exercise in Rome. Unless I have to

pontificate, I walk for an hour every forenoon in Villa Borghese, where the trees are freshly clothed, the grass is new, and the fields coloured with daisies, buttercups, and bluebells. These and the song and flight of birds bring my soul into harmony with Nature. It has been for me a month full of First Communions, Confirmations, and Pontifical Masses, and also, I am almost ashamed to say, full of lunches, teas, dinners, and receptions. One of these was at Marchesa Capelli's, where she introduced me to the Princess of Servia, who didn't interest me; but Count Luigi Bonaparte Primoli, who is recently back from India, and Princess Caraffa d'Andria, just come from Naples, did interest me. Returning to my rooms, I watched the sun going down behind Monte Mario, flushed with a roseate hue, and a pine tree, standing up there alone, was brought out in ghastly relief when the sky changed suddenly to deepest red as though the under-world were all on fire.

At one of Carolus Duran's concerts and receptions in the library of Villa Medici, which is a hall decorated with statues, inscriptions, busts, and finely carved bookcases filled with costly volumes in Grolier binding, a lady sitting farther up the front line of arm-chairs suddenly said to another as they looked at me beside the French ambassador: "I know that profile; I can never forget it; we knew one another forty years ago. I must speak to him." She came when it was over, and reminded me that we had first met in 1867, at

the German Archæological Institute. She was Princess Schahofkoy, a Russian. I remembered the circumstance perfectly, but I had quite lost sight of her, since I left Rome a few months later to return to America, and did not know that she had become Madame Helbig. It was a revelation, and reminded me of my lost youth, and of the many sometimes weary years that since then had passed like running water under Life's Bridge of Sighs. "Monsignor," she said enticingly—for she had grown plain-featured and stout—"you must come to-morrow afternoon to my villa on the Janiculum and take tea all alone with me from that same old family samovar, when we'll talk and tell each other of our several lives since that time."

I went next day, and discovered that my long-forgotten friend was a woman of singular ability, one who writes, has her own religion, is very philanthropic, supports a hospital or house of refuge or something of the kind, and is a democrat, although she still treasures, and showed me, the parchments and papers attesting the princely rank she was born to. She then drove me down the slope of the Janiculum to the Villa Sciarra garden-party to which we were both invited. The grounds are full of flowers, particularly roses, and some of the trees are very old. I met acquaintances there, of course; but the only one I found interesting during the short time I remained was the Turkish Ambassador, with whom I had a talk, in French of course.

On May 30, Feast of Corpus Christi, a Holy Day of Obligation in Rome, I pontificated in the Church of the Sacred Heart—my third pontifical within a week. After Mass I carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession all around outside the church and college for the first time it had been done in Rome since 1870. The streets were muddy ; no flowers or oleander leaves were strewn on them, no draperies hung out of the windows ; and while there was no anti-clerical interference, I felt that there was not sufficient respect paid to our Lord. I told the Fathers when it was over and when I had given solemn Benediction that I would not come again, and that it would be better in the present state of things to hold these religious processions and pious manifestations only in private grounds, as is done so elaborately in the garden of Trinità dei Monti convent, which I generally attended.

Count Louis Primoli is a scholarly and travelled man, speaking three languages, and most agreeably communicative. He not only knows a great deal, but knows how to tell it. His *villino*—as he modestly calls it—is a short walk from Via Sistina, and I love to go there and inspect his innumerable curiosities, brought from many parts of the world, and especially his cabinet of Napoleonic memorials, which he treasures. Lunching with the Count to-day—June 4—I met some of his blood relatives : Princess Gabrielli, Marchesa Roccagiovine, and Princess Maria Bonaparte. One of the more

interesting guests was Baron von Benedek, nephew of the Austrian general who sacrificed himself for the dynasty at Sadowa.

On June 23, I went to a Russian tea-party, in a small garden overtopped by two tall trees, behind one of the houses on Upper Via Sistina. Baroness Olga von Schilling and her brother of the embassy, Princess Osouroff, and his Excellency Sazonoff, Russian Minister to the Vatican, were those I best remember. Sazonoff is a remarkable man, although of almost insignificant presence, and for some reason always particularly polite and attentive to me. A few years after this he was unexpectedly withdrawn from Rome, and given one of the highest posts in the Government at Saint Petersburg, not yet Petrograd. He was submerged, I have been told, but came up alive out of the revolutionary maelstrom. I often think of many agreeable Russian acquaintances, and, without news of them, can only hope they have not all been Bolsheviked.

November and December were beautiful winter months, and passed very agreeably for me with a combination of society and work. I pontificated six times, and went out now and then to confirm infants in danger of death, at their home or in some hospital. My last pontificate this year was at midnight on Christmas, with Communion to all the students in the Latin-American College conducted by the Jesuits. It is a new and magnificent building on the Vatican side of the Tiber.

1908. January 9, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Monsignor Giles of the English College, and William Redmond, M.P., took lunch with me. The Archbishop and I are old acquaintances. He grows upon you for his pleasant disposition and varied information, which he knows how to convey conversationally. He is one of the best talkers I ever knew. The Bishop had very little to say. Mr. Redmond reminded me that we had met in London, at the Parnell trial, nineteen years ago. He has been to Australia, and is a good speaker and a good listener. With all the instincts of a gentleman—modest and restrained—he passed it off with a smile when I told him of my indignation at seeing him and his brother, John, at Glendalough, that same year, followed by two constables as if they were criminals. “You were not going to disavow us,” he said, “but brushed past, shook hands, and spoke as soon as you saw us.” Not a word more did he say, out of consideration for the English Bishop, a stolid guest.

On January 12, I had some friends at tea with me—among them Mrs. Elliot, daughter of our patriotic Julia Ward Howe ; Mrs. Choate and her comely daughters, typical New England gentlefolk, and Mr. Armour, of Chicago, who was passing through Rome with his wife. He pretended jocosely to be jealous of me. “Why, when I was on my steam yacht at Copenhagen last year, I saw him at the fashionable Hôtel d’Angleterre, surrounded by ladies.” Mrs. Elliot, to excuse me,

replied that I was always entertaining, and that women liked the company of a gentleman who could interest them "as Archbishop Seton can." I thanked her, and said that nice women always took my part.

On January 25, Nobil Donna Alessandra Manzoni, granddaughter, namesake, and godchild of Alessandro Manzoni—author of "I Promessi Sposi"—came with her sister to take tea with me. They were on from Milan for a week, and were most interesting. Their father belonged to an old family, but with his liberal ideas, dropped the nobiliary title of Count. I had some well-read Italians of the Roman patriciate to meet them.

On the 19th I made an effort and went to Princess Gianetti's reception. The first words my effusively kind friend said to me, in presence of Cardinal Mathieu, were, "So, at last, Monseigneur, you come again—and I have waited for you so long." This was flattering, but my head was not turned for being so sought after here and elsewhere. The company was a galaxy of great names, the longest of which was that of Princess Barberini-Colonna di Sciarra. I was most interested in a handsome young Italian officer, Lieutenant Count Mastai-Feretti, a great-nephew of Pius IX. He had his two beautiful sisters with him. It made me think of the mutability of things. They gave me news of their cousin Bellegarde, who lives at Rovigo, and one of the girls said she would write and tell her "how kindly

the American Archbishop remembers her after their meeting at the Massimos." Princess Isemburg, *née* Donhoff, was attractively amiable and handsome—but for that matter so were others.

On the afternoon of April 4, there was a murderous riot in front of the Gesù and almost on the very steps of the church, when a crowd of anarchists tried to break through the cordon of troops and pass before the Palazzo di Venezia to demonstrate before the Austrian Embassy to the Vatican. In consequence, a general sympathetic strike of cabs, omnibuses, and trains was declared, which is a great inconvenience. Shops are either closed, or only half open, and there seems to be nothing to sell but newspapers; but my Giuseppe thoughtfully went out early to forage and brought in a supply of bread and game and butter and eggs and flasks of Chianti in case the affair got worse. Mounted men or military cyclists went around with the yellow mail-carts, and double lines of soldiers stood drawn up across certain main streets, of which Via Sistina is one. But pedestrians circulated singly, and got past the troops without difficulty at the corners. Whole battalions could be seen in commandeered convents and in palace court-yards, kept under arms all day, waiting orders. It seemed such a fuss for so little except as a threat and preventive move. The streets were filled with all sorts of people—men, women, and children, quiet, orderly, and cheerful, taking it for a holiday. Such a foolish thing, this "demonstra-

tion against the Rich," as it has been publicly called. It will be a great loss of money to some people, and hotel proprietors are raging; their more timid visitors, fearing the strike will extend to the railroads, are leaving in numbers with baggage on pushcarts, and trudging on foot shamefacedly behind them to reach the station and hurry away. I watched it all from my window, and found it amusing. I walked out forenoon and afternoon, and moved about freely for several hours, although friendly shopkeepers on my street, standing at their half-open doors ready to close and shut themselves up tight at the first rumour of disturbance, begged me piteously, fearing the anti-clericals, to stay in and not expose myself. I saw everything that was going on. There was no drunkenness or disorder of any kind. There was not an arrest. My clerical garb attracted no particular attention, although I was the only ecclesiastic seen on the streets, and I came back as safe and unruffled as on any other day, hearing only sometimes a whispered, "*Questo e' un Americano*," "He's an American,"—wonderingly, and Guiseppe told me that I had the reputation of a man of courage, adding that people say that all Americans are brave.

By association of ideas, this reminds me of a little incident in the Vatican that made Monsignor Bisleti furious. I had recommended three pretty American girls, and as the Holy Father, going around the circle, came to them, one had his photo-

graph and wanted to carry it away with an autograph. He said he had nothing there to write with, when she drew out promptly a gold-rimmed fountain-pen. He took it, saying, '*Questi Americani Hanno tutto*'—"Americans have everything"—signed, and before returning, dried it absent-mindedly on his white cassock, leaving a lengthy black smudge as a reminder. . . .

These puerile strikes were not uncommon in Rome. While I lived on the Via Sistina, there was a railroad strike, a bakers' strike, a printers' strike, a barbers' strike and a postmen's strike. While the cab and tram strike was still on, I had to walk with my man through rain and mud a considerable distance outside the city to Saint Joseph's Protectory on Via Nomentana to confirm a boy three years old, who was dying. The parents were in the room, and the poor mother much distressed. After I had confirmed the child, we knelt down beside the crib for a few prayers and pious ejaculations. I felt confused, knowing how little I had done when the mother thanked me for what she called my "charity" in coming so far and in such weather on foot. I felt happy to have been given the opportunity of doing something for God and my neighbour.

I went by appointment on the twenty-fourth to Propaganda to meet Monsignor Veccia, the good-natured Secretary, who offered to show me the Museum, which I had not seen for many years. As every one knows, the most precious

historical piece to be examined there is the large map, on which to settle territorial disputes between the Portuguese and Spaniards, as new lands were being constantly discovered. Pope Alexander VI—of the House of Borgia—drew a straight line through the two Americas from Pole to Pole. When I had spent an hour there, the Monsignor kindly met me again, and brought me into the large hall where the Cardinals of the Congregation assemble to examine, discuss, recommend, or reject names of Bishops to be appointed by the Pope throughout all missionary countries, among which the United States were included until very recently. It is a beautiful apartment, well lighted by windows opening on Piazza di Spagna, and adorned with paintings of missionary subjects and marble busts of Pontiffs and benefactors. A long table of marquetry runs down the middle of the room with seats for the eminent members, who have pen, ink, and paper before them. The Prefect sits alone at the head, with a secretary on either side of him : one for Latin and the other for Greek nominations. As I contemplated that dumb table and filled, in imagination, those speaking arm-chairs, I thought how many ambitions had been crushed, how many expectations unfulfilled, how many hopes deferred making the heart sick, how many bitter disappointments had expired in that fateful room. Veccia told me, what I knew already, that my nomination did not pass through this crucible, but came directly from the Pope,

without discussion, through the Secretary of State. He told me it was a rare honour for any individual.

May is a month whose very name is soothing, and gives a foretaste of the summer season so generally loved. I took it into my head to see a sunrise in Rome. As I had the *entrée* to Villa Medici, I entered the garden, very early, mounted to the *Belvidere*, that rises out of a mass of shrubbery, and waited in silence, watching a glimmer over the Sabine Mountains until the sky, in ecstasy of joy, tore its scarlet robes apart, and

Pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams.

On the afternoon of the eighth, I took tea with beautiful young Countess Pfeil, who came to Rome recently and wanted to know me, because she had read my grandmother Seton's life, translated into German. She has had to suffer socially and financially for changing her religion when recently received into the Church by the Archbishop of Breslau, and was most grateful to me for coming to see her in her "poor out o' the way little rooms," as she called them. I feel an immense sympathy for converts, women particularly, who have obeyed that mysterious Voice: "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear: and forget thy people and thy father's house" (Ps. xliv).

May 30, Decoration Day. Beautiful weather.

I had my large flag out of one of the parlour windows, and the smaller one among the flowers of my little *terrazza* at the end of the apartment. Love and pity for all—both the Blue and the Grey. Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord. I had Colonel Murray—Indian Army—Colonel Carpenter, who saw service in our Civil War, and Major Reynolds Landis, cavalry, United States Army, to lunch with me. The Major is the new military attaché of the embassy, and, with his wife, an acquisition to our American society in Rome.

December. I had Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, Monsignor John Vaughan, and old Mr. Stuart Glennie to lunch with me on the tenth, and in the afternoon to tea Mr. Boggis-Rolfe—an English magistrate—and his sister Rosamond ; Lady Mostyn of Talacre and her daughter Agnes, who told me of Saint Winifred's holy well ; Countess Lesser, and her sister, Canoness Jellacich, from Vienna ; Count Primoli ; Count and Countess Chiericati—he Prefect of Cremona, and she one of the most beautiful women in Italy ; and Count di San Giorgio Prignano, of the family of Pope Urban VI. I went to Poggio-Suasa's in the evening, where, of course, I met many acquaintances, but only two new ones come to Rome for the winter : one the very aristocratic looking Princess di Paterno, from Naples—the other the young Marquis de Lasteyry and wife, come from Paris on their wedding tour. Princess Osouroff—whose

two little boys, although Orthodox Russians, take their caps off and hold them until they have kissed my ring when I meet them on the Pincio—and Marchesa Malaspina—an historic name in Dante—are other ladies I remember addressing. Countess Negroni—a neighbour in Via Sistina—got me over one afternoon to tea and to meet her sister Canoness Von Wucherer, who has just arrived from Prague, bringing me the compliments of her fellow canoness—who had had me to tea there last August—a Countess Montecuculli—a descendant of the great Catholic general of the Thirty Years' War; Colonel Alexander, of the Earls of Caledon, and his wife—he one of the most interesting old men I know, having gone through the Mutiny from beginning to end; she an Anson, daughter of the Commander-in-Chief in India in 1857; the Prince of Colle Reale, Don Antonio Capece Minutolo, cousin of the Cardinal Archbishop of Capua whom I had known so well, and Admiral Duke of San Felice, brother of the late Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, whom I had also known, are some of those I remember meeting at one of Marchesa Cappelli's dinners this month.

December 31. Beautiful light, tramontana weather. A cup of tea at Poggio-Suasa's. Duchesses of Caffarelli and di Terranova and Lord Lascelles were there, and others came in as I was leaving. As I went down and out, I met Don Filippo Gaetani Lovatelli, who begged me to come for once, at least, to his mother's

annual reception on New Year's Eve. I promised and went, but met there only one society friend, Baroness de Bildt, and her fair-haired daughter, Blancefleur. Evidently the two elements do not mix well.

1909. Rome is full of strangers; hotels and cabs are doing a great business, and shop-keepers are in good humour. Society goes on as usual, and entertainingly for those who, like me, know how to choose their company discreetly. The first reception of the year that I go to is always Mrs. Lee's on this day. I miss Spinola and Barbielini-Amidei, who are dead.

On Sunday, the third, I was co-assistant with Bishop Doutenwill at the consecration by Cardinal Gotti, Prefect, in the Chapel of Propaganda, of Alexander MacDonald, Bishop of Victoria, on Vancouver's Island. On the fourth, Major-General Lord Ralph Kerr, Bishop Chisholm of Aberdeen, and Sir Alfred Moloney lunched with me. The General has served in Afghanistan. We were travelled people, and had a varied and interesting conversation. I took tea in the afternoon with Mrs. Hamilton Dunlop and daughters, and met there a lively distant cousin of my own of the Cariston branch—Miss Isabel Seton—tall and handsome, whose bearing proclaimed her kinship. On the seventh, after a long forenoon walk in Villa Borghese that gave me new life, I took tea in the afternoon and had a quiet talk, in their

hotel, with the Kerrs, who are here for the Lenten season. It was like being in a corner of old Scotland. Lady Anne, young looking and handsome, and the mother of such a fine family—cheerful and pretty girls, and a boy, David, only fifteen, such a dear, brave young fellow, as I noted in my diary then, but now (1922) I must add, such a gallant young officer, leaving his University while still in his teens to be killed in that terrible retreat of the British Army from Mons. O the devastating horrors of the Great War. Lord Walter, the admiral, and his daughter joined us. Besides his sea service, he was with Captain Peel's naval brigade in the Sepoy Mutiny and spoke so interestingly.

On the last day of the month, after my usual forenoon exercise around the Pincio and Villa Borghese—for the two are now conveniently bridged—I took tea with Baron and Madame de Stråle, and met there Countess Trombi, wife of a general on the king's staff. I had forgotten her, but she recognized me graciously and reminded me where we had last met, which was at a dinner with the Duchess of Arcos. To flatter me, or more probably to put me at my ease after such a "break," she said that mine was a face once seen not easily forgotten. Then the Swedish naval attaché put in that "he was proud to be related to the Setons."

February. The second was fine weather for the Candlemass service in the Vatican, to which I

generally got some stranger admitted. I sent to the Sistine a candle, to be blessed by the Pope, which I had bought and had decorated to my taste, as a present to an American lady. I had some friends to tea this afternoon : Lord Ralph and Lady Anne Kerr and their daughter, Minna ; Lord Walter and daughter, Margaret ; Mrs. Lucas-Shadwell, and young Lady Catherine Ashburnham.

On the twenty-fifth, learning from a card left on me that Madame Waddington and Marquise de Talleyrand had arrived from Paris, I dropped in to tea at Poggio-Suasa's, and after a while, Mrs. W. Bessie and I moved to a corner by ourselves for a little talk. She was publishing serially her " Letters of a Diplomat's Wife." I complimented her that, as far as I had read, they were not so vapid as some things written by American women married abroad. She was immensely flattered. I tried to get out of society in March as much as I could, and pass the month more devotionally. I pontificated and confirmed several times. I went to tea only very few times ; once to Madame Narishkine, *née* Princess Wolkonsky—which is one of the few families descended from Ruric, a subject of pride in the Russian aristocracy.

I met, in Villa Borghese on the twenty-first, a dear little boy whose mother told me that he often asked whether he would see me again when she took him out ; and another day a little boy, whom I hadn't seen since last June, left his mother and ran to me to ask where I had been ;

and, another time, a little boy, seeing me on Via Condotti, exclaimed from the other side to his mother, "O that's my Monsignor," and wanted to cross. But I waved him back for fear of the carriages. Several people of different nationalities, mothers, nurses, or governesses, have told me their children often say they hoped they would meet me again. I can't account for it, but I do have a way of endearing children to me; and it is not in Rome only, but wherever I have lived.

One of my society friends has passed away this month, to the regret of all who knew her, particularly in the American colony. I walked up to the palace and left my cards of condolence. Elizabeth Princess Brancaccio, *née* Field, of New York, lay in state in the *chapelle ardente*, where Requiem Masses were being said for her on two temporary altars set up for the occasion. After a *De Profundis* at the kneeling desk, I left to return for the funeral on the fourteenth in the parish church of San Martino *dei monti*. It was a funeral called in Italy *More Nobilium*, in which there is no catafalque. The body lay on a black gold-trimmed pall spread over the floor of the church, which in the Ages of Faith was an expression of lowliness of spirit, but, having become, in course of time, the privilege of rank, it is now too suggestive—however unintentionally—of Pride that apes Humility. Eight liveried servants stood like mutes, four on a side, bearing wax torches from which were suspended small shields emblazoned

with the family arms—those of a great Neapolitan house.

I took tea in the afternoon with Marchess d'Arcais di Valverde, who had written a note in English asking me to come and tell them about the Canonization of the morning and meet some one from Milan "whom you would like to know on account of her great name." I was not disappointed. Their guest was young and handsome Princess Gonzaga (di Vescovato) of the family of Saint Aloysius. She has a rich voice and sang for us deliciously to the piano accompaniment of a bewitching little prodigy of twelve—Contessina Tedeschi, of Viterbo, who had permission to come here this afternoon from her convent school of Trinità dei Monti, to which she was escorted back before sundown. I was infinitely pleased.

On June 6, I pontificated Mass in Trinità *dei Pellegrini* for Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the Forty Hours, with procession all around the church.

I spent July, August, September, and October travelling this year in France and Spain only. I was back in Rome on the fourth of November, and, as usual, on return, had an audience with the Holy Father, who often told the Prelates of the Household that he liked to hear me tell of my travels. He looked aged, but smiled, as if unburdened, at my entry. After talking a little of where I had been and what I had seen, I presented him with an album, which I had had

bound in white and gold, with his arms stamped on the cover. This is the etiquette. It contained engravings of Mother Seton and of the Sisterhood at Saint Joseph's in Maryland, at different periods during these last hundred years. He turned over each page, and looked at every picture—often nodding approval, and saying twice that he regretted not to understand the English text, but straightway adding that I explained it in perfect Italian. He was evidently pleased, and, when he had gone through, turned and thanked me for the gift with a benignity and grace that no king born in royal purple could have surpassed.

The only tea I would go to this month was at Princess Ebba Solms-Braunfels (*née* Livonius) born at Elsingsfors, in Finland, who retired to Rome after her husband, the governor-general's, assassination, and became a Catholic. I dined out only three times—with Baron Lovenskiol, Minister of Denmark, with Duke and Duchess of Arcos (always so amiably hospitable), and on Christmas with Marchess de Viti de Marco, an American from New York: her husband a Deputy in Parliament.

1910. The new year opened with beautiful weather, which continued the whole month. The first sunset of the year, seen from Trinità dei Monti, showed a solitary pine silhouetted against the ruddy sky. Baroness de Gerstein-Hohenstein has come down again for the winter from her

castle in the Tyrol, and I like to take tea with her and talk, because she is so well informed and brings such interesting people together, a few at a time and never in a crowd. But she cannot easily forgive me for always promising, though never making, that visit to her castle on the mountain.

On May 6, my love of geography, as well as friendship for the family, made me put myself out to assist at the solemn High Mass of Requiem, in the national church of Saint Louis, for Comte de Bougainville, a retired captain of the French navy. The large catafalque was draped in black, gold-fringed pall and covered with the Tricolour flag. The family arms, painted on stiff pasteboard shields, hung from wax torch-holders and I noticed that one of the quarterings was a terrestrial globe, added by royal command in 1769, because their ancestor was the first French navigator to accomplish a voyage of discovery around the world.

June. Society is dispersing. I went to but one lunch, which was at Princess Cassano di Zunica's. Her husband—Neapolitan of Aragonese descent—is a handsome and intelligent gentleman, speaking French and English. It was a small company of several nationalities : Princess Salms was German ; the naval attaché and Madame de Saimper were French ; Sir Samuel Boulton and Miss Eva, his daughter, were English ; Countess Cadori and young Prince Pignatelli di Cerchia

were Italians ; and an American rounded off the number at table. We all spoke French, which is the language of society the world over. I dropped, in the evening, into Count Primoli's last reception, intending to stay very little time, and spoke to Lady Blané, an American from Boston, to the Chinese ambassador, who spoke French but can speak English too, and to a few other acquaintances, and took leave.

1911. May was made extraordinarily interesting and most agreeable to me by assisting on invitation, as of a family of Norman descent, from the Archbishop of Rouen, at the historical—civil and religious—commemoration of the Millennial of Normandy : 911-1911.

I pontificated in different churches, confirmed, and gave General Communion constantly as in other years, and on the 8th of October was senior Assistant Bishop, with Archbishop Tacconi-Gallucci, at the consecration, in the church of Saints Cosmos and Damian at the Forum, of Monsignor Cirvoje, Bishop of Spalato, in Dalmatia. He said at lunch with me next day that he expected a very difficult time there, and he had it, I was told, when the Great War broke out. Count Palfy, Charge d'Affaires for Austria-Hungary, in absence of the ambassador, occupied an arm-chair in the sanctuary.

I lived very quietly the last months of the year, going little into society. I gave a few teas of my

own and sometimes had friends to lunch with me—once the Archbishop of Calcutta, to meet whom came Baron d'Erp, of the Belgian, and Mr. de Errazuriz, of the Chilean Legation. On another occasion, Bishop Makil, Vicar Apostolic for Syrians of the Malabar coast, and his secretary—with dark skins, chiselled features, and serious expression ; lastly, Marquis Gonzales (a descendant of the Cid), first secretary of the Spanish Embassy, Colonel Reynolds Landis, and Mr. Dunlop-Gemmil, from Canada, a successful hunter of grizzly bear and moose. In the first party, we spoke French ; in the second, Latin ; and in the third, English.

Count de Pimodan, grandson of the general who fell at Castelfidardo, came to take tea with me, and sit and talk. It made me realize my years in describing to him how I stood on the Pincio one day and watched the gallant and handsome young general, on horseback, at the head of his brigade of Papal volunteers, leaving Rome, in 1860, through the *porta del Popolo*, never to return.

New visitors who came to Rome this year and made my acquaintance were Russians and Poles—Princess Sapieha, mother of the recently consecrated Archbishop of Cracow, Princess Worsnieska, Princess Oguska, and niece, Countess Skorizuska—ladies who smoked cigarettes, drank very hot tea, and spoke French with a peculiar charm, but what has become of them and their fortunes ?

Two other Russian ladies, Lydia and Barbara de Moskovitinow, spent two seasons in Rome, and showed me much attention. They owned a great estate on the Volga, and I found it very entertaining, when I could draw them out, to be told of immense forests, boundless plains, snowstorms, wolves, and sturgeon fisheries. I often met in their apartment Baron and Baroness Von Trautenberg—Austro-Hungarians, who had been long in diplomacy, knew every modern language, and had moved all over the world, a most interesting couple, but the woman talked better than the man. I often think of these and other people from those parts that have suffered such changes and revolutions, and pity their fate in the turmoil of the Great War and after. We enjoyed together many pleasant hours, and to think of them is to live over again. Why should *I* desire to drink of “Lethe, the river of oblivion”? Never while in life and safe in my untroubled country.

One of the agreeable teas I went to this winter was at Marchesa Laureati's in her little old palace on Piazza Capranica, which was quite outside of the foreign quarter and away from my social route. She is of the family of a Venetian admiral and of two famous navigators named Zeno, over whose house I copied the inscription on a memorial tablet that tells of them. Many Venetian nobles are disastrously reduced, but they never despair if they can stand on the background of Family. The Marchesa receives in large rooms furnished

in old-fashioned style. The company was small, the conversation serious and always in Italian, although one of the ladies was French by birth, Marchesa Guagni dei Marcovaldi, granddaughter of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Taranto. I met here a young gentleman in the Italian diplomatic service who greatly interested me for the name he bore—*dei Nobili*, of the family, that is, of the celebrated Roberto dei Nobili, nephew and namesake of Cardinal Bellarmine, and a Jesuit missionary three hundred years ago, in India. I had read much about his having converted many Brahmins by becoming a cryptic one himself, and later, I met the young man's parents, the Marchese and Marchesa, at Turin.

1912. I drew out this year to a considerable extent from society, although I gave a few teas and a lunch or two of my own ; but I was far from idle, pontificating, administering confirmation, and giving First Communion to children in different religious houses. The most interesting of my pontificals was in San Nicola *in carcere*, a very old church on Piazza Montanara, which is a popular, unfashionable, and therefore picturesque quarter. In a side chapel is exposed the venerated painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe, brought from Mexico more than two hundred years ago, and about which, to-day, eight little boys of Spanish descent, dressed in sixteenth-century court style, stood all through Mass as a guard of honour.

I took tea in the afternoon with Marchesa d'Arcais, to meet a friend who had come with her daughter from Paris to spend the winter here. She was a remarkable, grief-stricken old lady—Madame or Countess de Miramon, widow of that general who was shot with Maximilian forty-five years ago. The two were devout, and the younger bore faint traces of beauty. We spoke French together. They told me of the pleasure of assisting at my Mass this morning, that reminded them of the greatest shrine in Mexico, and added that it was the first time they had ever seen an American bishop—an *Américan du Nord*—officiating. Then the mother said—and, as a mind reader, I would say that her thoughts reverted to the tragedy—"Only Religion can make enemies forgive one another." Another day at d'Arcais, I met young Prince Gonzaga, bringing me the compliments of his sister, who sang so well for me once, and is now happily married; and a very pretty Contessina Mocenigo, of Venice, who brought me news of friends there. She is justly proud of her family, that gave seven Doges to the Republic.

On Easter Sunday afternoon, I showed myself at Mrs. Lee's reception, which is an annual Institution in Roman society. In one of the less crowded rooms, I had an illuminative conversation with Donna Bianca del Grillo, daughter of the Marquis and the celebrated actress, Adelaide Ristori. I was astonished that she opened herself so fully to

me, denouncing the stubborn opposition of her grandfather to his son's *mésalliance* in marrying her mother—their long years of domestic unhappiness, the tardy reconciliation. Going one day to call at the family palace, so unobtrusively situated at the head of the Salita del Grillo, a steep street coming up from the piazza of that name, I remained around a while to take in the picturesqueness of that untouched corner of Rome. There are seen narrow houses, distinct from one another in height and size and form and colour, but all with imbricated roofs; and there are the hanging gardens, the diminutive terraces, the thick walls pierced with narrow windows, on whose outer edge flowers grow in boxes; and above these ups-and-downs, the square old family tower stands baronially. In this quarter is the little known *Viccolo degli Ibernesei*, first home of the Irish College in Rome.

On Wednesday, December 11, Cousin Josephine came over in person, bringing me an invitation to Vittoria's marriage and to the wedding-breakfast, to which only a few particular friends were asked, and to tea this evening at 5 o'clock for an intimate little family party of both sides. There I met old Princess Ruspoli, Head of the House: her hair white as snow; there, too, handsome Princess de Caraman-Chimay, mother of the bridegroom duke, and others. Next evening I went to the reception, arriving at ten and leaving at eleven, just as more autos were driving up, and my man, waiting in

the porter's hall, had counted already one hundred and sixty parked by the police in Piazza Barberini. All the rooms of the palace were thrown open, and in one the presents were shown. Mine was a rosary of malachite and gold. The marriage was on Saturday, with a Nuptial Mass by Cardinal Vincenzo Vanutelli. There were no maids of honour, but Donna Vittoria, in the effluence of youth and beauty, walked up the aisle to the sanctuary with her train carried by three pretty pages, sons of Roman nobles. Breaking my abstemious habits, I returned to the palace and measurably partook of breakfast—only *pâté de foie gras* and chablis, before drinking the bride's health in *demisec* champagne. I badinaged at table with Countess de la Somaglia, Marchesa Malaspina and her two girls, and Palma, Marquise de Talleyrand's daughter, who is married to her cousin Ruspoli—in the diplomatic service—and has several children.

1913. I went, of course, on New Year's Eve to Mrs. Lee's reception. After a short hour there I adjourned for tea and a quiet conversation at the rooms of Madame Col. Mazanos, wife of the Spanish military attaché. Small and handsome Count Pina, the new ambassador of Spain to the Quirinal, came in and was soon followed by Count de Malleville, Minister of Monaco, and two or three ladies. It was a little international aside of companionable people—like an eddy in the social

stream. There are only two other refugettes of this sort in Rome that I care to slip into—at Princess Metternich and at Marchesa d'Arcais di Valverde.

I kept this year to my resolution of withdrawing gradually from society, and went out rarely. Once was to the reception at the Spanish Embassy for the king's birthday, where I met Sir William Howard and daughter; and another time to the opening of Countess Stolberg-Stolberg (*née* d'Arco Zinneberg's) beautiful villa on the Janiculum, where I remember meeting again Prince Edward Salm-Horstmar (Serene Highness) and his daughter Louise, Baron and Baroness Trautenberg, young Baron Gelbsattel—a great Bavarian name in the Thirty Years' War—Countess Pfeil, and other Germans, all *Vons*, of course, and all polite, but in a disciplined and stiffish manner, so different from the effusive grace of the Italians.

I had an audience with the Holy Father on my return to Rome in October. He was particularly pleased when I told him that at the distribution of premiums in the Jesuit College of Brescia, I had pinned a prize medal on the breast of his nephew and namesake, young Joseph Sarto. He called him "a promising youth," and was evidently pleased at his success. The new ambassador, Mr. Nelson Page, favoured me with his company at lunch, on the fourth, and I had two of my English friends to meet him. His pleasing manners and

scholarly conversation were what was to be expected of Virginia gentry.

I became depressed towards the end of the year with news that, owing to unfortunate investments and to failures in railway stock, my annual income would be so largely and permanently reduced that I could no more afford to live in Rome in that decorous manner appropriate to my name and rank, to which I was so long accustomed. My pride would not allow me to remind the Holy Father of his offer at my first audience ten years back, and I prepared to leave Rome.

1914. I went, of course, to Mrs. Lee's reception on the first of January, and after wishing Happy New Year, I congratulated Mr. Page on having immediately changed, "Embassy of the United States" over the office, to *American Embassy*, as I had suggested doing more than once, before his arrival.

One day this month I met my friend Countess Diana de Reventlow Criminil, who had just returned to Rome and brought her niece, Miss de Platten, a charming young lady, with her. I heard her say, as she was introduced, "Monsignor gives such nice teas." Other people at different times have said the same. Half an hour later, I had a few words of conversation in the flower garden of Villa Borghese with Baroness Korf, out of mourning, who told me that I was known all over the city for my love of little children.

Through January and February, I was constantly at teas at different houses, where I made some passing acquaintances, soon to be dropped, and was either at tea with some of them or they with me: Lady Florence Boyle (*née* Keppel) and her husband, grandson of an Earl of Cork; Lady Hart, recently come from the Far East, wife of the Inspector-General of Chinese Customs; and with her a beautiful young girl named Beauclerk, of the Saint Albans family; Lord Fitzgerald (Leinster); Honourable Beatrix Marconi (*née* O'Brien of Inchiquin)—Princess Pignatelli di Monte Potondo, who has the prettiest baby in Rome; Baroness de Widman and a young niece, daughter of Count Anthony Von Widman-Sedinitzky, and his wife, *née* Princess Dentice Frasso, of Naples; Baroness Savelli (English), whose husband is of the family that gave Pope Honorius III to the Church; Count Dugas de la Boissonny and daughters, General and Senator San Martino, General Pollio, of the Italian General Staff, and wife; Madame de Robilant, wife of the general; Madame Besnard and husband, new Director of the Palazzo Medici, who have a son in New York, delighted, she told me, "to live in such a live place," as he wrote her it was.

February opened with beautiful weather, and continued very mild all through the month. I pontificated, for the last time in Rome, on the eighth, in the old Trastevere church of San Crisogono, and took tea in the afternoon with my

close neighbours, Count and Countess Negroni and their two cheerful daughters, to meet the chanoinesse, their aunt, who comes from Prague as usual every year and enlivens the company with the latest social and religious news of Bohemia.

I had my last audience with the Pope, in the forenoon, on March 4. In the ante-camera nobile. I spoke to Mgr. de Durfort, Bishop of Langres, whose family I knew. He is one of the very few men of birth in the Episcopate of France, now that the *bourgeois* Republic has systematically ignored the gentle-born. My words with the Holy Father were few, for even at that early hour he looked care-worn and anxious, as if with premonition of the awful World Storm that was gathering on the horizon, to break so soon in a cyclonic crash. I told him that I was going to America to celebrate, in my old parish church, the fiftieth anniversary of priesthood. He cheered up at this, praised the pastoral spirit of honouring my former parishioners, and rose immediately to get me another episcopal ring and cross, which he hoped that I would wear on that occasion—and I did. I gave him no idea that I was not returning.

My last society moves in Rome were dining with Princess Poggio-Suasa, with the Duke and Duchess of Arcos, with Prince and Princess Cassano, with Marchese and Marchesa Capelli, and with Count Luigi Primoli. My last teas were with Princess Camporeale, with Baroness Von Gerstein-Hohenstein, and with the unforgettable Marchesa d'Arcais

di Valverde. The last tea I gave was improvised—my apartment being almost dismantled—for a friend who was leaving in a day or two, and had come to say adieu to me: the Duchess of Boiano, an Austrian, *née* Countess (with more than the magnetic sixteen quarterings) Von Schonborn-Wiesenthal and daughter; Madame de Reventlow and niece; and Count Primoli. The last member of the Roman aristocracy that I spoke to, on the evening before I left, when coming out of Trinità dei Monti, was old Princess Massimo arriving to fetch her little day-scholar grandchild. She regretted my leaving, was sorry I couldn't come to her annual reception, begged me to write and tell of my safe arrival in the New World, and ended by saying, "You will never know how much you were liked and esteemed in society." The Hôtel d'Allemagne, where I put up on my first arrival in Rome fifty-seven years ago, had recently been demolished, and the vacant ground, covered with rubbish to be carted away, looked as if an old friend had just been buried there. After noticing this, I stood a moment to take a last look at the famous Café Greco, where Father Hecker and I used to forgather in ancient times. It is unchanged.

Sunday, March 22, was my last day in Rome. I was at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, rose at four, and looking out of the bedroom window, saw the stars shining in the depth of night and everything around so still, and solemn, and supernatural like.

I said Mass at six o'clock in the little church around the corner, on Via Condotti, and after thanksgiving sat musing a moment on the vicissitudes of my life as they ran through the brain. Although it was Lætare Sunday, I felt a wrench at leaving for ever this "great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth." Here was I, now an old man and an archbishop, saying my last Mass in the same church and at the same hour where, as a young layman, I had heard my first Mass.

I left at ten o'clock for Naples, and arrived there in four hours. After a week I went to Sicily, and passed three months at Palermo, Girgenti, and Taormina, and spent the following months in travel through Italy and Switzerland, stopping at Basle, where on Sunday afternoon, June 28, I noticed a crowd gathering around the General Post Office, where a newsboard had just been put up—and nudging my way near enough read an official telegram announcing the murder of the Austrian Archduke and wife—and almost involuntarily exclaimed, "How dreadful!" Whereupon, a big, coarse-featured German beside me poked his ugly face in mine, and snarled, "It—means War-r-r, War-r-r." I turned away in loathing and left next morning for Cologne, where I remained a few days. It did not yet appear that trouble was actually upon us, and in Brussels, on July 4, I assisted, by invitation of Count Clary, at the solemn Requiem Mass for the victims of Sarajevo. It was pontificated by Monsignor Tacci-

Porcelli, Archbishop of Nice and Papal Nuncio, with whom I afterwards spoke Italian, and a moment later in French to Cardinal Mercier. I had never before seen—nor will anyone ever again see—such a brilliant galaxy of military, naval, civil, and diplomatic uniforms and ecclesiastical costumes as was displayed in the Court church that morning. Next day I met the Count and his handsome wife—an aristocratic couple—on the street. Stopping, they thanked me for my sympathetic attendance at yesterday's function; and, although *they* wore the decorous signs of official mourning, with the rest of us, as on the eve of Waterloo, "all went merry as a marriage bell." I moved down to Louvain on the thirteenth to assist at the conferring of degrees and closing exercises of the University over which such an awful doom was impending. I particularize a single detail of the sumptuous entertainment that closed the ceremonies of the day. The Cardinal presided, with me on his right; and Dom Pothier, Abbot, head of the pontifical commission for church music, on his left; opposite us were Monseigneur Ladeuze—the Rector—between two American bishops—Maas of Covington and Gabriels of Ogdensburg, both of whom have since died.

IN PAU

I LEFT New York in 1915 to go and live for a time in the milder climate of the South of France, and arrived at Bordeaux in September, where I remained a week and from there moved to Pau. I found in Pau a few American families settled there, who showed me every attention ; but it was provincial, and life was very tame after the pleasures of the Eternal City. Fortunately I was able to form one family with two maiden ladies, Miss Johnston, of the old Annandale Johnstons, of Scotland, whose mother was an American (Eustis of Washington) and Miss Ward, of Dublin, daughter of a man of letters, at one time editor of the *Irish Times*. We three lived together like brother and sisters, the tie of our companionship being the domestic chapel where I said Mass at which they assisted daily. During the War, and for a time after it, we suffered many economic restrictions, and I was frequently ill, but received the best of care from my friends. I kept a diary at intervals, and jotted down a few incidents and impressions of life in Pau.

1915. December 6. Monseigneur Gieure, Bishop

of Bayonne, with the Vicar-General, motored up in his car to see me. He is young, refined-looking, and a writer; very polite; expressed himself most pleased to have me, a grandson of Mother Seton whose life he had read, a sojourner in his diocese, and gave me the diocesan faculties at once.

December 7. Dined with the bishop in his *pied-à-terre*, which he maintains at Pau for visitation and occasional business. He is a good talker. The subordinate was a presentable man, and could enter into the conversation, but the only other guest was a local *curé* who had all his finger-nails in mourning, and sat through the meal like a lump of silence.

Saturday, December 25. I said two Low Masses—the first and second at midnight—in our chapel. My third, by insistent invitation of the parish priest, was a pontifical one in Saint Martin. I had my forebodings; and, in fact, although the sanctuary and altar were large and the music was good, the assistant priests and clerics were poorly trained, the ceremonies lacking in elegance, and everything was far removed from the pomp and circumstance of my pontificals in Rome.

1916. Easter Sunday, April 23, is a perfect spring day, although the mountains are deeply covered with snow. The sun glistening on this magnificent range makes a long panorama of wintry landscape most engaging to the eye. Thursday,

April 27, was the first really warm day of the season. On August 9, I assisted at the Requiem Mass for a pious and venerable lady—widow of a one-time ambassador of Russia to France—Madame de Mohrenheim, a near relative of my Roman friend, Baronne de Korf.

From August 16 to September 16 was a month passed in Spain, the weather being perfect all the time. It was my fifth visit, and I wish I could travel there again.

August 28, I am at Avila for the second time, and again said Mass in the room in which Saint Teresa was born, by which with Mass at the tomb of Saint Francis Borgia, in Madrid, of Saint Thomas of Villanova, at Valencia, and of Saint Joseph Oriol, at Barcelona, I brought up to eighty-five the number of shrines I have officiated at in Europe. I went out of Spain this time by a route I had never taken before—a Mediterranean coast-line day's journey from Valencia to Barcelona. Alone in a first-class compartment, I enjoyed the view on either side. Half-way up, the train stops for three minutes at the little station of Peniscola, and I had there a close view of that unhappy, massive, almost completely sea-encircled palace, where died, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," in 1424, the Antipope, Peter de Luna—Benedict XIII.

October 8. Sunday night. The moon is full, but not yet very high, and to see it through the leafy trees of our garden strikes me as something

peculiarly impressive. The most solemn moon-lit scene of my life was in Egypt when, landing very late from our Nile boat moored to the deserted island of Tabenna, I walked about a bit, thinking of the Fathers of the Desert and particularly of Saint Pachomius, who lived here in the fourth century, and built a monastery that became widely known. Now, however, everything has disappeared, and—

At midnight the moon cometh
And looketh down alone.

November 21. A sunny walk this afternoon on the Boulevard des Pyrénées. I never saw the mountains look more grandly beautiful. Even after the Alps, they have characteristic differences, and are wonderful, drawn out in a chain of sixty miles, with only one break at the mitre-like Pic du Midi that rises opposite Pau.

1917. Saturday, March 17. It is delightful spring weather, and I wore all day a spray of shamrock given me by a lady to whom a boxful had been sent expressly from Ireland. In the afternoon I visited a hospital for wounded and convalescent French soldiers, in which my two friends were interested. There was music, and singing, and I was asked to make an address. One particularly bad case was in a room by himself upstairs. I sat alone with him a moment, and before leaving, leaned over the bed and kissed his wan cheek and touched my episcopal ring to his

lips. He gently murmured, "*Merci.*" Three days later this poor son of the soil was dead.

At the end of June, we went to Lourdes, where we remained a week. The weather was fair, and the country looked charming in summer raiment. From here we moved on by Argelès and Pierrefitte to Cauterets, where we passed July and August, with all around us hills and mountains, beautiful with grassy meadows, where sheep and cattle grazed, and with green trees and, higher up, dark forests and, still higher up, snow-covered peaks looking into Spain. The place was full of visitors during the season, and many exquisitely pretty, affectionate, angel-faced little children used to run up to kiss my ring and get a blessing from me.

1918. February 2. There have recently been such air-raids over Paris and London, and such losses at sea by German submarines that I am struck, in reading again "*The New Atlantis*," by the foreknowledge that Bacon seems to have had of the two most formidable developments of the World War now raging, when he makes one of the characters declare that "We imitate flights of birds: we have some degrees of flying in the air; we have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking of seas." It is awful, this human ingenuity for destruction.

Friday, April 12. The news which I look for eagerly at the bulletin board every evening is encouraging, although not as good as we hoped.

The French and English can be relied on ; the Americans are in at last, and proving their mettle. I am always encouraging people, who shake their heads and talk dolefully after reading unsatisfactory *communiqués*, by saying that the Allies will certainly continue to the end, and that Hindenburg has caught a tartar in Foch. The French and English, fighting side by side, typify their characteristic qualities of race—the dash, the shouting onrush—the *Furia Francese*—of the Gallic soldiers, and the silent indomitable courage of British troops, “ Never so sedate and stubborn as towards the close of a doubtful and murderous day.”

May 21. I walked out in the afternoon. The sky was absolutely cloudless, and the villa-dotted Jurançon hills, foreground of the mountains, looked supremely beautiful through a bluish gossamer veil that suggested a canvas by my favourite Claude Lorraine.

Friday, May 24. There is a famous golf club in Pau. This healthy sport was unknown in America when I was a boy. It was originally introduced into Scotland from Holland towards the end of the fifteenth century, on the eve of the Reformation, by Lord Seton, who had studied at Leyden. It soon became so popular that in a few years it was forbidden by law at Aberdeen as “ a Popish game,” and was later damned in the Lowlands by public opinion as a specially Catholic amusement, because identified with the

links of Seton, to which Queen Mary Stuart is described as going down from Holyrood to play.

Tuesday, November 12. I walked about town this afternoon. Everybody out of doors and in great spirits at the official announcement that the enemy had accepted the terms of the Armistice, and that the war was over. French, English, and American flags everywhere.

1919. January 8. Theodore Roosevelt is dead. I read to-day fulsome eulogies, and mild criticisms, and almost general appreciation of him in French, English, and American newspapers. Nearly related to my kinsman, Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, he was a man of old family, but not of refined manners; naturally impulsive, and always demagogical; he understood the people, and would have declared war after the foul sinking of the *Lusitania*. A great American. I met him first one day in the 'nineties of the last century, when I was lecturing at the Catholic University of Washington. Mrs. Storer, whose husband was in Congress, gave a little dinner for me, and asked whom I would like her to invite. I mentioned, of course, my host, Bishop Keane, the Rector, and T. R., who was then but a Civil Service Commissioner. Of the others I remember only a high naval officer. I was on my lady's right, as guest of honour, and T. R. several seats below her next to the Bishop, who told me afterwards that his neighbour spoke of nothing at table but education

and the school question, which, I said, was decidedly "talking shop" and not in good taste there and then. What little after-dinner conversation I could have with him was about his history of the City of New York.

Friday, April 4. Reading to-day that my old friend, Count Greppi, of Rome, had celebrated his hundredth birthday, I put the paper aside after writing to him, and fell into a reminiscent mood. It seemed like yesterday that, taking once my forenoon walk in Villa Borghese, I espied him sitting alone basking in the sun. He asked me to be seated beside him and talk. He was then ninety-one years old, tall, thin, close-shaven, erect, and aristocratic-looking, still an occasional society man. He said, among other things, "We shall meet this evening at the Spanish Embassy"; spoke to me of his youth and early diplomatic career that began under Metternich, because the Austrians held Lombardy. I tried to persuade him to let me introduce him to Princess Metternich, with whom I was going to have tea that afternoon, but he thanked me with grave courtesy, saying that the name of one whom he winced to have once called his Master would be too painful to the feelings of an Italian nobleman and senator of the Kingdom of Italy. Then he pointed his cane towards a full-fed, rotund, German baroness, whose back was turned as she stooped to gather wild flowers a short distance from us, and said with a shrug of the shoulders, "When I was a

young man, an attaché at Stuttgart, they wanted me to marry something like *that*." Our eyes met, and we smiled.

June 28. Saturday. Peace was signed at Versailles to-day. The numerous "temporary gentlemen" (as they have been called) who signed the Great Peace in such sumptuous environment had to cut initials on their seals. The better class of Paris newspapers were sarcastic or contemptuous about it. Only Balfour, Imperiali, and Lansing, a Scotsman, an Italian, and an American used their family arms.

Eaux Bonnes. August 28. My eightieth birthday. I leave my days to the Will of God—although I cannot forget what Cato says in the Dialogue "De Senectute:" "No man is so old but he counts on living yet another year." We paid a visit this afternoon to the only old things worth seeing, a couple of miles above us, which are the picturesque dirty little village of Aas, where there is a large stone cross, with the date 1769 cut on the pedestal, and the ancient abandoned church of Assous, in which is the tomb of an Irish officer in Clare's regiment, named de Meade, who came up here for his health, and died aged thirty-two in 1775. We stopped on our return at Laruns, to examine a monument, on the public square, to Lieutenant Guindey of the 10th Hussars, a native of the town, who killed in single combat, at the engagement of Saalfeld, Prince Lewis of Prussia, nephew of Frederick the Great.

1921. This year is the centennial one of Mother Seton's death, and I find myself an honoured guest in the convent of Saint Elizabeth, near Morristown, New Jersey, founded by her spiritual daughters.

1922. I am in my eighty-third birthday, and enjoy the advantages of memory, eyesight, and hearing; but my good looks have departed with the years, and have left me—

Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
soon to become more or less like one of my predecessors in the archbishopric of Heliopolis (1650), who is represented on his tomb, in the cathedral of Constance, as a skeleton vested in rich cope, standing amidst trophies, trumpets, and coats of arms—"Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity." It is time, therefore, to cease writing of myself, for, "We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

CONVENT STATION, NEW JERSEY.

August 28, 1922.

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